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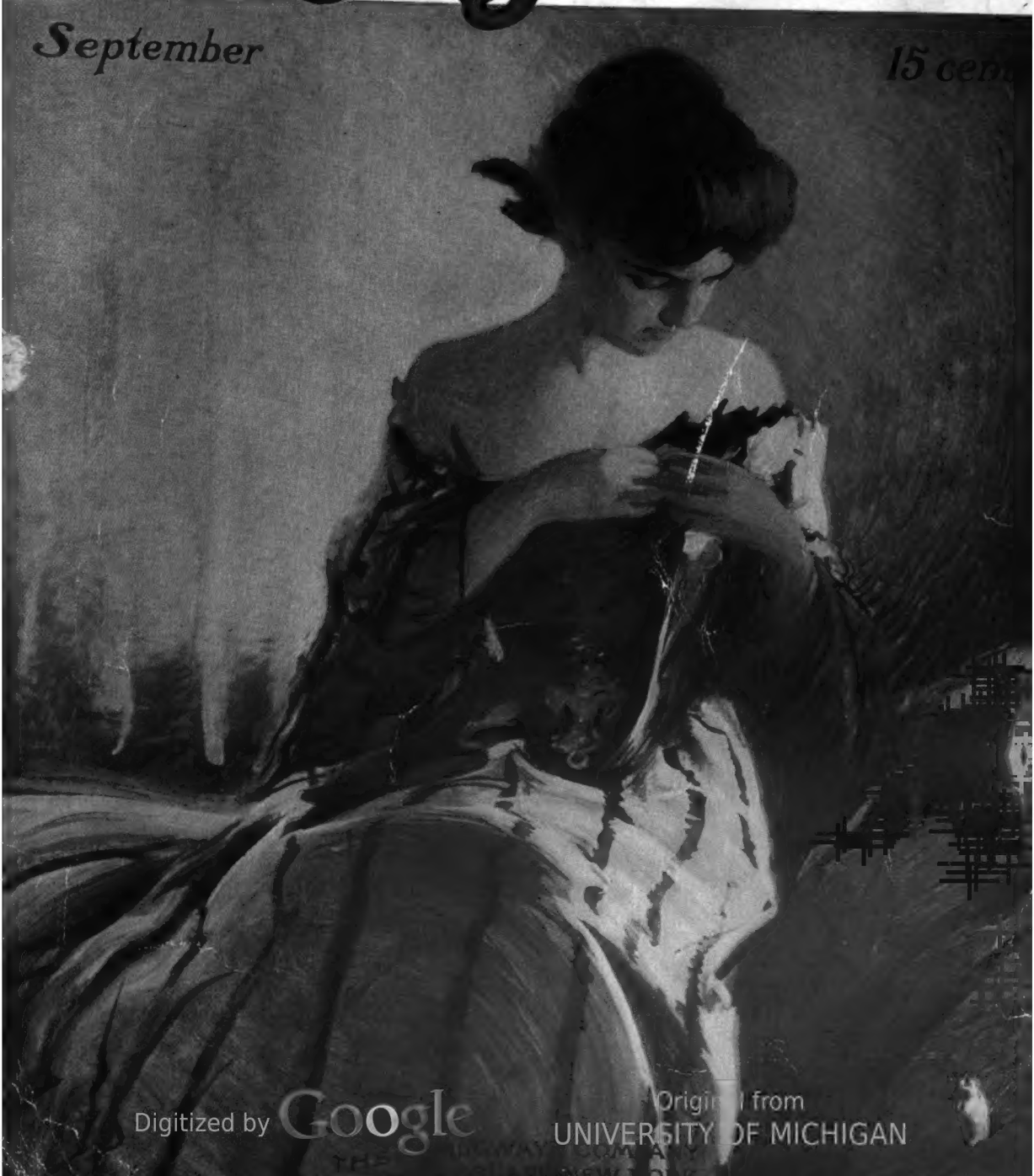

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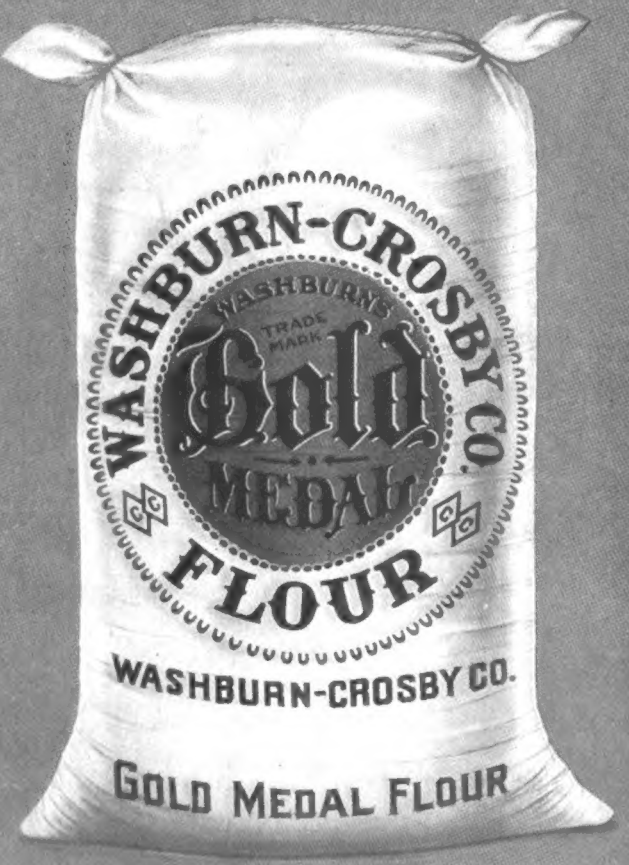

Why Not Now?

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AWAY THEY WENT . . . RACING FAR OUT ON THE BLUE OCEAN

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI SEPTEMBER 1909 NO. 3

HAPPINESS

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

AUTHOR OF "A GOOD SAMARITAN" "THE PERFECT TRIBUTE" "THE MILITANTS" ETC.

PICTURES By BLANCHE GREER

ONE winter a little boy named John sailed away from America with his father and mother in a ship, and went down the ocean to some islands called Bermuda where it is always summer and never cold. Some people think this place is the prettiest place in the world. I think so. It is a great deal like a fairy country, for the water is bright blue—the color of a ribbon, and the trees are black-green, and all the houses are white with white roofs, and there are flowers everywhere—roses bowing to you over the walls, and hedges of red geraniums. John's father and mother took him because he had been ill, and they thought he would get well fast in the sunshine. He did, too.

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He went sailing on the blue-ribbon water, and had a donkey to ride, and drove in a carriage every day with his father and mother; and they lived in a big white hotel-house whose steps went straight into the ocean. So he had a lovely time, and sick people always get well when they have a good time.

One day he was going to drive with his father and mother, and he was waiting on a wide veranda of the hotel for them to be ready. I think perhaps his father was hooking up his mother's dress in the back, which takes a long time, you know. His mother had told him to wait quietly and not get his clothes dirty, so John was standing as still as a mouse, looking out through the glass windows of the piazza at the sailboats on the water. Near him were two ladies, and one of them was Mrs. Harrington. She was reading a book out loud, and she smiled at John, but went on reading, and John listened while he looked at the boats. The book had funny words in it, yet it sounded nice, and it was about Bermuda. This was what the lady read:

"These Bermuda Islands lie in the huge ocean 200 leagues from any land; they are some 20 miles in length."

John wondered how far a "league" was; he remembered about the giant with seven-league boots, and he wondered how many steps it would have taken him to come from New York to Bermuda. The lady went on:

"The Knight embarked in his Cedar ship of about 30 tunnes burthen, and set sail for the Bermudas."

John stopped looking at the sailboats and listened harder, for he liked to hear about knights. This one was named Sir George Summers, the book said; the words were queer, but soon John understood that almost three hundred years ago some people had left England and come to live in this pretty place, when it was all wild and there were no hotels or churches, or even houses. John thought that must have been fun—something like playing Indian, and he thought the words were queer probably because people talked differently as long ago as that. He listened some more.

The book told how these people went fishing and caught great crawfishes, like lobsters, by making a fire on the shore; and how the fish were so thick in one place that the men were afraid to go there for fear the fish would bite them. And it told how they built themselves two ships of cedar, and sailed to America, to Jamestown, in Virginia. John thought he would have liked to sail in a ship that he had helped to build himself, and he looked at the big cedar tree in the yard of the Princess Hotel, and thought how he could chop that down and make a nice boat, if his father would show him how a little.

Then Mrs. Harrington read how they made little houses of palm leaves and lived in them—palm leaves as big as a table. John wished his father and mother would live in a house of palm leaves and let him help build it. Just then two sailboats came racing up to the steps of the hotel, and John got so interested watching them that he forgot to listen to the reading. But in a few minutes the people came on the land and the sails flopped down, so John listened again. Mrs. Harrington was reading:

"This new house of Master Anthony Pennistone was on the south shore in Cavendish tribe, now Paget parish, built of hewen stone, with a roof also of stone, and the cellar of it was very deep, being cut far into the heart of the land; by which means he had a good place and cool to keep viands."

John wondered if "viands" were playthings, and why Master Anthony wanted to keep them cool. He knew Anthony was a little boy, because the servants at home called him "Master John" and never called his father so. Perhaps "viands" were toads, or some animals which liked coolness. He listened again.

"On the 18th day of the month of March in the year 1621," the lady read, "it happened that a little maid of this family, of about nine years of age, wandered away and was lost and could not by any pains be again found. Whether fallen down a deep hole in the rocks, of which there is great number, and so perished, or whether adventured into the sea and drowned, only God knows, and He hath not told ever. This young maid was the third girl child born on these islands and her name was——"

"John, are you ready?"

John looked at his mother when she said this, surprised, for he had been thinking so hard about the Bermuda child who wandered away and was lost long ago, that he had forgotten about driving. He wished that his mother had not come that minute, for he wanted to know what the little girl's name was. But he got into the carriage

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BEFORE HIM.. LAY A STRAIGHT LITTLE GREEN GRASS ROAD

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without saying anything, and they drove off down the street, where thick bunches of yellow berries hung over the wall—pigeonberries is their name. Then they drove away and away—several miles—to the south shore of the island, where the sea comes dashing, with a noise like thunder, over two lines of rock called reefs, and, as it rolls over them, turns into thick, white, horses' manes—or anyway it looks like that. They all got out at this place, and the coachman drove away, to come back for them in three hours. John's father put the tea basket, with cake and tea and things in it, under a cedar tree, and his mother laid a magazine and a book by it.

"What do you want to do, boy?" she asked John. "I've got some stories to read to you if you want them."

"I think I'll wander away," John answered, for he was still thinking about the little girl three hundred years before.

"Well, don't wander far," his mother said, "for I want my boy back—and besides, there's sponge cake for tea." And she began to read the magazine aloud to his father.

They were up on a high part of the land where there was grass, and a few cedar trees, and down below, straight down, was the shore. It was all black, jagged rocks with smooth places of creamy sand between. But it was so steep that John could not get down. So he walked along the top of the steep place—a cliff, it was called—and looked at the bunches of low, gray-leaved plants that seemed like a solid silver carpet, and watched the big waves roll up to the reefs and break into white manes of horses, and roll over and melt into water again and come thundering up the sand and into the black rocks. The sand looked wet and smooth when the waves curled back into the sea. John wanted to get down there and sit so close to the edge of the ocean that he would almost get wet, but not quite. He thought it would be a good place to think how it seemed here when the island was all wild cedar trees, when the little girl wandered away and was never found again. He wanted to make up a story to himself about what happened to her. He was sorry he had not heard that little girl's name; he wondered what it was.

So he strolled on, looking at the blue ocean and the white reefs that were like water-horses, and trying to find a place where he could scramble down to the sand. He got out of sight of his father and mother, but he did not think of being afraid; it was quiet here, and there was nothing to hurt him. It was like being shipwrecked on a fairy island where there were no people—only himself.

So he walked along the top of the cliff farther and farther, and suddenly he saw a tiny path that went right into the rocks, so narrow that only one person could go in it, and so steep and rough—I can't tell you how steep it was. But John went into it at once, and scrambled along, and held to the rough sides to keep from falling, and the little path twisted and wriggled down through the rocks till it widened at the bottom, and John gave a jump, and there he was on the beach. The wonderful blue water was almost at his feet, and it was bright colors—green, and violet, and fairy white, which is opal-color. John wished that he had some bottles, so he could get some water of each color.

He looked around and saw that he was in a place about like a big room, shut in all around with high walls of rock; the sky was the ceiling, and the white sand was the carpet, and the only door to get out was the tiny steep path he had come down. The rock walls ran into the sea, so John knew he could not creep out around them, for he might be drowned. Yet the sea looked so gentle and came curling up to his feet so softly, all blue and green and lovely colors, that he thought he would like to walk into it just a little way, around the corner of the biggest rock, and see what was on the other side. It seemed so easy and so pleasant that he thought he would just do it; he plumped down on the sand to take off his shoes and socks in a hurry, to wade better. And a long, cool wave crept up and licked his toes as he got off one sock, and it seemed to say to him:

"Come and play with me, boy. I'm the best playmate in the world, and we'll play a wonderful game thousands of years old. I'll throw snowballs of water at your toes first, and then I'll wrap my green water around your legs, and you'll splash and kick at me as I come rushing back, and you'll think that you're stronger than the great blue ocean—and what shall happen later we won't talk about now."

It seemed to John as if the water said something like that, and was begging him to play with it, and he wanted to get off his other shoe and sock, when—just as he was

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peeling the sock off his heel, wrong side out, the way boys do when they're in a hurry—what do you think happened? No one could ever imagine, and John stopped pulling, and stared, astonished.

Around the corner of the cliff, where the sea split against the tall rock, came a little girl stepping from the sunshine of the waves straight toward the shady place where John sat. She was about as big as he was, and her legs and arms were bare and exactly the brown color of the shadows on the sand. Her hair was light golden like the sand in sunlight, and it was long and danced around her shoulders as she came, and on her head was a floppy hat with a feather of pale green and blue, the colors of the water, and blowing in the breeze so that it looked like water curling around her hair. She seemed all lightness and brightness, and she smiled at John as he stood staring at her.

"Return the shoes to your feet, boy," she said, laughing, but shaking her head at him. "For if you adventure into the water you may chance to be drowned."

John opened his eyes wider still, for it seemed to him as if the little girl used odd words—they sounded like the words Mrs. Harrington had read out of the book. But she was such a friendly little person that he wanted to please her, so he began to pull his socks on again; not very quickly, though, for he still wished to walk into the ocean.

"That's a courteous lad," the little lady said. "I will presently play at games with you, which shall be marvelous games, besides safe. For it would be a grief to your parents should you be drowned here, and never more see them."

"What makes you talk that funny way?" John asked her. And that wasn't a very polite question, was it?

But the little girl only laughed at him softly. "Good lad, your speech is stranger than mine," she said. "But all that is naught, for now we will set roundly to work at playing."

"What games can you play?" asked John, looking about, because he couldn't think what they could do in that little place.

They hadn't any balls, or marbles, or hoops, or blocks to build houses, or any playthings at all, you see. The little girl nodded her head gaily, and her light hair danced around her, and the feather on her hat danced, and it seemed as if a sunshiny wave had rippled in over the sand. She laughed again at John because he looked so solemn—she was the happiest kind of a little girl.

"You may well ask, boy," she said, "for it will be so amusing games as you can scarce believe them. But first, boy, what are you called?"

"John," the little boy answered. "What's your name?"

"I am called Happiness," said the little girl, and John thought that was a queer name, but he was polite this time and did not say so. "Come then, John," said Happiness, "choose you what game to play first. Shall it be 'ocean hide-and-seek'? or would you liefer play at tenpins with snails? Or shall we ride races with sea-horses, perchance? I know divers other good games also, if you like not these." She looked at him and waited.

By this time John had got used to the strange words the little girl talked, so he just thought about what he would choose. He thought it must be a joke about riding races with sea-horses and playing tenpins with snails—that sounded like nonsense. But "ocean hide-and-seek" might be great fun; he would like to know how it was different from every day hide-and-seek, as they played it in recess time at school.

So he said, "Let's play 'ocean hide-and-seek'—that sounds easy and nice. Only how can we play it alone?"

Happiness walked to the edge of the ocean and stood a moment looking at the big field of water; then she began to sing a queer, rippling, splashing sort of tune that made John feel as if something was going to happen. There were words to it, but he could not make out what the words were. Every now and then, in the middle of the song, came a sound like a call. It was the most curious music John had ever heard, and he wondered why she did that instead of playing hide-and-seek.

In a moment he knew. Out of the sea and on the wet, white sand came tumbling a huge, silvery fish, almost as large as the girl was, with horns on its head like a cow's. It slid and jumped itself along till it was about a yard away from Happiness, and then she lifted up her hands slowly, and it gave a grunt, and wriggled, and stood right up on its tail. And there, just back of it, were a lot more, all sizes, all silvery and with horns. Happiness waved her hands at the little ones and sent them back into the

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sea, and they went flopping, making whining fish-noises because they wanted to stay and play. But she kept six of the big fellows and made them stand on their tails together, and each one pulled himself up with a grunt as if it was hard work; yet their fish-mouths were grinning, as if they liked it, too. They waved about in the air a great deal, and John thought it was a wonderful thing they didn't fall down.

"Give me your kerchief," Happiness said to John, and she took his handkerchief and tied it over the biggest fish's eyes and turned him around with his face to the rocks. "You're It," she said. "Now hide with all speed."

With that, the fishes slid down on their stomachs and wriggled off behind the corners of rocks and under bushes. And the big, horned fish who was It, counted, in a dull-sounding fish voice, but very loud:

"Huh—hoo—hee—ho—hi—" (He meant one, two, three, four, five) and so on up to fifty.

By that time they were all hidden. John was behind a rock, and he tried not to breathe out loud as he heard the fish slide over the sand and sniff. One of John's feet stuck out a little, and all of a sudden the sniffing came close and a sharp fish tooth pricked his ankle gently, and he squealed out—the fish had caught him and John was It. So Happiness blindfolded him, and he counted one hundred by fives, with his face to the rock, and then he hunted, and this time he caught Happiness. She got one of the fishes in her turn, and they kept on till everybody was caught. It was no fair for a fish to hide in the water, of course, because John couldn't go there to find him. But you haven't any idea, unless you have seen it, how funny a big, horned fish looks standing on his tail with his face to a rock and a handkerchief tied over his eyes, counting.

"Enough of that," Happiness said suddenly. "Go back, friends." She waved her hand at the fish and instantly they all went flopping into the sea, whining because they were sorry the game was over. "I am much refreshed with that good play," Happiness said in her quaint words. "Shall we adventure another, John?" And John said, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and clapped his hands, for he was having a wonderful time.

"Shall we ride a race on horses?" she asked. "I will find you a right quiet horse so that you shall not wet your shoes and so grieve your parents."

"There aren't any horses," said John.

"No horses? But yes, there are great numbers," Happiness told him. "Look yonder, then, where they are tied in their stalls on the reefs. Look how they toss their manes and their long forelocks."

John looked, and sure enough he saw now that the whiteness where the ocean tumbled over the reefs was not water, as he had thought, but long lines of horses, all with thick, snow-white manes; he could see plainly their bright, wild eyes flash through the shaggy forelocks, and their black noses as they sniffed the land he could hear them neigh and whinny as he listened; but at first he had thought it was only the water making hollow noises. John laughed.

"I see—yes, I see it's horses," he said, "but at first I thought it was water on the reefs."

Happiness laughed, too, at that. "'Tis, indeed, the sea-stable," she said. "In ill weather one may watch the beasts rear and plunge at their tethers. But only children can see that." She stopped and suddenly began to sing again. And this time John understood the words.

"Come, nags of the sea,
Come, ocean's wild horses.
Race inland to me,
Mad to run courses.
Over the rolling blue fields we'll fly
On wild sea-horses, the boy and I.
Come, come, Whitecap and Thunder
And Salt Spray and Coral and Merman and Wonder.
Come, come, come!"

Happiness's soft little voice sounded wonderfully clear calling across the waves, and suddenly John saw an empty place in the reef where it had been all white, and a big wave of foam was tossing and splashing and swimming fast to the shore. And in a second up out of the water and on the sand scrambled, in a hurry, six stout, pawing white ponies with gentle, bright faces. Their rough forelocks blew about their dark eyes, and they stood together, in front of Happiness, dripping salt water and neighing because they were glad she had called them. Their forefeet were like those of Shetland ponies, but instead of hind feet they had tails like great fishes. Their names were Whitecap and Thunder and Salt Spray and Coral and Merman and Wonder, just as she had sung. Happiness put her hand on two of them.

"You the first," she said.

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In a minute she was up on Coral, and John was on Salt Spray, and away they went holding tight to the manes, racing far out on the blue ocean. John wasn't a bit afraid, and Salt Spray was so careful that the boy didn't even get his feet wet. But from the shore it looked only as if a big white wave were tumbling a bit of brush-wood along. Then they raced back and rode Merman and Whitecap and then, the last time, Wonder and Thunder. It is very exciting to ride sea-horses fast—much more fun than a donkey.

Then Happiness waved her hand and sent the ponies plunging back to their reef stables, and the next game they played was a queer one. Happiness whistled a lot of little fishes out of the ocean, and a lot of snails, and she made ten of the fishes stand on their tails together while she and John rolled the snails at them and so played ten-pins. It tickled the snails when they hit the fishes, and made them laugh snail-laughs, which sounded like shells tinkling. The fishes liked to knock each other down as they fell, and at last all the tenpins got wriggling together so the children had to stop the game.

Next, Happiness went to the edge of the sea and picked up a big shell and blew in it, and it gave out a great, wild sound, and there came sailing two of the loveliest fish and the strangest that you ever saw. They are called Portuguese men-of-war, and they are a kind of real fish that live in the Bermuda ocean. Each one has a sail which grows to him, and which he puts up when he wishes, and so sails over the water. So Happiness and John sailed races with their Portuguese men-of-war fish in the bay where they were. There was a deep hole in the rocks full of water, and they sailed the fish across that as if they were toy boats. Happiness named her fish the Sea Venture, and John named his the Oregon, after our war ship.

Then came the most wonderful game of all, called "Castle-Come-True-in-the-Air." They played it this way: Happiness told John to lie down with his head on a rock—it was a fairy rock, like a good many on the Bermuda shore—and she piled up yellow sand all over his feet and his knees and up to his shoulders, so that only his arms and his head were out. Then she said:

"Now, John, shut your eyes, and cry out what manner of building you choose this sand to be, whether a house or a castle or a church or whatever. For that sort it shall be." John shut his eyes tight. "I choose it to be a big castle," he said, and at once he was standing in the arched hallway of a great castle.

"Choose also what people you will have in your castle," Happiness bade him, and her voice sounded as if she were a long way off, outside of thick walls.

"Only you, Happiness—you. Oh, come in quick, Happiness, so I won't lose you," John cried out in a hurry, and at once the little girl was standing by him.

"If you wish, for your greater comfort, another tower to your castle, you need but say it, John, and touch your finger to a bit of sand."

So John said, "I want a tower here, with tall, narrow windows, where I can stand and shoot the enemy." He touched a bit of sand, and there was a great, solid stone tower.

He and Happiness wandered over the castle for some time, building towers and arches wherever they wanted them. Then suddenly John said, "I wish we had some sponge cake," and with that the castle was gone and they were back in their little cove between the rock walls. "I'm so hungry," John said, and looked at Happiness sadly, for he was thinking of his mother's tea-biscuit and the nice bread-and-butter and cake.

"Come, then, to my house, and I will give you food," Happiness said. "'Tis a matter of a few yards to walk."

"Yes, I will," said John. "I'd like to see your house, Happiness."

"'Tis a fine house, indeed," the little girl told him, "for 'tis made all of hewen stone."

John did not know that "hewen" means "cut," but he answered: "All the houses in Bermuda are made of stone, Happiness." She laughed. "You make merry with me, John," she said, "for you must well know that ours is the only house in all the island to be so made. There is also an amazing deep cellar which I will show you. But come and see how it is." And she flew so quickly up the tiny path in the rocks that John had all he could do to follow.

Over the next hill she went, where a patch of the gray, velvet-leaved plant shone like silver, and there, in the next hollow, was a small, white stone house with a white stone roof and green-painted blinds, and palm

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trees standing thick about it. There was a hedge of tall oleander-trees with pink blossoms that waved gaily at the boy and girl as they came. There was also a white-walled garden, with scarlet flowers growing all the way around against the wall. The veranda was high, and Happiness ran up the steps and opened the door, and John came after. It was quiet, and there seemed to be nobody alive at all—only a canary bird was singing in a gorgeous, strange-looking gold cage. Happiness stepped to the little green front door and turned a handle, and a bell sounded suddenly with a loud ring, and in a second the door opened and in it stood an old, old negro woman whose face was solid wrinkles. On her head she wore a red calico turban, and a large, clean, white apron almost covered the rest of her. When she saw Happiness she cried out:

"My baby! I ain't seed my baby in a year!" And she caught the girl in her arms and kissed her.

Then Happiness said: "Nurse Dinah, this is John, and he and I sorely lack food to eat. Can you not set some food before us hastily?" And the old negro woman cried, "Fo' de Lawd, I will! Set down, my chillens, and Dinah 'll bring you food."

She disappeared into the little white house, and the children waited on the veranda. And in a few minutes out came Dinah again, and she set a little red table, the shape of a heart, in front of them, and spread it with a white cloth, and on it she put the biggest scarlet strawberries John had ever seen—as big as a ball; and sugar, and cream so thick that you couldn't pour it, but had to dip it out.

"'Tis clotted cream of Devonshire," Happiness said. "Uh!" she grunted like a little pig. "Uh! 'Tis proper good food!"

"Is it right good, my honey?" the old negro woman asked. "Eat some cake that Dinah's been bakin' fo' you this mawnin'. I been waitin' a long time to give my baby cake and berries."

So Happiness and John each took a large hunk of cake, and the minute John tasted it he forgot about his mother's sponge cake, for this melted when he bit it, and was so sweet that he went on biting. He ate a square yard of that wonderful cake, and the old wrinkled woman kept going into the little house for more again and again, and smiling more each time. The strawberries they ate nobody could count—and each berry the size of a ball, and all thick with clotted cream, which is the thickest and best cream on earth. John had never tasted such good things to eat, and all the time the canary bird sang in his gold cage as if he were mad with joy. Then suddenly John thought he heard his mother call, ever so far off, and all at once he knew that he had been gone a long time.

"I must go back," he said, and got up and looked around him a little bit troubled, for he could not remember which way they had come.

The little girl smiled. "I thought you would hear your mother soon, John. There's the path." And she pointed.

Before him, in the air, lay a straight little green grass road, over the garden and through the boughs of the cedar trees.

"Go over the Home Road till you come to the Silver Jungle, and then be sure to go down and stand among the leaves," Happiness bade him, "for if you do not you will never hear your mother call again, but will always be lost."

John knew that the "Silver Jungle" meant the patch of bright-leaved bushes which he had seen. He stepped over the piazza railing and on the little green road in a hurry, for he began to feel homesick; but just as he started he turned around for a last look at his playmate. "When will I see you again, Happiness?" he asked. "Will you come to play with me soon—every day?"

The little girl smiled, and the blue feather in her hat seemed to wave around her as if she were all blue feather, or blue water, or blue sky. "I don't know, John," she said. "I hope we may play together again some day. But if we don't, you must remember always that it's a great thing to have had Happiness, if only for an hour."

Then the little house and the wrinkled old negro woman and Happiness were gone, and John was walking fast through the air on the grassy Home Road, for he wanted very much now to get back quickly to his mother. When he came to the patch of silver plants, it looked so far below him that he was afraid to jump down, but he remembered what Happiness had said, and he didn't want to be lost, so he drew a long breath and jumped. And suddenly it felt as if he had been asleep and had dreamed that he was falling—you know how that feels? It wakes one up. And when he opened his eyes he was lying, sure enough, in the patch

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of silver leaves, and he heard his mother calling.

"John, John!" she called.

He lifted his head and answered, "Yes, Mother—I'm here," and she came flying across the grass and put her arms under him and lifted him, for he felt as drowsy as if he'd been asleep all the afternoon, instead of playing wonderful games.

His mother thought he had been asleep, for she said, "Why, my laddie, have you been taking a nap in the silver bushes all this time? I was frightened to death—I thought you were lost. What a long snooze the lazy boy's had!"

"Oh, I haven't been snoozing at all, mother," John told her. "I've been riding sea-horses, and playing hide-and-seek with horned fishes, and just now I've been eating strawberries and cream with Happiness."

John's mother certainly did look funny, staring at him with her mouth and eyes wide open. He began to laugh, and then she laughed, too.

"What nonsense are you talking?" she asked. "You've been dreaming wild dreams, I think, to put all that rigmarole into your head. 'Horned fishes' and 'sea-horses,' indeed! How did you imagine such things?"

"I didn't imagine them, mother—honest, I didn't. It happened. The little girl called the sea-horses and——"

But his mother interrupted him. "My lamb," she said quickly, "come and find father—he's looking for you."

She caught his hand, and they ran. When they found his father, his mother said, "Here's a boy who's been asleep and dreaming wonderful things so hard that he thinks they're true."

John almost cried when his mother said that, because he wanted so much to tell her and his father about what a good time he'd had—and how could he if she kept on thinking it was a dream? "Oh, father," he said, "truly it's so! I came back only just now from the little white house. I came over the grassy road up in the air, and I jumped into the silver bushes, and I think the jump made me dizzy, so when mother came she thought I'd been asleep."

"What house did you come from, John?" his father asked.

John said, "I'll show you. It's over the hill there in the hollow."

And he took his father's hand and walked fast, and his mother came along with them. But when they got over the hill John stopped, surprised, for the little white house wasn't there. The palm trees were, but the house was not, nor the white-walled garden—only the palms stood rustling, and the hedge of oleanders waved pink flowers at him as it had waved at the two children a little while before.

"That's where the house ought to be," John said, "but it isn't there. That's funny."

"Come closer, John, so we can see if there's anything you could have mistaken for a house," his father said, and they walked on past the oleanders till they stood under the big palm trees, and his father looked all about. "There may have been a house here one day, I believe," John's father said, in a way as if he was thinking out loud. "But it must have been ages ago. This deep hollow looks like an old cellar, but it has been overgrown with bushes a very long time now. I think the boy has had a dream, and that's all."

John didn't say anything, because he saw that his father and mother believed that he had dreamed everything, and he couldn't make them believe anything else.

"To-morrow you'll tell me all about it," his mother said. "But to-night we'll go home and go to bed, so we sha'n't be too tired."

They went back and found the carriage waiting, and drove quickly to the hotel. When they got there, his father said: "Wait here till I get some money changed to pay the coachman."

So John waited with his mother on the veranda, and as they stood there he saw, on a chair, Mrs. Harrington's book, lying face down, open. His mother saw it, too, and picked it up.

"This is the book about Bermuda that Mrs. Harrington wanted me to read," she said, and she took a step to a window where there was a bright light and began to read it out loud at the place where it was open. "'On the 18th day of the month of March in the year 1621,'" she began to read—and John kept still as a mouse, for he wanted to hear—"'it happened that a little maid of this family, of about nine years of age, wandered away and was lost, and could not by any means be again found. Whether fallen down a deep hole in the rocks, of which there is great number, and so perished, or whether adventured into the sea and drowned, only

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God knows, and He hath not told ever——'"

"What a pitiful thing to happen!" John's mother interrupted the book to say.

"Oh, mother, go on, quick," John begged.

She read on. "'This young maid was the third girl child born on these islands, and her name was Happiness Pennistone.'"

"Happiness!" John opened his mouth with astonishment. "Happiness!" Were there two little girls named Happiness?

His mother read aloud: "'So it chanced that her family never saw her more. Only her nurse, an ancient negress, did always declare to her death's day that, once a year, on the day on which she became lost, the child returned to visit her. But none other ever saw the child more.'"

"Oh!" said John's mother, and drew a long breath. "What a sad little story! The poor old nurse—how she must have loved the child to think all her life that she came back to her on that day."

"What day of the month is this, mother?" John asked.

His mother looked hard at him a minute, and then said, in a low voice: "It's the eighteenth of March, John—that's strange." She was quiet for a minute and then she put her arm around the boy's neck and said, half to herself, "Poor people! So long ago—but how they must have suffered! To think of losing their child!"

And then John suddenly remembered what the little girl had said to him when he left her, and he said:

"Yes, mother, but I think they ought to have remembered always that it's a great thing to have had Happiness, if only for an hour."

SEA MARVELS

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

THIS morning more mysterious seems the sea
Than yesterday when, with reverberant roar,
It charged upon the beaches, and the sky
Above it shimmered cloudless. Now the waves
Lap languorously along the foamless sand,
And all the far horizon swims in mist.
Out of this murk, across this oily sweep,
Might lost armadas grandly sail to shore;
Jason might oar on Argo, or the stern
Surge-wanderer from Ithaca's bleak isle
Break on the sight, or Viking prows appear,
And still not waken wonder. Aye, the sound
Of siren singing might drift o'er the main,
And yet not fall upon amazèd ears!

The soul is ripe for marvels. O great deep,
Give up your host of stately presences,
Adventurers and sea-heroes of old time,
And let them pass before us down the day
In proud procession, so that we who hear
Dull bells mark off the uneventful hours
May glimpse the bygone bravery of the world
Now moiling in its multitudinous marts,
Forgetful of fair faith and high resolve
In the inglorious grapple after gold!

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A DAY OFF

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

Illustrations by Frederick Dorr Steele

IT was eight o'clock of a morning near the end of July, and Larry O'Neill was standing at the door of his saloon when O'Hara came into view, hurrying around a corner. His silk hat was on the back of his head, and the tails of his brown frock-coat flapped loosely about his short legs. He looked warm.

"He does be thinkin' he's goin' somewhere," muttered O'Neill. "'Tis the hearrt-failure that will catch him some day, chasin' round like a puppy afther nothin' at all."

Thirty-five years before, O'Hara had been the younger man's schoolmaster in Ballymogh, in County Clare, and for thirty-three years they had not met; then one day O'Hara dropped in upon O'Neill in New York, and accepted his old pupil's cordial invitation to pass a few days with him. He was still passing them.

A rod away, the old man called excitedly: "Get your hat and coat, Larry; you're going on a picnic. It starts at wance."

"I *am* not," replied O'Neill, composedly.

"'Tis out of the ordinary," O'Hara continued; "'tis a b'ys' picnic."

"Is it that?" said O'Neill, dryly. "Well, I'm fifty-wan. You'll take the hint."

"'Tis for that reason you're wanted—to keep them in ordher and to judge the races."

"I'm keepin' meself in ordher this minute," retorted O'Neill. "'Tis all the game I waant, wid the mercury punchin' the top aff av the tube."

"Whist, laad! I thought ye were a politician," declared O'Hara. "'Tis young Stockbridge's picnic—the millionaire laad who's playing fairy godmother to the kids of the district, with his b'y's club and heaven knows what. He'll spend money like wather."

"Will he spend it on me?" asked O'Neill.

"On anny wan," O'Hara asserted stoutly. "He's that eager to get into politics that he's cross-eyed from looking two ways at wance, not knowing where to spend his money first. Young Greenbaum is going, too—him that's the right-hand man of Steinmetz. I hear the two are fighting like man and wife."

Steinmetz was the leader of the district, and O'Neill had just announced his intention of running against him as an independent. The fight would be hot.

"Man an' wife, is it?" said O'Neill. "'Tis hard on the wan that butts into thim fam'ly jars: he gets the blows av both."

"But if Greenbaum waanted to see ye, how then?" asked O'Hara, slyly. "Not ten minutes ago he hinted so much to me. I'm thinking he's ready to throw Steinmetz overboard. Man, with two such as Stockbridge and Greenbaum along, will ye roost at home, when the quiet day on the wather is given you to fix them both?"

"I'll get me hat an' coat," O'Neill then

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said. "I'm needin' a rest. We'll have the quiet day wid the kids, I dinno."

As O'Neill and O'Hara made their way along the hot pier, they had for a moment an impression of their own startling insignificance, so astounding were the waves of sound that broke from the serried ranks of boys who hung above the rails of the steamer *Bridgewater*. At the gang-plank, flushed and warm, Stockbridge was holding a vociferous youngster by the collar.

"Well, if you had a ticket," he was demanding, "where is it? I don't remember your face, you know."

"I told ye," yelped the boy. "Me mudder washed me Sunday pants, an' scrubbed it to pieces. 'Twas in me pocket. G'wan, an' lemme aboard. I live in the ward." He glibly gave the street and number.

"Ye lie, ye mutt!" screamed a small boy from the secure fastness of the upper rail. "Yer home's an ash-can under the dumps. Feel of his hair, Mister!"

"It's Pig Murdagh; he runs like the devil's cow," called another lad. "He's after the prizes, the skate!"

"Ye'll skate when I catch ye," Pig retorted, dropping for the moment his controversy with Stockbridge for the more equal one with his young accuser.

The small boy was undismayed. "Come up an' do it! Come up an' do it!" he challenged, with all the ferocity of a terrier on the safe side of a fence.

"Come down!" cried Pig.

Some genius threw him a kiss, and instantly the whole side of the boat was sibilant with them. Stockbridge thrust him back.

"Now get out of here!" he commanded. He turned to O'Neill, extending his hand. "I am glad to see you," he said. "Go right aboard. They're a little lively yet, but they'll quiet down when we get off."

"I see ye're an optimist, sir," grinned O'Neill. "'Tis the good alarum-clock they'd be for Gabriel on the last day, I'm thinkin'."

He went aboard, and on the lower deck, near the paddle-shaft, came upon a young man pulling a yelping small boy, feet first, out of an empty barrel, where he had been considerately placed for safe keeping by kind companions. As he scuttled away, the young man turned; it was Greenbaum.

He smiled unctuously as they shook hands. "He was in a hole," he said.

"You'll be feelin' at home, consortin' wid such," remarked O'Neill. His eyes twinkled. "I hear old Steinmetz is tryin' to pull himself out by the boot-straps."

Greenbaum nudged him with his elbow, and laughed. "He—" He never finished, for from the upper deck and the wharf there rose a concerted shout so appalling that both rushed to the gang-plank.

The end of the pier was deserted, but from a swirling mob of boys, farther up the wharf, two half-grown pigs shot forth, snorting wildly, and dragging at the end of short ropes, attached to a hind leg of each, their perspiring drivers, whose working mouths and manifest excitement seemed to hint at expletives that the cheerful ribaldry of five hundred boyish throats fortunately veiled.

At the gang-plank the pigs stopped with a suddenness that seemed incredible, and from the deck above a voice shrilled out: "They're Pig Murdagh's brothers. Ask thim fer their tickets, Mister."

"Ham sandwiches on the hoof!" murmured O'Neill. "It's wan on you, Greenbaum."

Stockbridge turned to explain. "They're for the greased-pig race, you know. Well," he added to the drivers, "get them aboard, can't you? It's time we're off."

It was easier said than done. Whether owing to native modesty in the matter of precedence, or to prescience of what lay before them, over the gang-plank they would not go. They skirted perilously along the string-piece, and wheeled back into the crowd, only to root themselves firmly halfway up the wharf, tail to tail, glancing about them with narrowed, resourceful eyes.

"Put salt on their tails," suggested O'Neill. "It's the fine birds they are."

"The wan with the black spots is the imp," remarked O'Hara, who had come up, and stood gazing at the recalcitrant brutes with a smiling admiration for sheer deviltry that was painful to Stockbridge's unhumorous impression of the situation. In view of the necessity for action, to consign the pigs to perdition seemed, on his part, mere self-indulgence. He snapped his watch and turned back toward the boat.

"We'll go without them," he called in an exasperated tone; "we can't wait all day."

The future clouded for the fifty small boys who stood near him and heard, and a common thought moved them. In solid array they surrounded the rebels and made a con-

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certed attack, with O'Neill in the front rank. Two minutes later the entire band debouched from the gang-plank upon the steamer's lower deck with pæans of victory. The greased-pig race was saved.

Out of the dividing ranks one boy emerged with a bloody face, holding a tooth in his hand, which he contemplated with the grinning but startled complacency with which the small boy views the disintegration of his parts. His tongue was visibly searching the vacated site of the lost tooth, and he spat unceasingly.

"What's this? What's this?" demanded Stockbridge, catching sight of the boy, and scenting war.

"'Twas the pig, Mister," an excited boy explained. "He whirled like a top when Shorty cot at his snout, an' fired the devil's own clout of a kick right at Shorty's mout'. Sure, I thought he'd swallered the whole ham of him! Say, Shorty, ain't another loose?" He began to investigate.

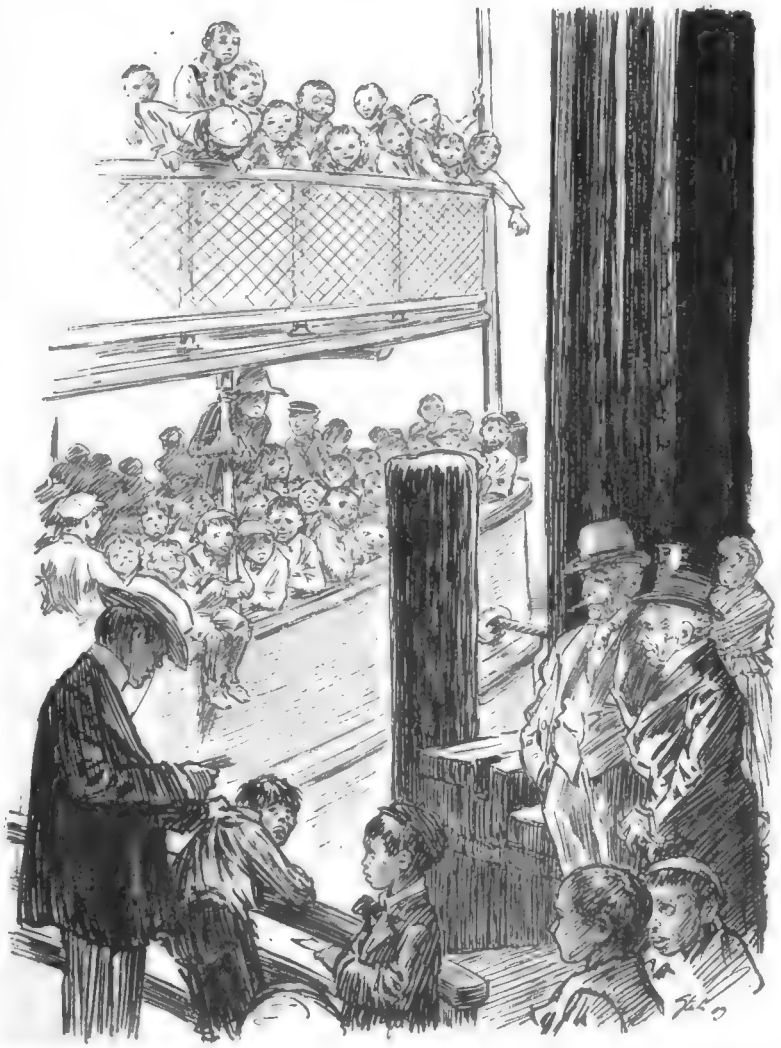
"G'wan!" growled Shorty, pushing him aside. "Wan paw's enough in me mout'." He moved off, spitting pridefully.

The elders had paused for a moment's chat, and O'Neill skillfully drew Greenbaum aside. "You wor sayin' that Steinmetz—" He paused expectantly.

Greenbaum took him by the lapel of his coat. "I was goin' to say that Steinmetz—"

He got no further, for a scream of terror sent them scurrying aft to the rescue of a small boy, who, with his head down, was lying across the slowly revolving paddle-shaft. He had evidently attempted to ride over the shaft as others had done; but had lost his nerve, and was holding himself on the top by pressing his heels against the low ceiling. Stockbridge was the first to reach him.

"Hully gee!" the boy exclaimed sheepishly as he twisted himself out of his rescuer's grasp. "I t'ought me stummick was comin' t'rough me back!"



AT THE GANG-PLANK STOCKBRIDGE WAS HOLDING A VOCIFEROUS YOUNGSTER BY THE COLLAR

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Stockbridge swept the boys aft. "See here, if I catch any of you young devils meddling again, I'll kill you," he declared ferociously. Then he turned to O'Neill, adding, with a grin: "I'm going to feed them. Maybe it will quiet them."

"God's will be done!" said O'Neill, piously. "Full or empthy, they'll be the warrm handful, I'm thinkin'."

It was Stockbridge's pessimistic later judgment of the situation that, in their haste to reach the boat, his guests, to the last boy, had come without breakfast, and had consequently been on the verge of physical prostration. On no other hypothesis could he explain their suddenly increased activity after the untimely refreshment. On the plausible evidence of sound—some young genius having knocked the valve of the whistle askew, which thereupon continued to blow unceasingly for the remainder of their upward trip—they were pursued for two or three miles by a harbor-police boat on the supposition that a riot had broken out aboard.

Life temporarily palled for the boys with the withdrawal of the police-boat before a storm of catcalls, apple-cores, and other detritus of the feast, but brightened with some one's happy discovery that the life-saver, towing behind the steamer in his small boat, was probably suffering from ennui. Thereupon they considerately directed their attack upon him till all their ammunition was gone; when, with the usual fickleness of democracies and mobs, they turned their attention to the band that Stockbridge had brought along under the impression that music was both a delight and a soothing influence. Its brief glory as a leader of popular songs came to an end when the fire-hose was unreeled and a stream of water was turned into the funnel of the big bass horn. Stockbridge watched the musicians file wrathfully from the deck.

"Well, I'm done," he exclaimed gloomily. "Let them do their worst."

"That's right," agreed O'Neill, heartily, if somewhat hypocritically, for he was enjoying himself. "They're on yer hands, an' ye can't throw thim over the neighbor's fence when no wan's lookin'. There's nothin' left but to ask thim to have another lunch wid ye."

"How would that help us?" demanded Stockbridge.

"Well, we'd be no worse off than we are now," O'Neill replied.

But the situation materially improved when they reached the picnic-grounds. Within five minutes half the company had stripped and taken to the river; a dozen ball games were under way, the tumult of which rose to heaven. The very impossibility of keeping watch over such varied activity was soothing, and the men went about their tasks of laying out a track and preparing for the games that were to come later.

This work done, O'Neill and Greenbaum had thrown themselves down under a tree, and in the grateful shade were delicately approaching the subject of Steinmetz again by the circuitous path of the weather.

"It's hot," said O'Neill.

"It iss so," assented Greenbaum.

SOME ONE'S HAPPY DISCOVERY THAT THE LIFE-SAVER WAS PROBABLY SUFFERING FROM ENNUI.

"'Tis likely to be a long spell," continued O'Neill.

"Sure," Greenbaum replied. "It vill be varm for old Steinmetz until it iss coldt, ain't it?" He grinned.

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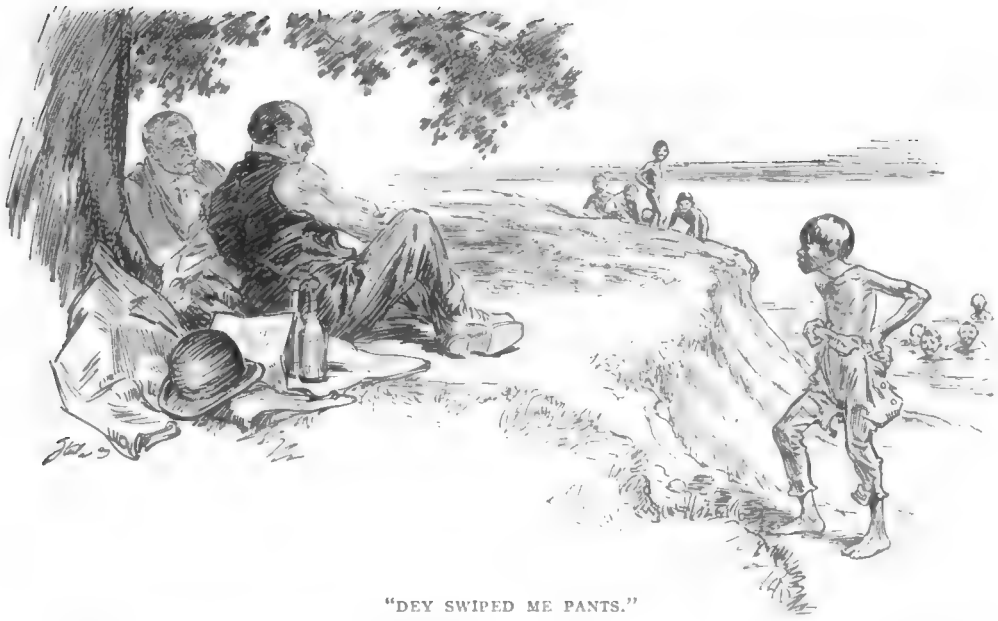

"DEY SWIPED ME PANTS."

O'Neill shook his head sympathetically. "These sudden changes, I dinno, they're bad for a mon's hilth, I hear," he ventured.

"Sure," agreed Greenbaum. Then he turned sharply toward a crying small boy, who came upon the scene with his legs thrust through the sleeves of his shirt, the tails of which he held tightly clasped about him. It was apparent from the soaked condition of his hair that he was fresh from the river. O'Neill called to him.

"An' what are ye doin' paradin' like that, upside down?"

"Dey swiped me pants," the boy wailed.

"Who?" demanded O'Neill.

"Dem fellers." The boy jerked his head back toward a returning group.

On the plausible assumption that the look of saintly innocence on the face of one of the group was too much to expect in a wicked world, O'Neill took the surprised youth by the ear.

"Now find me the laad's pants, or aff come yer own," he said sternly.

"Me!" cried the outraged boy. "Aw, say, lemme 'lone! I don't know nothin' 'bout 'em. I seen him jus' now, an' says I: 'Heigh, Jimmy, get on to the kid!' 'Aw, he's dotty,' says Jimmy. 'T'inks he's goin' to de op'ra.' Ain't dat so, Jimmy?"

"Sure," corroborated Jimmy; "dat's right. We jus' seen him."

With a deft movement, O'Neill slipped the boy's suspenders from his shoulders, and, dumping him on the ground, took him by the waistband.

"Op'ra, is it?" he said. "Then they'll be waantin' a ballet." He pulled sharply.

"Aw, say!" yelped the victim, struggling fiercely, but vainly. Then suddenly he waved a metaphorical flag of truce. "'Twasn't *me* hid 'em, boss."

"Ah, that's better!" declared O'Neill. "I'll be hearin' news yet." He pulled again, bringing to view a second waistband under the first. "What's this? What's this? Is it a clothes-horse I've shtruck?"

A small boy, in the crowd looking on, began to jump in ecstatic excitement.

"Hey, dem's der pants by Ikey, Mister!" he declared. He turned and called: "Ikey, he puts him on mit yer pants! Ikey!"

Jimmy, faithful even at this moment to a lost cause, gave him a cuff. "Aw, say, what's hurtin' ye?" he growled. "'Them's the Buck's second-bests. He's cold-blooded."

The Buck, still on his back, raised his head to view the accusatory waistband, and his start of surprise, considering that it really was Ikey's, was extremely creditable to his histrionic power.

"Hully gee!" he exclaimed, sinking back, "some stiff's put it all over me for keeps, slippin' dem duds in me pants when I was

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in swimmin'. Say, I'm gittin' bughouse fer sure."

"Bughouse, is it?" retorted O'Neill. "It's a candidate for the Protictory, on the Jew vote, ye are, I'm thinkin'. Now change cars, an' quick."

The restitution was made, and the Buck was allowed to depart, but he was not forgotten. Deeply grieved by the inconsiderate conduct of those small Hebrews who insisted on shivering violently whenever they met him face to face, within an hour he became involved in a score or more of incipient battles. Though he had really intended no more than a temporary embarrassment to

"HE FOULED US, THE BIG STIFF!"

Ikey, and had accepted the applause of his fellow-conspirators as only a proper tribute to his genius in finding a fitting place of concealment on the barren picnic-grounds, his subsequent martyrdom had lifted him, in the eyes of his young compatriots, at once to the dignity of an issue.

Thus, with racial feeling roused to the highest pitch, the trial heats in the hundred-yard dash took on the pronounced features of running the gantlet. Run between two long lines of yelling, gesticulating boys, well provided with missiles, and quick with the tripping foot for the unwary enemy who approached too near the line, the races became not so much a trial of speed as a test of good fortune. Each heat invariably closed with all the contestants but the winner charging back over the course with blood in their eyes and loudly asking to be shown the "mutt" who had made them lose the race.

The trials closed with Stockbridge's announcement of the names of those qualified to run in the semi-finals. The boys stood about him as he called out: "Bernstein, Engel, Goldberg, Myers——"

"Hully gee!" piped up a youngster, "dey're all Irish!"

"W'u'd ye hear that now!" exclaimed O'Neill to O'Hara.

Stockbridge went on calling: "Murphy, McShane——"

"They'll be callin' *them* Dagoes, I dinno," muttered O'Neill.

"Beganny! I'll call them so meself, if they lose," declared O'Hara, excitedly.

However, they won with satisfactory ease, and three Irish lads, McShane, O'Donnell and Sullivan, with a boy named Engel, were left for the finals. Engel, a tall lath-like creature, was wandering restlessly about at the starting-line as O'Neill sauntered up. He stared at the boy a moment, and turned away. Apparently the scrutiny was unsatisfactory, for he came back for another look. Then he walked over to where the three Irish boys stood together.

"Can ye bate him, laads?" he asked in a low voice.

"Sure," replied McShane, who was familiarly known as "Peg."

"Have ye seen him run?"

"Naw," replied Peg, with scorn. "Me eyes ain't in the back av me head."

"Then it's me opinion ye'll see him this day—*ahead* av ye," warned O'Neill. "I don't like the looks av the cr'ature, all legs an' arrms, like a Connemara cow. Who's the best av the three av ye?"

"Peg," said O'Donnell, and Sullivan nodded assent.

"'Tis good it's unanimous," O'Neill declared, "for Peg's av the same opinion, I see. Ye'll keep it in mind when ye run, an' use judgment, for 'tis only by judgment ye'll win. Now, this Engel runs in the middle av the line; so do ye two pocket him, an' l'ave Peg to go strong from the start; an' praise be to God, I'll lather him well if he

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lets that long-nosed ape show the heels to him. Wid this slight exciption, may the best mon win!" Then he stalked away to the finish to judge the race.

Ten minutes later it started. It was clear at once to O'Neill that his young compatriots had taken his advice to heart. The sprinters came on in a bunch, with Peg, by a judicious use of his elbow at starting, squarely in front of Engel, and O'Donnell and Sullivan crowding him close on each flank. Engel seemed hopelessly pocketed. But ten yards from the finish the eager watchers saw Engel desperately lower his head and dive between O'Donnell and Sullivan, colliding with them and throwing them out of their stride. Gathering himself together, he leaped forward to swing past the leader, and was overtaking him as O'Hara swung his stick across Peg's shoulders.

THEY SAW A DARK FORM STRUGGLING BELOW THEM.

"Run, ye snail!" he screamed, and then stiffened and stood glowering as Engel passed the tape a yard in the lead.

"Thanks be to God! I've broken me stick on his back, the omadhan!" the old man muttered wrathfully.

At the finish the crowd swarmed excitedly about O'Neill as O'Donnell and Sullivan rushed up to protest.

"He fouled us, the big stiff!" they cried.

"Sure," agreed O'Neill. "An' ye had him cooped nicely, too."

"Then don't he lose?" they demanded.

"He wins," said O'Neill. "Ye didn't make the hen-pen shtrong enough."

Over a sea of heads Greenbaum flung out his hand to grasp O'Neill's.

"Mr. O'Neill," he said, "you haf rendert some judgments like Solomon. You are der von vhat standts py der beople. Mark der verd; my beople vill not forget."

O'Neill drew him aside out of the press. "'Tis me wan wakeness," he said with an open-minded humility that had about it a suggestion of the confessional. "'Three to wan ye are,' says I, as they came down the track, wid me hearrt in me mouth for the laad that had the legs av thim all—'three to wan ye are,' says I to meself, 'but it's Larry O'Neill that ye have to deal wid if ye do not give him fair play. Ye'll mind that, Greenbaum."

Then Stockbridge came up with a troubled face. "About that race, Mr. O'Neill," he said, "I'm not quite sure. Hadn't we better run it over? The boys, inadvertently perhaps, had Engel pocketed, but he did foul them. Wouldn't it be fairer to all——"

"An' why, sir?" asked O'Neill. "Sure, he'd win, for he has the legs av thim. But now they have a grievance, an' bein' Irish, it's more to thim than meat an' dhrink. Ye'd not take that comfort from the laads, sir." He laughed.

"Of course it's not quite regular, you know," Stockbridge suggested.

"What's regularity to an Irishmon?" broke in O'Hara. "Larry's settled it. He's

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the true Irish genius for doing the wrong thing at the right time."

"Oh, well, let it go, then," said Stockbridge, smiling. He brought the ethical debate to a close by reminding them that the final in the hurdle-race was yet to be run.

The race was a most unfortunate affair. At the third hurdle, the leader, one Red Lannigan, had been obliged to retire in wrathful confusion, owing to the fact that the unusual strain on the rear button supporting his one suspender had been too great for its tenuous hold on his trousers, which, sagging alarmingly, forced the unhappy hurdler to withdraw, or to run the remainder of the course under the impossible handicap of contending in what, to all practical purposes, was a sack race. At the next-to-last hurdle the ankle of the new leader caught on a cord experimentally stretched across the track by some young investigator, and attached at each end to tin cans. He rose gallantly above the hurdle, but the clanking cans refused to follow, and, fouling the bar, brought him to earth. Having, in a spirit of retributive justice, sufficient presence of mind to trip the next comers, he brought them to his own low estate, whereupon the last youth, a small Italian, breasted the tape alone, and was hailed joyously by his compatriots as one received back from the dead.

Of course there was a storm of protests, but O'Neill remained judicially calm.

"Has anny Eytalian laad won annything?" he asked blandly. "No? Then 'tis the will av God," and forthwith solemnly declared Giovanni Aulicino the victor.

The protesting clamor ceased abruptly as a new tumult rose in the rear, and the fickle crowd broke for the scene of fresh excitement, leaving the dead past to bury its dead.

Some restless souls, wearying of the games in which only the elect could engage, had taken it upon themselves to infuse a spirit of democracy into the contests, and had surreptitiously freed the quarry destined for the greased-pig race. It was the sight of them darting up from the wharf that had sent the throng off at full cry.

O'Hara, watching the chase in rapt excitement, grew emulous. "Beganny!" he cried, "if they come within hailing distance, I'll have a try at the spoort meself." He began to button his coat with eager fingers.

"You!" retorted O'Neill, with derision. "'Tis for the young, foolish mon. Ye haven't been aff av a walk in thirty years, ye're windbroke, an' thot tied up wid the rheumatiz when the east wind blows thot ye'd groan to shtep over yer own shadow. Think twice av yer poor body, mon!"

"Take me hat!" O'Hara exclaimed, with a wilful disregard of O'Neill's catalogue. "Take me hat an' give me room!" He tossed his hat to Greenbaum, and darted forward in a series of queer little zigzag runs.

O'Neill chuckled. "I knew he'd try it, if I egged him on," he whispered to Stockbridge. "Is there anny foolishness like bein' old, sir?" Then he turned and gazed with rapt attention at O'Hara.

That gentleman was becoming impatient. "Drive him, b'ys," he shouted. "Drive him near, and I'll show ye the trick."

It seemed a diversion full of pleasing possibilities, and the energies of five hundred boys were presently employed in steering the pigs to that part of the ground where O'Hara, in the language of his friend, was "le'pin' up an' le'pin' down, an' goin' nowhere, like a dom hobby-horse."

A minor consideration that O'Hara had overlooked was his inability to command two frontal positions at one and the same time; for just as he had crouched for a spring at one of the pursued, the other, hemmed in behind him, apparently seeing a wide prospect of country between O'Hara's parted legs, darted through. Unexpectedly, it proved to be a *cul-de-sac*, in effect, at least, for he caught his snout in the tail pocket of O'Hara's long frock-coat, and went on, with O'Hara sprawling along his back for three yards or more, when the pair collapsed in a heap. The language of both was frightful in volume, and of an equal unintelligibility.

A delighted throng encircled them.

"Fourth av July, an' the pin-wheels a-whirlin'! It's like nothing else undher God's canopy!" exclaimed O'Neill, hic-coughing with joy.

From the dust of the conflict there came up a muffled cry from O'Hara: "Take the dom thing off!"

"Be quiet, foolish mon!" counseled O'Neill. "Ye'll both be runnin' down presently, when it will be aisier to locate ye. At present no wan c'u'd pick ye out from yer fri'nd."

A convulsion of nature ensued, and O'Hara's wrathful face appeared upright once more. Somewhere beneath his braced and seated form the muffled voice of his captive rumbled like a passing thunder-storm.

"Ye should be gettin' the job in the circus,

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O'Hara," suggested O'Neill. "Ye rode fine while it lasted. 'Tis only practice ye need."

O'Hara's native humor came to his rescue, and his face cleared. "Do I get the prize?" he demanded.

"Have ye got the pig?" asked O'Neill.

"I have." He attempted to rise, but his coat pinned him down, and a convulsive movement on the part of the pig warned him to sit tight. He looked about him anxiously. "Give me a hand," he said.

"'Tis out av ordher," declared O'Neill. "I'd not like to interfere between ye an' yer fri'nd; for it looks to me like the firrst wan av ye to get started wins the money."

"Then here goes," cried O'Hara, and staggered to his feet; but the pig was quicker, and, with his head still in O'Hara's pocket, went on, with O'Hara, straddling his back, stepping wide and fast toward the river.

"Cripes! 'tis the fine prize the pig thinks he's won!" cried O'Neill.

The end came when the frantic creature ran under a tree, and O'Hara caught at a low bough. For a moment he hung poised, then the pocket gave way, and the pig darted off, with the black lining over his eyes.

O'Neill chuckled. "He thinks it's night, an' time to go home," he jeered.

O'Hara had only one comment to make: "Sure, he's the making of a fine athlete, that spotted pig."

"An' no fool like an old wan," declared O'Neill. "An' where's me quiet day to fix Stockbridge an' Greenbaum? Will ye tell me thot?"

"Whist, man! the day's not ended yet," declared O'Hara, hopefully.

"'Tis small comfort I take in thot, God knows," O'Neill replied with feeling.

To the joy of the boys, the boat was aground when they were ready to start, with no promise of release till ten. They raced through the grounds and over the boat, while the elders sat at the rail on the forward lower deck and talked. O'Neill was telling a story when a splash in the river brought them to their feet. O'Neill sprang to the open gang-way, and, leaning over the rail, saw a dark form struggling below him.

"Get a rope, quick!" he called, and throwing off hat and coat, leaped overboard.

In an awed silence, heavy with the sickening dread of impending tragedy, men and boys crowded to the rail, listening. O'Neill had disappeared in the darkness, but after a hush that seemed to drag itself out to terrifying length they heard his cheerful voice calling from under the guards:

"All right. Have the rope ready there where ye are." Then came silence again.

They seemed interminable, the minutes that passed before they heard his footsteps coming forward from the dim interior of the steamer. His face was grave, but he smiled reassuringly as they rushed to meet him.

"The tide was strong, so I had to make for aft," he explained. "The water's wet tonight," he went on—"wet."

"But where's the boy? Who was it?" asked Stockbridge, with a growing fear.

"In the engine-room, dhryin' his clothes," O'Neill replied, "but wild wid the fear his folks will hear av his bein' in the river an' never let him go near it again. So if he's dhry when he goes home, an' none av ye know who he is, he can prove an alibi. 'Tis aisy when ye know the way. He's the bright laad."

But the nearness of tragedy had sobered the boys, and the homeward trip was far quieter than the upward one had been. The long delay in starting had made the boat late, and brought many anxious parents to the landing. It was only with the greatest difficulty that O'Neill was able to slip away from the eager questions and open-mouthed awe of the throng, through which the news of his heroism had quickly spread. But he hurried home and, changing his clothes, was in his saloon when O'Hara came in with a glowing face.

"Larry," he cried, "'tis the great day's work ye've done, for the ward's ringing with praise of ye this night. Ye're elected now, save casting the votes."

"That's no lie," responded O'Neill.

"What's Stockbridge or Greenbaum to a drowning b'y!" exclaimed O'Hara. "But who was the laad? The Jews claim him, and the Italians, too. They want to give ye a testimonial."

"Let it pass," protested O'Neill. "Let it pass. I'm a modest mon, O'Hara, as ye know well. What's testimonials to such?"

"But was the b'y Italian or Jew?" persisted O'Hara.

O'Neill glanced cautiously about him. "'Twas the spotted pig," he said.

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THE ROMANCE OF THE MISSIONARY

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

Late of the American Consular Service in the Ottoman Dominions

IF commerce follows the flag, the flag follows the missionary. It is one of the facts of history. From the days when the lean Jesuits blazed the way in North America for the flag of France, till Livingstone opened the Dark Continent to European exploitation, the missionary has marched before the soldier; the prayerbook and the Bible have proved more powerful than the rifle and the machine gun.

Commerce, geography, and civilization alike owe the missionary a debt which they can never hope to repay. The exploration work of Livingstone is marked by rare precision and by a breadth of observation which will forever make it a monument to the name of the most intrepid traveler of the nineteenth century. It was Verbeck, a missionary to Japan, who carried the ideals of Western civilization to the empire of the Mikado before the ink on Perry's treaty was fairly dry, and gave the flowery kingdom its present system of education. William Carey, the great missionary to India, by a tremendous labor of translation served the interests of scholars and of commerce as well as of religion; and, going to India to preach salvation from sin, immediately set about abolishing the suttee—the custom of sacrificing the widow upon her husband's funeral pyre. It was the representations of American missionaries that induced Seward and his colleagues to bring about the purchase of Alaska.

If the clatter of American harvesters is heard to-day from one end of Asia Minor to the other; if the Esquimaux of Greenland and Alaska and Labrador vary their monotonous diet of fish and blubber with tinned meats from Chicago and Kansas City; if the natives of Equatoria insist on buying cotton sheeting that is stamped "American," and will take no other, our merchants and manufacturers, instead of praising the consul or the commercial traveler, may thank the American missionaries.

No matter in what direction you may turn your canoe or your caravan, you will find them preaching and teaching, living in native dress amid the filth of Manchurian villages, moving with the nomad tribes of the Sahara, or sleeping in the Indian wigwams of the far Northwest. When Younghusband, at the head of his punitive expedition, crossed the frontier of Tibet, he believed himself the first white person to enter that mysterious region—until, on his northward march, he was astounded to find a little American woman fearlessly carrying on her mission work within the borders of the Forbidden Land.

David Livingstone, Verbeck of Japan, Carey of India—those were names to conjure with in their time; and their deeds have thrown a glamour of romance about the calling of the foreign mission worker which will last until the end of time.

About the missionary of to-day—and I have ridden with him, boot to boot, in a score of lands—there is scant reminder of the somber-garbed, psalm-singing, nasal-voiced, narrow-minded proselytizer who has been made the butt of jokes in comic supplements from time immemorial. The American missionary of the present, clean-cut and college-bred, comes from another mold. He is as carefully trained as the consul or the commercial traveler, though on broader and more comprehensive lines. When he starts for his new field, he is something more than a theologian and a preacher. He has had an agricultural course and can plow and sow and reap after the most approved fashion; or he knows something of manual industry and can use a plane, a saw, or a lathe, the tools of a blacksmith, a carpenter, or a mason; possibly he understands the elements of electricity and of hydraulics and can install a dynamo or set up a ram; or perhaps he is going out as a medical missionary, in which case the preaching and teaching will be subordinated to the care of

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the sick, the healing of the lame, the halt, and the blind.

History shows nothing finer than the way in which these pickets of civilization, scattered over the strange portions of the globe, have distilled a grim humor out of their desolate situations, turning not only a bold but a laughing face upon the perils which their lives may bring. There is, indeed, something approaching the divine in their power to rise above hard conditions and to use their minds for the purpose of mocking at the miseries of their bodies. In all the world there is no more thrilling romance than that of these pioneers of progress who have carried the gospel of the clean shirt side by side with that of salvation even to the very Back of Beyond.

Twilight in the Banda Sea. To the eastward the coast of New Guinea lay like a purple blur athwart the darkening horizon. The schooner, with her little crew of white men and yellow, slipped silently through the labyrinth of keys and islets, making slight headway before the faint land breeze which scarce sufficed to fill her canvas. Out from their ambush behind a palm-fringed island slipped the lean pirate proas, loaded to the water's edge with naked, swarthy, sinister figures. On they came, swiftly, silently, under the impetus of the frenzied oars.

The Yankee skipper divined the danger at a glance, but though he clapped on all sail and prayed for a freshening breeze, it was with scant hope that he dealt out the rifles and cutlasses and assigned their stations to the meager force at his command—to all but the Quaker missionary in his shovel-hat and sober garb, who waved aside the weapon which the captain thrust upon him. "It is against the tenets of our faith," he said gently, "to make use of carnal weapons; nor may I raise my hand against a fellow creature, even though he be a pagan and seeks my blood. But it may well be, Friend Captain, that I can do my share in some other fashion toward our defense."

He disappeared down the companion way, only to reappear almost immediately, staggering under a load of beer bottles. Officers, passengers, and chattering Chinese crew, engaged in hastily barricading the upper decks for what promised to be a hopeless stand against overwhelming numbers, had scant time to notice the strange actions of the missionary, who was bringing armful after armful of bottles up on deck. These he proceeded to smash, strewing the fragments from one end of the vessel to the other, until all that portion of the deck outside the breastworks was a bed of shivered glass.

Scarcely was his task completed when the proas surged alongside, and in another moment the bulwarks were alive with savage forms, each brandishing the wicked kris. From poop and quarter-deck the rifles spoke in spluttering chorus; but the fierce, red-turbaned figures still swarmed up the sides, sheltering themselves behind the bulwarks. Then, at a signal from their leader, over they poured in a howling, whirling, murderous mob—and struck the deck with its coating of knife-like splinters. Even the wild ferocity of the Malay could not withstand the torture of the jagged fragments piercing his naked feet. The fire of the handful of defenders was redoubled, and the pirates, screaming in agony as they fell and rose and fell again on the broken glass, stumbled to the bulwarks and, dropping overside into their waiting proas, disappeared as silently and swiftly as they had come, leaving their dead behind them.

In more lands than one has the missionary given proof of his ingenuity and resource under conditions that would wholly discourage men of other callings. On the other side of the world from the Sea of Banda, north of the Arctic Circle, the Reverend E. J. Peck lives and labors on the lonely shores of Cumberland Sound, opposite Greenland, perhaps the most remote and inaccessible mission station on the face of the globe. Originally sent out by the Church Missionary Society of England to labor among the Esquimaux on the northeastern shores of Hudson's Bay, after eight years he laced on his snowshoes and, cracking the long whip over his dog team, turned his face toward the farther North. Months later, travel-worn and almost famished, he came out on the shores of Cumberland Sound. Sharing one of their snow huts with the Esquimaux among whom he found himself, subsisting on seal meat and the blubber of whales, he set himself to the difficult task of learning their language.

Then came the question of a church in which to preach, for the snow huts were of insufficient size and there was no timber within a thousand miles. So this resourceful genius—what a Robinson Crusoe he would have made!—asked each of his parishioners to give him one ordinary sealskin.

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He organized a sewing-bee among the fur-clad women of his congregation, up there north of the Arctic Circle; and through the long winter nights they worked under his direction until they had stitched the skins into one great blanket—the walls and roof of the northernmost church in the world. This sealskin covering was stretched over a rough framework; seats, made from old provision boxes left by passing explorers, were placed inside; a paraffin lamp and a small stove provided the light and heat.

But his difficulties, Peck found, had only just begun. He had a church, and he could preach to his congregation in their own tongue; but how was he to make clear to these dwellers in the frozen North certain passages in the Bible? How was he to explain to a people who lived in a land of perpetual snow, whose knowledge of animals did not extend beyond the dog, the whale, and the seal, and many of whom had never seen a tree, what was meant by a sheep, a cow, a grapevine, a city? Even here his ingenuity did not desert him. By the next post—a ship called once in thirteen months—he sent to the States for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.

Everything in Baffin Land still dates from that ever-memorable magic-lantern exhibition. From three hundred miles around, the expectant Esquimaux came in behind their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The sealskin church was filled to overflowing. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm-oil and blubber and sweat-soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered forty degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the straggling list of Arctic explorers who have touched at Cumberland Sound have long since been forgotten, the recollection of that magic-lantern show will linger in the minds of the Esquimaux from Meta Incognita to Cockburn Land.

But a few nights later a sad fate befell the sealskin church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Esquimau dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof, they soon tore holes in the sealskin covering, and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at a safe distance, they proceeded to devour.

When the cholera, in its last dread march across India, broke out in one of the remote mountain stations far up in the foothills of the Himalayas, a girl missionary, Miss Annie Budden, faced and fought it alone. With the first appearance of the disease the European residents, the native officials, and even the political administrator fled in terror, after pleading in vain with the intrepid American to accompany them. She saw that the only way to save the lives of her people was to remove them to a mountain, twelve miles away.

Even for trained officials, properly equipped, it would have been no light task to move the entire population of a town, the major portion women and children, to the summit of a distant mountain, to house them under canvas, to take the necessary sanitary precautions for the regulation of so large a camp, to treat the sick—for the doctor was among those who had run away—and, most serious question of all, to find food for so many mouths over a period of sixty days. But this frail girl, who not long since had left the shelter of her American home, did all this and even more.

One day she was called to see a native woman who lay dying, twenty miles away. She could not get a coolie, for they, too, had disappeared, so she found a pony and rode for six hours on a man's saddle in the sweltering heat of an Indian summer. When she reached her destination the woman was dead. There were no men to be found, so she summoned to her assistance a few women converts who lived in the neighborhood, and they wrapped the body in a blanket, slung it to a pole, and themselves carried it to the outskirts of the village. Here they dug a grave, in which, after Miss Budden had read the burial service, the body was placed. That was at noon. She at once started to return to her camp in the mountains, but before half the distance was accomplished, her horse, becoming frightened at sight of a snake, ran away and threw Miss Budden off. She walked the remaining twelve miles under the blazing sun, reaching her camp at nightfall only to find that another of her women had died during her absence. She again organized a burying squad and again helped to dig the grave and bury the body with her own hands.

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Courtesy of Foreign Missions Library.

MISS HUBBARD, A MISSIONARY JOURNEYING IN NORTHERN PERSIA.

This was the only death from cholera among the people under her protection.

In more than one quarter of the globe the missionaries still carry their lives in their hands, and even in recent years many of them have died for their faith. In the Boxer uprising alone the names of more than two hundred missionaries were added to the roll of martyrs. The full details of their deaths and of the tortures which they suffered before they were allowed to die will never be known; but the story of their constancy and courage has shown that there are as many heroes among the men of the black coat as among those who wear the helmet and brass buttons.

The last stand of Pitkin, of Pao-ting Fu, will go down in history as one of the most gallant defenses ever made against hopeless odds. With Pitkin at the Pao-ting Fu mission were two ladies, Miss Gould and Miss Morrill. From the north came the news of the long expected Boxer outbreak, and the story of massacre on massacre of Europeans. Escape to the coast was cut off, and, knowing that only a few hours could elapse before they, too, would suffer a similar fate, the three missionaries gathered their converts about them and told them to seek safety in flight. Then they spent the night in prayer and in writing and burying in the mission grounds their farewell letters.

At daybreak came the first attack. Pitkin and the two ladies had taken refuge in the stone mission house, within which they had barricaded themselves as best they might with mattresses and such furniture as came to hand. Pitkin of Pao-ting Fu was none of your moral suasion kind. He was a missionary militant, if ever there was one. He made up his mind to sell his life dearly, and he did. He made but one mistake—he failed to kill the women. The Chinese, too cowardly to carry through an attack on a house defended by such a man, sent for their Boxer allies. Pitkin, sheltered behind a mattress, fired from a window, and at every shot a Boxer fell. All through that day the rifle of the lone American barked defiance, and all through the day the Boxer army, more than a thousand strong, halted in indecision, unable to muster the courage to storm a fort so valorously held. Miss Morrill, kneeling behind the improvised barricade, bore a share in the defense by keeping the rifles loaded; but Miss Gould, who had a weak heart, died from the shock of the day's long horror.

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Courtesy of Foreign Missions Library

THE REVEREND C. F. JOHNSON IN ICHOWFU, CHINA.

At sunset a Boxer took advantage of the failing light to climb unobserved into the branches of a tree, and from that coign of vantage fired upon Pitkin with a shotgun, wounding him terribly in the side. Not until the missionary lay helpless and bleeding did the Boxers dare to rush the barricades. The dying defender was literally hacked to pieces by the infuriated mob; but they had bought their victory dearly, for twenty dead Chinese lay piled before the mission station as the result of the American's unerring aim, and twice that number will carry mementoes of his marksmanship to the grave. The remaining missionary, Miss Morrill, was carried in triumph to the temple where the Boxers had their headquarters. Pitkin's one mistake, as I said before, was that he failed to shoot her at the first. But she was luckier than most; they beheaded her the next day.

I hold no brief for the missionary, believe me, but one need visit only a native Christian family in China and compare the care of the children and the cleanliness of the home with the neglect and squalor of their neighbors, to realize how fortunate is the community where missionaries are to be found. No matter how little one may favor the expenditure of money for foreign missions, he cannot fail to be impressed, as he travels through Turkey or India or China, with the self-supporting native churches, the busy printing presses, the neat pharmacies, the well-equipped hospitals, the well-attended schools, and with the common sense and practical manner in which the money is applied. Even the Chinese officials have awakened to the fact that the missionaries are the friends of the people; and during a recent famine the provincial authorities appealed to them for help—the first appeal of the kind ever made to foreigners by the Chinese Government. It speaks volumes for the executive ability and practical management of the missionaries, that it should have been made to them.

As for the Levant—Mr. Gladstone was right when he said that the American missionaries have done more for that region than have all the nations of Europe put together. Bulgaria would never have gained her independence had it not been for the propaganda spread from Robert College—at least that was what Abdul-Hamid II said, and he ought to know. In Turkey to-day there are few preëminently great men. But one of the greatest is an American, Dr. Howard Sweetzer Bliss, president of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut. Dr. Bliss is a missionary in so far as educational work, pure and simple, carried on along American collegiate lines, is of a missionary nature. There are nearly a thousand students on the college rolls—Syrians, Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Persians, Arabs, Egyptians, Su-

A MISSIONARY TRAVELING BY "TANDEM" IN EAST AFRICA.

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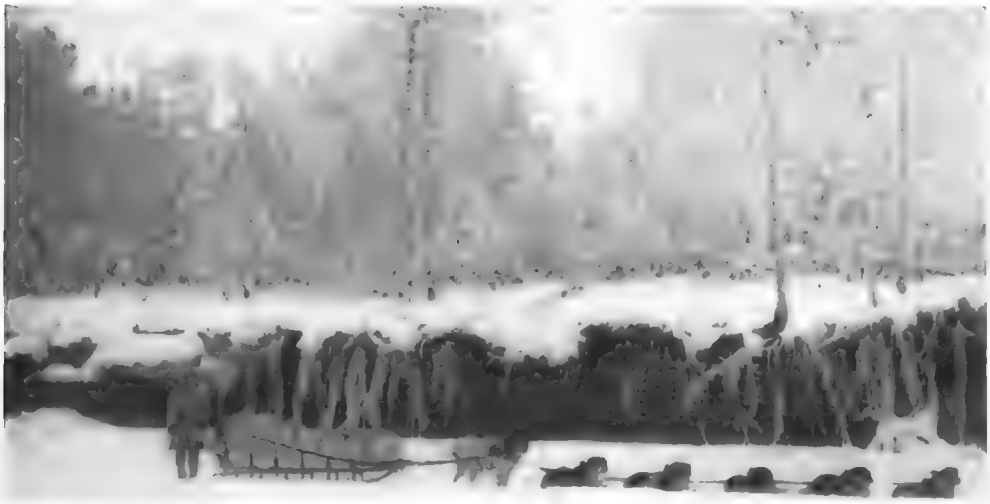
danese, Turks—of every color from lightest tan to deepest black. Among them are two cousins of the Khedive and a prince of the imperial house of Persia. But beyond the ten-minute chapel service peculiar to all Town To-night"; to see a bunch of dark-skinned, bright-eyed youths flash down the cinder-path to the waiting tape; and to note the gorgeous figure of the Turkish governor-general in animated confab with the Ameri-



ARCHDEACON STUCK AND HIS DOG TEAM ON THE TRAIL.

American universities, there is no insistently religious side to the American College, as it is generally called, nor is there the slightest attempt made at proselytism among the students. In spite of their paramount aim, their zeal for God's service, that zeal is never obtruded. "Train their brains and their bodies," President Bliss once said, "and I will take a chance on their souls."

It is this very attitude of religious toleration that has made this institution the greatest power for good in Western Asia. Until very recent years the imperial authorities looked askance at its remarkable growth; but so fully convinced have they become that it is a powerful factor for good throughout Ottoman Asia, that the Sultan each year sends a special representative to distribute the diplomas at commencement and to award the prizes at the annual track and athletic meeting in June. This social event is given a dazzling picturesqueness by the presence of the paternal sheikhs, emirs, effendis, beys, and pashas which it draws from every corner of the empire. To hear a Turkish band pounding out "America" and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old

can consul and the president of the college as to the starting of a race or the awarding of a medal, is enough to bring a glow of pride to the cheeks of any American.

The American College is not alone in the work it is doing for the peoples of Asiatic Turkey, for there are similar, though smaller, institutions at Smyrna, Sivas, Harpoot, Sidon, Jerusalem, Scutari, and Constantinople. Though these various colleges graduate each year a considerable number of physicians, dentists, teachers, and business men, perhaps the most important work they are doing is in supplying the Near East with trained and competent pharmacists. Until very recent years the resident as well as the traveler in Western Asia had to depend for drugs, medicines and the filling of prescriptions on the filthy, unsanitary chemist-shops —*drugerias*, they are called—kept for the most part by illiterate and unspeakably dirty Levantines, who mixed their prescriptions by chance rather than by formula. All that is changed now, thanks to the work of the American educators and missionaries; and there is scarcely a town or hamlet from the Cedars of Lebanon to the shores of the

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Dead Sea that does not boast a neat, well-appointed, and prosperous pharmacy.

In the Levant, as elsewhere, personal courage has gone hand in hand with the missionary's practical work. On the day after the bombardment of Alexandria, in 1882, when the city still trembled under the menace of the British guns, when Arabi's lawless soldiery were engaged in loot and massacre, and every white man on shore was in imminent peril of his life, it was the American missionaries who begged our admiral for permission to go ashore. They wanted to be landed as soon as the firing ceased, for, said they, bread was scarce and they had money to buy it; if none was to be bought, they had hands to make it. It was their duty, they said, if their people were wounded, to care for them; to bury the dead and comfort the afflicted, and to show the Egyptians that they believed what they had preached. When, finally, they were given permission to land, the blue jackets lined the rail and cheered themselves hoarse as the boat containing the missionaries pulled toward the smoking city, for your jack tar recognizes brave men when he sees them.

There are many elements of humor in the life of a missionary, especially in the Eastern lands, where the natives are, after all, not far removed from children. No name is better known in mission work than that of Jessup of Syria. For close on half a century the two elder Jessups, later their sons, and now their grandsons, have covered the land of Syria with their endeavors, inland from Beirut to Damascus and the Hauran, southward from the Cedars to Jordan and the Samarian hills. In the course of time, a son was born to one of the younger Jessups, who lived in the outskirts of Beirut. Now the missionary Jessup had a lawyer brother, practicing in New York with a partner named King, the firm name being, naturally enough, King & Jessup. The new father, filled with pride, cabled the tidings to his brother in New York, the cablegram running something like this: "King Jessup, New York, son and heir born to-day."

THE CHILDREN OF A MISSIONARY IN JAPAN.

The native servant, taking the message to the telegraph office in the city, deposited it on the operator's desk together with the money for the tolls, and disappeared. The operator, as was the custom in Turkey in those suspicious days, carried the message in to the censor before venturing to put it on

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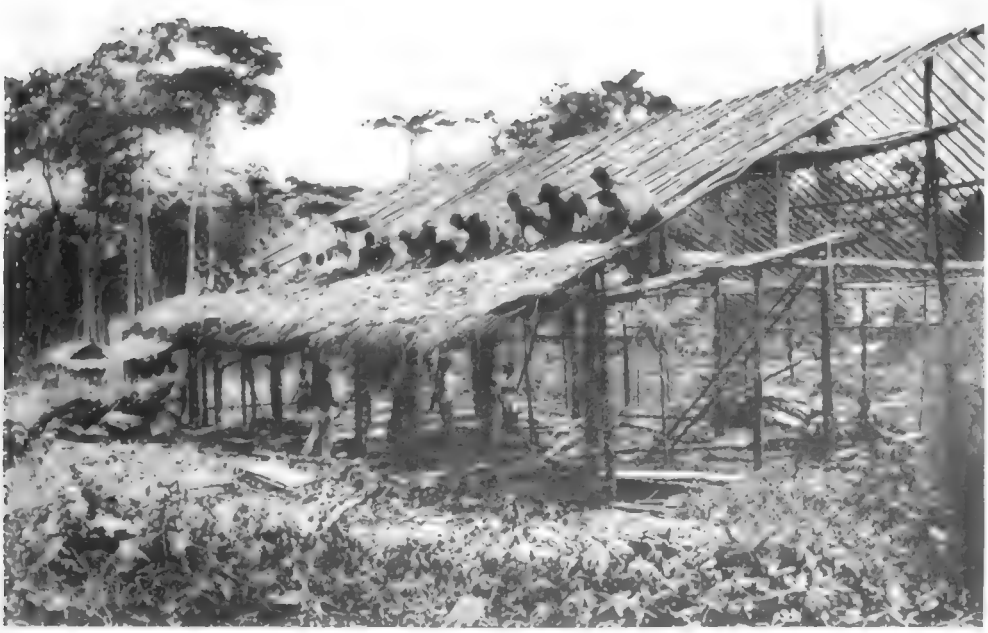
A CHURCH IN ALASKA USED DURING THE WEEK AS A READING-ROOM FOR MINERS.



Courtesy of Foreign Missions Library.

NATIVES AT LOLODOBE, FIJI, ROOFING "MACLEAN" CHURCH WITH PALM MATS.

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the wire. The gray-bearded censor, familiar with a dozen languages, gave it but a single glance. "Call me a carriage, quick!" he shouted, struggling into his coat and sword. "Drive me to the *Governorat*—full speed," he called to the trembling coachman. Past the saluting sentries he dashed, and up the steps of the governor's palace.

Courtesy of Church Missions House Library.

MISS BENDER AT ST. LUKE'S DISPENSARY, SHANGHAI.

"Excellency," he panted, thrusting the message before the eyes of the startled governor, "what think you of this? It is treason. Deep, dark, damnable treason, Excellency, and here in our very midst. Look! Listen! It is addressed to some foreign ruler, some king—King Jessup, whoever he may be—and it informs him that a son and heir, a crown prince, was born in this very town to-day. It is doubtless a plot to seize the throne of His Imperial Majesty—whom Allah preserve!—but if we can only thwart it, Excellency, there are great things in store for us—for you a governorship in one of the European provinces; for me, perhaps, a *berat* as pasha and a grand cordon."

The old governor was a man of deeds, not words. "Summon the members of the council," he said, and orderlies clattered forth with orders to the various municipal officials to appear forthwith at the *Governorat*. In they came, the *cadi* of the city, the captain of the port, the commandant of the garrison, the chief *imam*, each salaaming profoundly in his turn. To them the governor revealed the treasonous plot. "Our futures are in our own hands," he ended. "If we discover this prince, we shall stagger under the honors which will be heaped upon us. If we fail to discover him, then may Allah have mercy upon our souls!"

Turkish *Governorats* seldom boast of libraries; but the censor unearthed an ancient copy of the Almanach de Gotha, and down its list of sovereigns he ran his finger. "Here we find King Edward of England," he read, "and King Alfonso of Spain, and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, not to mention two emperors and a czar; but of this King Jessup I can find no single mention."

"Perhaps," the chief of police suggested hopefully, "he may be one of those rulers of the Farther East of whom we sometimes hear."

But the commandant, who had spent a year in Vienna, rose in the scorn of his superior education. "Not at all, my brothers," said he, "I know the name well—this King Jessup of whom you speak. He is the king of those red Indians who inhabit that country of which the capital is New York, and to which the message is addressed."

The explanation seemed plausible (this may seem *outré* and absurd and impossible, but Turkey, remember, is all of these and more); so then came the problem of locating and seizing the Indian heir apparent.

"Why not get the messenger who brought the message?" suggested some one, saner than the rest. And within an hour the servant, found in a coffee-house, was arraigned before the council. When he heard the accusation he could scarce forbear laughing, but as his feet still tingled from a recent application of the bastinado, he held his peace.

"Why not send for my master, the American missionary, Excellency?" he inquired humbly. "I doubt not that he can explain all." So they summoned Jessup, the missionworker, born and bred in those parts and speaking Arabic as his native tongue. To him they told their suspicions, gravely, and with equal gravity he explained what

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Photographed by Archdeacon Stuck.

BISHOP ROWE PREACHING TO ALASKAN INDIANS IN A FISHING VILLAGE.

the message really meant, for in Turkey gravity is a precious thing. So they drank the inevitable coffees, the signal of dismissal in the East, and made the inevitable profound salaams, and Jessup the missionary returned to dandle his firstborn on his knee, while the governor and the censor and the rest, puffing gloomily at their cigarettes, pondered over their lost honors.

I have another story to tell of a Syrian missionary—one with a less happy ending; and I tell it less for the incident than to show the hold that the missionworkers in strange lands gain over the hearts of men.

The missionary I have in mind was an American, stationed at Sidon. As an itinerant worker he spent the greater part of each year in traveling through the remote portions of his parish, from Sidon eastward to Hermon, southward to Acre and beyond. Stifling heat and piercing cold, drought and flood, dust and mud, caravan routes and mountain paths were the same to him. He traveled much by night that he might work by day. He had a thorough grasp of that complexity known as Turkish law, and transacted the legal business of his people. Wherever he went he relieved distress. He once gathered the necessary funds and bought outright from its unscrupulous Druse owners a Lebanon village, and then sold it on easy terms to the oppressed tenant farmers, hundreds of whom he had at various times tided over some trouble.

A MISSIONARY IN CHINA AND HIS ITINERATING HELPER.

He lived with the people; none was too humble or too rough. Thieves and robbers

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he numbered among his friends and converts. He sat with his people in their coffee-houses and smoked their *nargilehs;* he hunted bear with them in the mountains of Samaria—working for his cause in day-by-

Courtesy of Foreign Missions Library.

THE REV. BENJAMIN LABAREE WITH SOME NATIVE PERSIANS.

day normal association. Do you wonder that from one end of Syria to the other the natives called him the "Well-Beloved"?

It was in an expedition high up in the Samarian hills that the end came. Eddy and his two boys, one twelve, the other ten, were in camp far up on the mountain slopes. Selim, the faithful body-servant whose life Eddy had once saved, and Mohammed, the old Bedawy hunter whom he had redeemed from a life of outlawry, had pitched the camp and prepared the supper. The wearied children had already gone to bed when a torrent of blood from mouth and nose brought the missionary the unmistakable death summons of heart failure. Calling in his faithful, frightened servants, he told them that in another hour he would be dead; then minutely he directed them how to get the children and his body down to the coast, and gave them messages for the hill-folk among whom he had spent his life.

Then the children were awakened. "My boys," he said, holding them to him, "to-night Dr. Ford [a fellow-missionary] starts on his journey from New York to Syria, and to-night I, too, begin a longer journey." Giving his last messages for the loved ones at home to the sleepy, frightened children, he put them back to bed. Then, with his Bible on his knees, he sat by the dying fire and waited for the end. At midnight his soul passed on to glory. I know of no more touching picture than that of this brave man, with his children, all unconscious, sleeping beside him, calmly waiting by his lonely camp fire under the Syrian stars for the unfolding of the Great Unknown.

It fell to me to represent the American Government at the funeral of Mr. Eddy, and, though it has been my lot to follow to the grave the remains of many of the great ones of the earth, I have never witnessed so spontaneous an outpouring of grief as was accorded to this simple missionary. It seemed as if all Palestine and Syria had come to do him honor. The route from the mission church to the little Protestant cemetery lay for two miles or more through the narrow streets and subterranean passageways of the ancient town, and every foot of those two

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miles the flag-draped coffin was carried aloft on the tips of the peoples' fingers—not Christians alone, but Mohammedans, Druses, and Jews struggling for a chance to do honor to Eddy, the Well-Beloved, in this peculiarly Oriental manner.

Another story of a missionary's unflinching courage, even in the face of the piled faggots and the torture-stake, is told by the officers and men of the Canadian Mounted Police who patrol the great Northwest; for there, too, the missionary has played as great a part as the helmeted trooper in bringing law and order into the rough mining camps and the Indian tepees. From Vancouver to Great Slave Lake there is scarce an Indian tribe that does not know and honor the name of James Evans, a missionary who has devoted his life to bettering the physical as well as the moral lot of the Canadian Indians. On snowshoes or in a bark canoe he traversed the lakes and rivers or crossed the barren grounds of the great Northwest, sleeping out on the rocks or in the forests, in whirling snowstorms or in drenching rains.

On these journeys Evans had as his interpreter a converted Indian, Joseph Hasselton by name. One day, while crossing a lake in the wilderness, the Indian, seeing some ducks, called for his gun, which was in the stern of the canoe, and Evans, not knowing that it was cocked (Ah me, these people who "don't know"!) handed it to him muzzle first. The trigger, catching on a thwart, went off, killing Hasselton instantly. After making a grave for his companion in the wilderness, the missionary, crushed with grief and remorse, resolved to go and give himself up to the avengers of blood in the wild pagan tribe to which Hasselton belonged. They lived far away, and "a life for a life" was their motto; but this quixotic missionary never faltered.

After a journey of many months through a wilderness which no white man had seen before, he reached the Indian village and, telling his story, gave himself up to the relatives of Hasselton for the usual death by torture. The braves were all for killing him, the death whoops rent the air, the stake was prepared, the prisoner bound to it, and the faggots were ready to be set alight, when the mother of the dead man, claiming a tribal privilege, intervened. Evans was taken into the family in Hasselton's place, given an Indian name, and formally adopted by the tribe, among whom he still lives and labors up there on the edges of the great unknown.

On the other side of the continent, in the Province of Quebec, lives a medical missionary, known among the rough *habitants* and lumber jacks whom he tends as "old Doctor Spear." That is the title of respect which he goes by from La Prairie to the falls of the Chaudière. Down the dim forest road one night rattled the hooded gig of the old preacher-practitioner, bound on a hurry call, for at some lonely cabin in the big woods a new soul was about to see the light. Suddenly his horse shied, then halted, quivering, as a shadowy figure leaped from the bushes by the roadside and a shadowy hand grasped the bit. "Halt! Hands up!" came the curt command. "Hands up and be quick about it!" Three masked figures, sinister, menacing, ranged themselves beside the gig; three revolver barrels covered the startled doctor. "Come now, hand over your money or it'll be the worse for you," ordered one of the highwaymen, and flashed a bull's-eye in the physician's face.

"Why, boys, we've made a mistake," he exclaimed; "it's old Doctor Spear. Doctor, we surely beg your pardon. You see," he continued, apologetically, "we were looking for the paymaster of the mines, but we couldn't see who it was in the dark. But you can't keep on by this road, for the river bridge has been washed away; you will have to go by the lower road and cross at the ford. Jacques, here, will show you the way." The bandit called Jacques removed his mask shamefacedly and climbed in beside the doctor, his two companions raising their hats in respectful salutation as the gig turned down a path into the heart of the forest. The river was running high under the impetus of the spring freshets, but the outlaw guided the vehicle across the treacherous ford in safety. "Doctor," he said hesitatingly, as he alighted, "if you don't object I'd feel proud to shake your hand. If there were more of your sort in the big woods, there'd be less of ours." Then he stood bareheaded in the forest until the sound of the gig-wheels died away in the distance.

It has been my intention, in relating all these diverse incidents, to show in graphic form what manner of men and women are carrying Christianity and civilization side by side to the four corners of the earth. Every great movement has its critics and abusers.

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The foreign missionary movement is no exception. The religious aspect of the question, so far as this article is concerned, at least, is no concern of ours. But among a not inconsiderable portion of our people it has become the fashion to deride and ridicule the missionary. In the clubs of Cairo and Constantinople, in the hotel lobbies of Yokohama and Shanghai, you will hear the missionaries abused *en masse* as busybodies who are forever meddling with that which does not concern them. But that these twenty thousand men and women are doing practical good to mankind, be it Christian or pagan, is evidenced by the fact that there is no single field of modern effort for social improvement that is not represented in the work of the foreign missions. The ninety-four colleges and universities, 159 presses, 500 odd hospitals, 247 orphanages and foundling homes, 100 leper asylums, 156 refuges for rescue work, for the opium slave, and the insane, close to 27,000 schools—all these speak louder than any words.

The hard-headed men doing business in foreign lands, men with scant sympathy for preachers and the like, welcome the missionary as a power for practical good. Alfred Smith, a field missionary of the Young Men's Christian Association, traveling by steamer from Calcutta to Rangoon, became acquainted quite by chance one evening with a sociable Anglo-Indian. Toward the close of the evening the Englishman pulled a check book from his pocket and, scribbling a few lines in it, handed to the astonished secretary a check for two hundred thousand rupees (about $100,000). "I believe in the work you are doing," he said; "this is to help it along," and, turning on his heel, he went into the cabin.

On the following evening Smith, passing through the smoking room, found his erstwhile friend playing at cards and losing heavily, as he was considerably the worse for drink. With some difficulty he managed to get him on to the deck. As the Englishman began to sober up under the influence of a brisk walk, the secretary expressed his surprise that a man who gave gifts of such magnitude to a Christian institution should so far forget himself as to drink and gamble.

"Now understand me," interrupted the Englishman. "I'm no churchman and I don't pretend to be. I have a bit of a gamble when I want amusement and a bit of a drink when I'm thirsty, and all your talking won't stop me. Then why did I give the money to help along the work you are doing? Because that work means pounds, shillings, and pence to me. I own the largest lumber business in all India. Before you came out here with your schools and mission stations and clubhouses, life for a business man was not worth living. My clerks stole from me, my foreman lied to me, my workmen fought and quarreled. But after you established your Y. M. C. A. work, all this was changed. Now I can go away for weeks at a time, knowing that my employes will protect my interests and behave themselves. And, let me tell you, young man, that I am not alone in my appreciation of the work you are doing; every employer of labor in India will tell you the same. . . . Come and have a drink?"

The conception of the missionary as a mere proselytizer is obsolete. The modern mission worker ministers first to the first need. Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose work in Labrador has given him a national reputation, went there as a preacher. But the people needed a physician. So he built his mission ship, the *Strathcona*, and goes up and down that ice-bound coast—as physician, chemist, letter carrier, friend, and preacher.

Wherever he has gone, the modern missionary has stood for progress and civilization. He has marched in the very van of history—Livingstone, giving England a new empire in the heart of Africa; Verbeck, opening Japan to Western civilization; Alexander Duff, promoting an educational system for India; Cyrus Hamlin, founding a college that was to count mightily in the solution of the great "Eastern question"; and the great host of others who gradually raise the physical, social, and moral standards of a whole country. They have played a great part in the history of the world, have these courageous, self-sacrificing men and women. But all too often is their progress traced by trails of blood; all too often are their names found on the roll of martyrs. They have proven themselves the heroes, as well as the pioneers of modern civilization.

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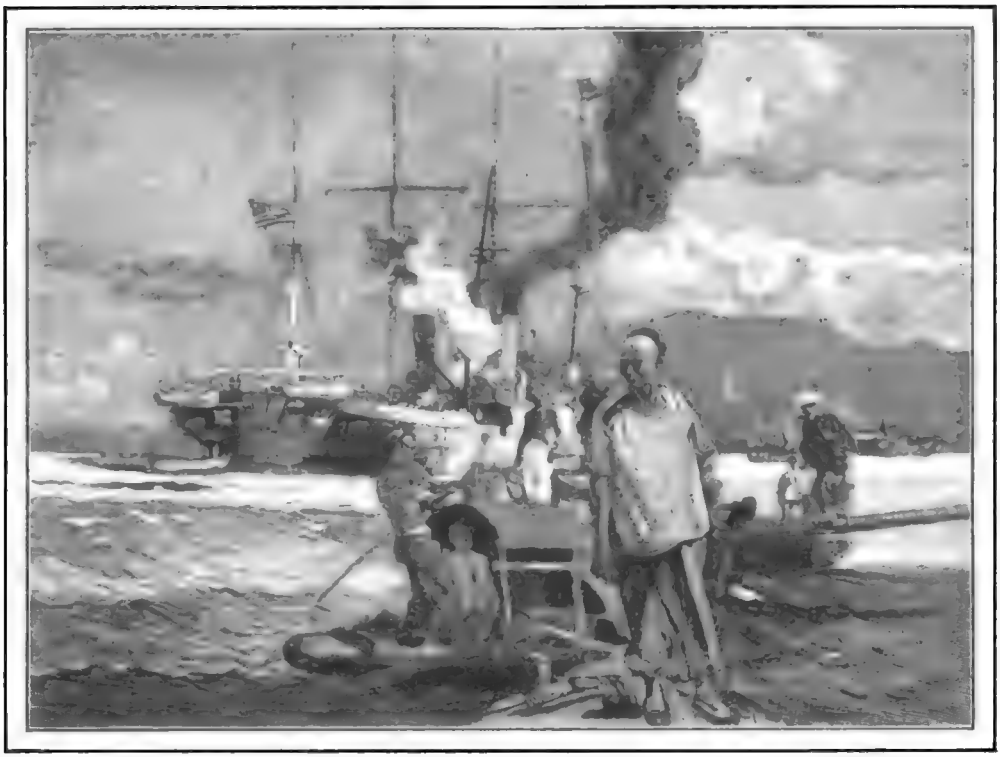

SEMPER SPARLING

A Story of "Coaling Ship" in the United States Navy

By ROBERT DUNN

Author of "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer," Etc.

Illustrations by Henry Reuterdahl

WE were coaling ship. After dinner, we carried our chairs up from the ward room, planting them far aft on the quarterdeck. Nevertheless, the black dust whirled everywhere; freckled through the stiff beams of our eight searchlights; and now and then, as we smoked and talked in the darkness, a whitish handkerchief flopped softly at the grime settling upon some one's leg or shoulder.

The British collier *Tartan* was fast to our starboard side, like some vile parasite locked upon a clean oyster. Just over her dingy body the lights of Algiers shone low upon the quays in an even band, seeming by their exaggerated twinkling to express all the enchantments of Africa—the lure of veiled women, gay stucco walls, parched hills, and muezzin echoes. But we of the U. S. S. *Arizona* were bound heart and hand in the most occidental of toils—to excel the feat of loading 593 tons an hour (average), done yesterday by our sister ship, the *Hawaii*. Twins of the European Special Service Squadron, we had to-day put ashore the ambassador at the Inter-Racial Conference, and to-morrow, D. V., were bound for God's country and drydock after a two years' exile.

You know what coaling in a modern navy is: a game, a fray, like football or target practice, between ship and ship, between nation and nation. Every man-o'-war gang that handles the hoists and coal bags knows the best loads of the Channel Fleet, of our Pacific Fleet, just as a base-ball "fan" keeps

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batting averages on the tip of his tongue. Making a sporting contest of coaling, with crew wagering against crew, is the only mitigation of the sordid but necessary wrestle with a collier. All doors are locked, all airports closed, so that even the wardroom country stifles, and still the black dust pollutes your bunk. No watch officer can get shore leave; all don dungarees and pitch in to rig the "whips"—the lines with which the winches jounce the full bags out of the coalship's bowels—to weigh and tally every load; to run them to the hatches with their own hands, thus boosting along the bluejackets' ambition.

"With this flat sea, we ought to make a world-beater. We begin right off the top of her full port load," said Ensign Raile. "And yet there's one thing about her I don't like." Raile had walked aft to breathe, away from the turmoil under the focused arc lights. "Our men say that this collier's first officer has been over here placing bets on the *Hawaii's* score, and against us. Those lime-juicers might stake a thousand dollars or two up forward, and then fix their crew to soldier on the unloading. I don't say that's their game, but it's possible, and they'll bear watching."

"Tell Congress," said Lieutenant Harkness. "Any skin game is on the cards so long as Congress gives us no more colliers under our own flag. If we were fighting England, we'd still have to coal from her black tramps. And they're all alike—the skipper bilged out of the R. N. R. for smuggling opium on the China coast, or a beachcomber with forged papers; crew, the offscourings of the East."

A crisp voice cut in, a pleasant voice that we knew well in all its disguises; but until now we had not seen its owner leaning against the life lines.

"Putty in your guns, 'nd 'arf your armor made of straw. I know 'ow they build warships in the Stytes. But no fear, lad. We're Hanglo-Saxon brothers. And when we go for the Kaiser, we'll do you the *h*onor to let America stand by and foot the bills for us." Thus mimicked Mike Larock, our bos'n.

"The skipper of our last collier handed me that," continued Mike in his natural voice, "when I boarded her to get the consignment papers. But I've known worse than him to run alongside, and craftier than the master of this *Tartan*—I could tell ye."

Mike was somewhat of an enigma to us. Undoubtedly, as he said, his father was a New York "cop"; but he also embodied the story of a half-breed mother in Canada, and an upbringing among Jesuits. His sharp nose and long upper lip attested County Sligo, but his skin was glistening and swarthy with the peculiar walnut stain of the American savage; and his eyes were like beads. He had run away to sea, finally enlisting in the navy on the Asiatic station. He had the Indian's craft and refinement, with the Celt's pig-headed courage to see a mix-up through for its own sake. No bos'n of a battleship was ever accorded, or bore with better grace, such license as was given Mike aft by the younger officers now present. And he was immensely proud of his rating as an officer, warrant though it was. As for his tales, they were at least his own, and not the parroted sagas of some bygone shipmate, as are most of those heard under the jack staff. But we knew his signal for a recital and awaited his will with more than a wistful interest.

The band on the after-bridge blared out—ragtime, the newest refrains of Paris and of Cairo. The searchlight pillars moved and crisscrossed like giant jackstraws; the rumble of winches and the shouts of the hoistmen, the bags settling gently to our deck and the roar of scuttling coal—all made the ship appear to have been some gay pavilion, which a devilish spell had transformed into a mine pit, and peopled with restless gnomes. Occasionally a beam fastened harshly upon the *Tartan's* upper body, etching into incandescence a filthy ash-hoist or the slatternly deckhouse, or her grease-mantled funnel. A ray would strike the slant eyes and shiny skin of a Lascar among her crew, carving them into a cameo, or would pick out the high cheek bones and thick lips of a Montenegran tar.

Yet the uproar was subdued in penetrating down our long decks. The bos'n's clear voice carried to all of us, sitting apart in the darkness:

"You hear it said that this coaling for time, ship against ship, is a new thing in the service. But we had it just the same in the old navy. And once in a while on the China coast we got a crooked collier to deal with, too.

"Life was freer out there in my time. It was walk the plank for discipline aboard your own ship, but off it a good skipper, like

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we had on the *Sussex*, would let us go the limit in fighting our own battles. In those days the consuls cared for nothing but their gin, so that even officers of different flags would often scrap it out with no fear of stirring up international mud.

"I was a bos'n's mate, first class, the last time we and the *Norfolk* come up from the Annam coast to coal at Hong-kong. The *Norfolk* took on her load first, and made a total that we saw only sweating blood could beat. When the lime-juice collier hove alongside us on the *Sussex*, I went up for'ard to rig the whips, right as we do to-day; only, of course, the coal was hoisted on board by hand, and where we take on 500 tons an hour now, corvettes like us was lucky to stow away a dozen.

"I see a big seaman named Moller, who was lashing three whips on to one hoist.

"'Two is all she can carry, there!" I says. 'Unship that last one. We want no jury rigs to cut work.' Only hard pulling along of the old rules could haul us ahead of the *Norfolk*, as I knew.

"'We got to try on someding quicker than ordinary to beat them this day,' says Moller. 'You know the money the *Norfolk* has against us? Three thousand dollars cash bet by her crew.'

"'Go on,' I says. 'That's more than a month's pay for every man aboard her. They haven't got it.'

"Moller laughs a bit cynical. He was a big ham of a Souwegian, with a close-cropped head like a potato. Ham and potato was him, pink and white, like all Swedes.

"'Yas,' he says. 'Looks like some one was hitting Chink fan-tan over to Macao. But I don't think the *Norfolk* boys.'

"'Have ye the money all covered up for'ard?' I asked. 'They been placing it over here?'

"Moller gives me a pitying look, and answers: 'They ain't got no more to say about that money. The collier, dem lime-juicer people, is holding the stakes. They place it over here, and rake a lot out of us.'

"Well, it took a minute for that to get through my head. A limey coal barge holding stakes for a clean United States ship! It was new to history. Why, any crookedness was likely in that gang of beachcombers, from salting down the stake and stealing off like pirates before we got our coal, to bribing their crew to loaf in the bunkers while they shoveled out to us.

"'I don't believe it,' I says. And I didn't. I'd have taken my oath it was just a Souwegian dream. 'Even the *Norfolk*,' I says, 'hasn't such ginneys aboard as to trust two Mex to a collier.'

"'And that ain't the worst,' goes on Moller, blinking. 'I pass the word along to go easy on what wages we cover. But no use. The limeys give our men odds.'

"I couldn't answer that. It was too much. Nowadays it might be a matter for report, but the men out there then wasn't used to being nursed and 'protected.' A boy who could get cheated of his pay had better lose it. And the skipper and the First Luff was ashore along with most of the watch officers. Anyhow, they couldn't have listened to any suspicion of flimflam hatched under a flag where we had no standing. And an official fuss might stop the coaling; and then where was beating the *Norfolk?*

"Soon mess pennant flew, but I said nothing at salt horse below. If I had, and Moller and his mates was dreaming, the boys would have had the last laugh at me. Besides, if the limeys must rob us, I wanted the chance for some private play with them, without the interference of aft or for'ard.

"Up on deck again, first thing Moller edges over to me. He had a paper covered with figures in his hand, and his pig eyes was burning.

"'Yas. I think they sleep at working on that collier,' he says. 'This last hour we load not ten tons, and the time before, nine. The *Norfolk* do an average of eleven and a half the whole while, and our officers only write down the pounds in each bag. They don't add them up till the watch end, and so know nothing.' And then Moller puts his big paw on my neck and mutters, 'But I think Lieutenant Sutter smell rats. I let him know how about the bets.'

"'The h—— you did!' I kicked. 'Can't you leave that business all to me?'

"'Mr. Sutter notice how dem collier Lascars keep us cooling heels and doing not'ing after we stow each bag,' says Moller. 'But he tell me, "We can't order our men to work in their 'tween decks."'

"'We can't, can't we?' says I, breaking away, and going up for'ard. I had a hunch to do some heathen-running on the quiet and my own account, and to bait the lime-juicers, if I had to.

"And, sir, it was pitiful along our deck. There was our boys working with their

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hearts in it, as they never did plug before, showing a strength and a quickness that would swamp any other ship's record—when they could get a-holt of a bag. But so soon as our winch swings over that collier's side, you see the whip hanging down into their hold, and shake, and shake, and shake, while it's a full five minutes before the idol-kissers lash on the stuff.

"And then of a sudden Mr. Sutter comes kiting past me. 'Mike,' he asks, 'what's this devilment about the collier trying to throw our loading work? More of this, and I'll risk sending over a detail to wake up her crew and skipper.'

"'It's him I'm bound aboard her to see now,' I says. 'I got to step across, anyway, sir, to get our chief the papers for this load.'

"'That's well. You find out,' says Sutter, disappearing, 'and I'll signal to the *Norfolk* to see if they're the fools they seem to be about betting.'

"While I was crossing the gangway to the collier, *zip!!*—swooped one of those gusts down off the Hongkong peak, and carries away my flat hat down between her side and ours. With that hat on, plain enlisted man was written all over me; but without it, being in dungarees, like officers when coaling, nothing marked me off from them.

"So I picked my way aft through the slime and corruption of that pickle-boat—she certainly had never known of a field day—and down a short ladder to the cabin. It was the only part of the ship that didn't look like she had been tied up under the smoke-pipe of a volcano. When I sounded on the door, a voice bawled out to come in, and, inside, there was one of them big-muscled, chunky little men swinging about from a desk that was covered all but inch deep with cigar butts.

"'Captain Sparling,' he says of himself, in a hoarse drinker's voice, and waved me into a leather chair, the same time holding out a big box of Manilas—so I took one.

"He seemed to be all head o' hair, and it was shaggy and white and curly—sheep's wool. His cheeks were smallpox pitted, and his teeth bad, though he smiled pleasant enough. And I never see rat eyes that glittered like his, and yet they didn't meet right on me, although they weren't exactly cast or crossed. I see right off that he was the rudderpost of any crookedness aboard, and a sly customer.

"'I say, you'll be loading till morning. I'll send you over the consignment papers then,' he says. 'Slow—you're blarsted slow. Your other Yank ship stows coal twice as rapidly.'

"'Yes, I come over to see you about that "slow,"' says I. 'Our men wants to turn into their hammocks between the loads you give us. They need the same sleep your Lascars is taking. And we thought mebbe your hold was a nice quiet place to send them into, eh?'

"He snapped his thin lips together, and begun pressing and unpressing them over his yellow teeth, and boring into me with his bits of eyes—one at a time.

"I took an easy look around the cabin, pursing up my lips, too, but as though they was going to break out in a whistle. He see that I suspected his course, and was somehow doubling on it. It was only fair to allow him a minute to size me up. . . . And it had been an elegant cabin once, all jig-sawed in bird's-eye maple, which showed the honest mail boat she was launched. There was nothing on the bulkheads now but steamship and hotel posters, and a sorry set of dog-eared charts and rusty sextants in the middle of the deck. And yet, sir, laid out there on the transom was a dress suit, a swallow-tail homebreaker. If an English convick in jail could get a spiker, he'd wear it to mess in his cell. And my rule is, the tougher the Englishman, the neater the soup-cooler, and the quicker I fold my yards.

"'You Americans, even you officers, you're a curious lot,' begun Sparling, trying now to oil his voice and be hearty. 'I don't think you're harf as cute as your reputation. To-night, now, you had a bully chance to turn a penny by beating out your *Norfolk* at coaling. And you throw it away.'

"So. Instead of masking his lights, he was leading me open-facedly into his game—for a blind. And without the flat hat he took me for an orf'cer, did he? Well, I'd let that go for now.

"'Slower than Frenchmen, ain't we?' says I. 'No more account nor Dutchmen, or Dagoes, or Portigees. Or *Lascars*.'

"He waves his hand and says, 'Oh, you're brave enough. But that's the English blood in you, y' know.'

"And me Irish! But he wasn't going to fog me up with blarney like that, nor by this orf'cer business. I'd come over about his loafing Lascars, and he couldn't make me

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WE HAD PUT ASHORE THE AMBASSADOR AT THE INTER-RACIAL CONFERENCE.

back water. Still, I held off, to let him hang himself.

"'Now in case you go to war, say, with no ships of your own to carry coal,' he begun slow and lawyer-like, 'other nations could double, triple the price of it. You're rich and could pay. They'd simply bleed you, bleed you, man. You'd have no money to buy guns and men. And with no authority over a foreign flag, consider the treachery, mines, spies, aboard a collier that hauled alongside. They could blow up one of your new monitors!'

"That touched, of course. Could I deny it? Could we deny it *now?* 'We realize that,' I says, as solemn as I could. 'And thank you, Mr. Sparling.'

"'Your skipper 'd have no right,' he goes on, raising his voice and bringing down his fat fist among the cigar butts, 'to board this ship without orders from me. No right to send so much as a yeoman down into our

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hold, if our unloading didn't please him.' Then he grabbed a fresh cigar, bit the end savage-like, and croaks, 'My Lascars have orders to let no man aboard here, to beat up the first Yank cross the gangway up for'ad.'

"'I see the boot fits you,' says I, snarling a bit, quietly, and then busting into a laugh. 'Who says we was going to send men over here? What the hell's exciting you so?' I come back at him, quick, bringing the business right down to cases.

"Well, sir, then I leaned for'ard, and he leaned for'ard, and I took the points of his eyes with the both of mine, one by one. We might just as well have spoke, only we didn't need to. He seen that I was on to his game of placing bets—and mebbe good United States money for him to get his rake-off from—and then fixing his crew to botch our loading. He knew I had his jib cut all along, and had tried to choke me off by bawling out how we couldn't prevent his thieving.

"But his deal was crooked; that we both knew. And that was a loaded gun in my hands against him, which of course he was cute enough to see. So his next play was only what a man as bad and as smart as Sparling could make—the soft claw play. But first I carried my bluff to the limit.

"'When you come down to it,' I says easily, hitching up my shoulders, and blowing out smoke rings, 'it's just a case of three hundred white men, yes, and some English, against forty half-breed Chinamen—and I don't forget their orf'cers, neither. Who's to know of a fight? Likely your guv'nor and all the consuls is drunk ashore, and us able to up the hook for Annam in an hour.'

"He swallowed the insult. A limey like him, when in bad, will take anything, so he keeps his bull teeth on what he bargained to steal.

"'Come, come, my man. Be reasonable,' he started to purr. 'You want to make some money, easy money?' he tries to tempt me and pull me down his hole with him. 'I'll all but give it you.'

"I couldn't see him for a minute—I was so mad to think that he banked on my taking a bribe. And at last all I could dig up to say was, 'I ain't got no money to risk——'

"'Why, I thought your Uncle Sam paid all you officers like princes,' he says, sort of careless.

"'Look here,' I says, 'stop this orf'cer game, will you?' I couldn't hold in any longer. 'I'm a man,' I says, 'a bos'n's mate, first class.'

"'Enlisted man!' he draws back with a bluster. 'You have the assumption to visit me uninvited, and pars yourself off as an orf'cer to an ex-R. N. R.? Get out of here!' he yells.

"'That's what,' says I, curbing myself. 'But you put the orf'cer cap on me yourself. And you expect me to bet against my own ship. By ——, you must think I'm English!' And I was on my feet squaring off at him.

"But that was no use. A row—coaling stops—and we both lose out. He knew that, too.

"'Sit down, boy. I'll overlook my words,' he says, sugaring his voice again. Then he thinks a minute, and mutters, 'Only a man, eh?'—and leans over close to me, where I was rigged for anything except what he delivered next.

"'When I invited you into this little deal,' he purrs, 'I naturally thought that you were an orf'cer. But being only an honest *man*, I wouldn't presume to tempt you.'

"That was—irony—you call it? Maybe. But I took it direct. I was seeing things direct just then. I took it he was evening scores with me by insulting my orf'cers, which held me dumb for a minute.

"'I know how shamefully you men are treated on your ships,' he goes on. . . . 'Here'—and he opens a drawer in his desk. 'You give me your word to keep your mouth shut. I know when I have a plain sailorman's word he'll keep it. Take these quids, and go ashore and stay drunk for a week. But keep your mouth shut, you!' he bellowed.

"And I took the gold he threw at me. I was seeing so red I didn't care what I did. I don't know which baited me most: the filth he slung at our orf'cers—that though a Yankee blue jacket wasn't a born crook, they were; or his quick about-face, taking for granted that an enlisted man would grab at a cash bribe and not stand by his ship.

"I sure was in with a snake which ought to be mashed. And as I grips myself to plan the right move for nailing him, it strikes me that the minutes was rolling along the same as ever, and we taking on only eight or nine ton an hour, with the chance of whipping the *Norfolk* growing slimmer every second, even if we did clear out his hold. Wasn't he just a-sparring to keep me in his cabin, so I couldn't report his crookedness?

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"'I couldn't take them little things,' I says coaxingly, pushing back his quids, for now I had my plan set up. 'Make me that proposition you had for an orf'cer. A Yankee don't pretend to be no better than his superiors,' I says, faking a wink. 'I'll help you out with your bets—make good with you, and no one's wiser. You have a sailorman's oath on that!'

"Anything to keep him quiet, while I reported home. If Mr. Sutter hadn't sent a detail to his hold by now, I was ready to order it myself! Anything to keep him there, expecting me back with money, while I did my d——dest to save our boys; and then back to settle the score with Sparling, Lascars or no Lascars.

"I put on the scared grin of a man badly tempted, as if sort of hypnotized by him, which was bait to so vain a devil. And I see him considering me sideways out of the slits his eyes become. He cocked his head and chewed his cigar, like it tasted bitter to him. Then his face gets redder, and he pokes into his desk again, his mind all made up for sure. In a minute he draws out a bunch of that white English money which looks like skippy paper.

"'Two hundred pounds. A thousand dollars gold,' he says. 'And now you see my money, you take it aboard your ship and lay it down,' he says, 'down below, where they don't know how bad the coaling's going. And you get ten per cent. of what I win.'

"'Watch me, sir. Trust me,' says I, taking the notes, all of a tremble. 'You hang close to your cabin, and I'll be right back with the stuff.'

"'I won't stir,' he says. 'But you be quick, now! And no treachery! I've got you in Coventry the minute you take my cash. And I'm holding all stakes, remember, boy.' And with that he chuckles and slaps me on the back.

"That was the hardest acting I had to do—not to smash him when his flesh touched mine. But in ten seconds I'd unsnarled myself from that collier's dirt, and was back again on the deck of the *Sussex*.

"First thing I run into Mr. Sutter. It took no time to tell him everything, so he framed the neatest oath he ever used.

"'And the *Norfolk* signals she's holding her own wagers,' he says. 'Never staked a cent with Sparling. He's playing his own money.'

"'Thank God for that, sir,' I says, for it had worried me that perhaps the *Norfolk* boys has made a deal with him, though I hated even to think it.

"'In two minutes,' says Sutter, setting his teeth—and he was first in command aboard—'Lascars won't be the only boys in this coalship's hold. I've ordered over a detail of our men.'

"There was rough play coming. So I tell you I hustled to be in on it. But I lost some good time before I tracked our paymaster to his office, and handed him the story. I hardly had to ask Pay for the bait to hold Sparling in his cabin. He wrote out the check quite eager.

"'Here,' he says, 'it's for the even thousand, and a fake. Signed with no name that's in the Navy Register. Tell Sparling that it's for every cent our men have on the books.'

"Then the both of us beat it up on deck. Our for'ard was deserted, and the hoisting had stopped. But the collier was tearing things up. Our loading gang was all bunched around her open hatch. As we pushed across the gang plank, I noticed Sutter in charge, and hear him giving orders. And then I see what cheered me some, that their first and second orf'cers was hanging back among a lot of loose-lipped Lascars. Sutter had bluffed them out, or maybe they was sore that Sparling hadn't let them in on his deal, wanting the rake-off all himself.

"'This man the last?' Sutter was shouting down the hatch when we reached him.

"An ugly feel hung in the air, like when the hate that is grained in the flesh of separate races is riled up.

"The big head and shoulders of our Moller showed up out of the hatch. They hung limp in the arms of some coal-passer, who was panting at the last gasp with such a load. And from a gouge behind Moller's left ear blood was squirting. I see from the mess on the deck that others had got their jab, and I was mad enough that my knuckles had missed out as yet.

"Moller staggers to his feet, waves an arm, and yells, 'Go to dem, boys! Do your d——dest! No limeys robs us while I lives,'—so a cheer went up.

"'Not a Lascar's left fit for duty,' laughs Sutter, but somewhat uneasy. 'Our men went for them and broke their backs like rats on terriers. But where in h— is their skipper? The first orf'cer says it's all none of his business. Looks as if they'd fallen out over divvying their loot.'

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MAKING A SPORTING CONTEST OF COALING, CREW WAGERING AGAINST CREW.

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"'Oh, I got Sparling aft under hack,' I says. 'He's waiting for me in his cabin, and I carry the papers to hold him there.'

"'With no heathen down here,' Sutter goes on, still excited, 'we'll be loading fourteen ton an hour. And if we lose, our men won't welch on their bets. It's a case of revenge now.' And with that a new detail from us slipped down the ladder into the black stuff. It wasn't a minute before the whip blocks was grinding and the bags swinging up again. And talk about hot work!—you don't know what coaling is nowadays.

"I headed aft to the ugly customer still on our hands. *His* back wasn't broke as yet. And he was there still, like a fat spider in his web, but so spitting mad I see right off he knew all about the mix-up.

"'D——, d—— you, you Yanks!' he chokes and roars. 'Some one's betrayed me. You give an account of yourself, you!'

"'I guess my lines is all clear,' says I, quite calm and confidential, and holding out the check. 'I ain't heard of no hitch in our little game, boss. I guess a man couldn't do much more than rate a document like this in the time I be'n gone. You see Uncle Sam's seal on her.'

"'Uncle Sam'll smart from this,' he boils on, but studying the check hard, and muttering a lot about the Queen or the Crown Guv'nor clapping our old man into the brig for piracy on the royal flag.

"'You've got me. What's broke loose?' I asks, stretching open my mouth and eyes. And I noticed that he was swallowing the writing on the check, and soon he clapped it into the same little drawer of his desk.

"'Never you mind what's carried away,' he snarled. 'You come along with me. I been roosting here for you long enough. This trouble ain't over yet, and, by—— I can fix a hundred of you Yankee pirates single-handed. They don't know my resources'—and I never see an uglier look come into any heathen's eyes than what he give me then.

"If I'd foreseen the coward's trick he was considering, I'd have floored him and broke in his yellow teeth then and there. But with his men slugged and bluffed out, and his orf'cers against him, it seemed all right to give him a long rope.

"'I may need your help,' he growled. 'You're one Yank in as bad as I am, and you can't pitch me now.'

"He grabbed his cap, and clean dragged me after him from the cabin. We swung around the narrow passages of that collier awhile, up and down ladders, now and then passing a squatting Lascar, who just looked sour and water-eyed at him, or an orf'cer who turned his back. At last we stopped, and he opened a door which gave out a queer smell from inside, the smell of that yeller powder they put on wounds in the sick bay. Sparling ducked in, and was gone hardly a minute, when he come out again with a paper bundle under his arm.

"Then we steered straight down to the port hold for'ard, that the *Sussex* was unloading from. It was pitch dark, and I stumbled through a door and fell flat on a heap of coal before I knew it. When I had myself picked up and got my eyes used, I see ahead in a well of light from above a bunch of our men shoveling the stuff into bags, like it was their last hour alive, and the bags jerking up right on the dot of their being filled. I tell you, it swelled my chest to see the clean sureness of their work. We were winning alright, I'd have swore.

"'Keep back here, the both of us,' croaks Sparling softly in his throat. And I was glad enough, as back there my mates couldn't see me for the darkness. 'We've got to get the fresh air,' he says, tearing the paper from his package.

"He drew out a tin can with a narrow mouth like a bottle, and begun picking at the cork. When he had it out, he sneaked for'ard across the coal, turned over the can, and begun sprinkling about a stuff like water that it held, as though from a salt-shaker.

"'There's a go for the first dose,' he says, coming back to me. 'That'll hamstring 'em—the devils. You breathe out here, and watch it catch them,' he chuckled.

"Presently a sweetish whiff caught my nose, and I see our men sniff, and look about them, stopping a minute to talk. They'd never smelt the dope before, nor knew what it was no more than I did. I hear one of them say, 'Gods, but that stink makes a man dizzy'; and then Sparling takes me by the shoulder, and pulls my head out into the passage where he was breathing like a choked rat.

"But I had grabbed the can. His duty was about up, for my suspicions was boiling over by now. And there the letters stuck out on the label: CHLOROFORM. . . . The truth and action hit me together, and my fingers was at his throat. He come back at

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me like the bull tiger he was, and it was a flesh-tearing clinch from the first.

"He fights to drag me in on to the coal, where we'd both pass out; and I to lift him through the door into the passage, to kill him there. But me being inside, he got a brace against the bulkhead, and we spun inwards over the black stuff. I get a flash of our men resting drowsy-like on their shovels, their heads hung for'ard, and hear Sutter's voice hallooing down the hatch for what's the trouble; and then the boys see us clinched and gagging, and start over, but only stagger half way, and then drop.

"Sparling had me locked by the head, pressing down his ton of weight, while I had both claws on his throat, trying to choke him off so I could mash him one into the eyes. And all the time our feet grinding and slipping on that quicksand coal, and he frothing about me being a traitor, with fouler curses than any white man who had rotted out his life on that coast ever give lip to; and the hatch above getting blacker with heads, and the stink making us madder, and drunker, and weaker, all the time.

"'Stand back! Give 'em air!' I hear Sutter holler, but as if very far away, and through a roaring in my head; and then the crowd shouting me on, for they knew how I could handle myself.

"But of course the dope was mastering us both. We fell together, and begun chawing and wallowing into the coal, which dusted and choked all about. I let him give me under place, calculating that the fumes rose and made it fresher below, so I'd keep afloat with my wits longest. But from that he thinks he's winning, and gives me the tear along the scalp you see the scar of there now. But all the while I was holding in my lungs and jockeying for a last lunge; and, when I give it, I feel my knuckles crash in across his dirty teeth like a brick through a Chinese lantern. He drops limp and gurgles in his throat, so the blood spatters into my eyes, while I see a rush of light above, where the boys must have been tearing away the planks from around the hatch. And so the darkness roars in over me, sort of by way of my ears, and every streak of flesh seemed to melt off my bones and run away into nothing——"

Mike Larock was interrupted by Lieutenant Harkness.

"What's Raile up to?" he demanded suddenly, plunging us back to the present, to the tension of our own coaling in the voluptuous Algerian night.

"Mike, I believe your story's only just begun," went on Harkness, uneasily. "You all heard our hoists stop dead a while ago? You all saw Raile run like a shot up forward? I tell you something's wrong."

"There—they're working again," said some one in a tone of relief. Almost as he spoke, the whips, which had been hanging black and limp, like inert snakes, high under the crisp electric glare, began coiling and wavering once more; the winches resumed their wearing *ggrrrr*, and the band blared out again among the shouts and endless roar of coaling.

So Mike, though its zest was lost, ended the tale—"But they beat us, the pirates. The *Norfolk* won by six tons, and our men paid up. But they get their money back," *winked* Mike. "Our old man fixed that. He gave a general liberty ashore the day those Lascars started to blow in what cash Sparling allowed them. You should have seen the Hongkong water-front that night. Looked like a typhoon had struck it. And the devil-fish that the consular court made of Sparling. Oh lord, I'd like to tell ye!"

Then no one spoke for a space. Aboard our modern and intricate leviathan of steel, maybe we were engrossed in those harsher, Homeric days of the "old" navy, in its all but buccaneer life which younger officers now so like to jibe at—the far-away days of spreading yards, and "cigarette" smoke-pipes, and wooden hulls streaked with a white rib where the stumpy little guns stuck out of ports as big as barn doors.

"Sparling—Sparling," said Harkness at last, passing on absently from thought of Raile. "I think I ran into that man when I was a midshipman in Manila. They pointed him out to me in some dive down Alexandro way. A spider in a web—that was he exactly. Wasn't he skipper of the *Nautilus* that ran into a Lloyder with six hundred recruits aboard off the mouth of the Yangtze, and backed off while he deserted his ship and let the soldiers drown like rats? It made a big stir all up the coast, and they were going to lynch him in Amoy."

"The same," said Mike, solemnly. "Committed the blackest crime known to men who follow the sea."

I own that my heart missed a beat right then. All our nerves may have been raw, for the next minute Harkness cried——

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"IT WAS A FLESH-TEARING CLINCH FROM THE FIRST."

"My God, Raile! What's that you've got there?" and sprang from his chair, backing against the life-lines.

Most of us did likewise, involuntarily, and a few chairs clattered over. We had not seen Raile approach, and it was some seconds before I discerned him, standing there in the darkness.

"Get away! You look out now. Is it *dynamite?*" asked Harkness, peering forward toward a stick of something the ensign held in his hand.

Raile was in the act of scratching a match on his heel—a non-reg lucifer, too. The wind blew out the first flicker, but it revealed him—laughing; and in a moment we were back in our seats, plying him with questions.

"See for yourself," said Raile, and he shivered the stick of aggravated sawdust under our noses. Used as we were to nitro-cellulose, we recoiled. "And this isn't the only one they've taken to-night from the coal in this collier," he told us.

I suppose that it was the visual image—our thousand lives, our ship, ourselves—obliterated—that thralled our anger for a jiffy. Then we swore, and made no effort to be polite about it. After Mike's story, British colliers were no brothers of ours.

"Dynamite often gets mixed up in coal," said Harkness finally, in extenuation. "They use it in blasting out the vein. Remember the stick found in the *Hawaii's* bunkers?"

"Yes, but not this kind," said Raile dryly.

"Anyway, it's put our coaling on the bum," said some one. "We'll lose out to the to *Hawaii* through that stop. You expect men keep on loading coal packed with that stuff?"

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"The collier people didn't expect us to keep on," said Raile. "You can bet on that."

"You mean it? *They* put the stuff there, eh?" burst out Mike. "Well I— The—" words failed him. "So they backed the *Hawaii* over here against us. Knew we'd find the stuff, quit—and they'd win," he ran on. "I tell you, lime-juicers don't change—the leopards!—except their ways of doing dirt. Chloroform or dynamite—it's all the same to them, and will be the same to this United States Navy, so long as Senator Snail owns the mud-choked drydock where his grafters vote——"

"Easy, Mike," said Raile, scratching another match. This time it burned. He split the sawdust stick in two and held the flame to a slivered end. The stuff crackled once, hissed, and the light went out in an odor of burnt gelatine.

We let out our breaths, closed our open mouths.

"You see—it's fake dynamite," said Raile. "And that's the point. Fake or real, it served their purpose. If it was real, we could never make sure the limeys put it there. And if we tried to—well, you recollect the old *Maine*, the first one. But its being a fake *proves* they did it, and just to win a few hundred dollars. And some say the English aren't smart. They calculated our crew would quit loading when they found it. But they overplayed themselves. They planted too many sticks. Of course we held up work at the first one, when I went up forward. But finding another, and another, put me wise. You should have heard our boys spread on their sweet sailorman's language when I tried to burn a stick under their eyes, and then have seen them plunge in to work again. Thank God, we leave for God's country tomorrow. I pity that collier crowd if our men ever catch any of them on the beach."

"Oh, let me at 'em, let me at 'em now!" said Mike, twisting his wrists.

"We're *at* 'em, all right," said Raile, turning up a cuff scribbled over with figures, "and with seven tons an hour average ahead of the *Hawaii* now, and the bunkers full before this watch is over, we can't lose. And it's the limeys won for us, by stirring up our fighting blood. When I reported their dirty work to the captain, the old man winked, and said, 'Mr. Raile, I see my Special Report, No. 449, on the Need for Colliers under Our Flag,—I see it, sir, already turning yellow in the bureau pigeonholes.'"

AN UPLAND COUNTY

By GARDNER W. WOOD

HOW me the sheen of the daisy-dyed upland,
Shimmering distances—hill upon hill;
Lead me away through the lazy old woodland,
Down to the soft-spoken wheel of the mill.

Let me lie out where the locust is thrilling,
Deep in the bracken that borders the lane;
Watching the thistle-down squadrons adrilling,
Over far reaches of undulate grain.

Send me the scent of broad acres of clover,
Meadows arock with the mirth of the noon;
Down in the sedges the plaint of the plover,
Adrift on the perfume—oh, grant me this boon!

Take, if you will, of the winter its bounty;
Yule-tide and hearth-side; sleigh-bells and snow.
Give me one day in a Summerland county,
Adream in the fields where the corn-flowers blow.

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LODGINGS FOR THE RICH

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

SOME forty years ago a young German, George C. Boldt by name, went out to Texas to embark in agriculture. And his introductory experience was a flood which left him sitting in the top of a tree watching his live stock climbing upon the roof of his barn. It is almost impossible to farm with the best results under such conditions, though young George C. would doubtless have ended by inventing a method if he had only continued to sit in that tree long enough. As it was he embarked no further in agriculture. He embarked in a boat. He realized that after all he was made for the simple life of a great city, and he returned to New York. There he was to make himself a chief factor in the business of the "big hotel" in America. And, with the help of a number of other gentlemen, his close competitors, who were only waiting to be "shown," he introduced such progressive innovations as have hardly permitted the business since then to regain its breath.

He did not do all this at once, of course. In a Broadway restaurant, not two blocks from the seat of his present eminence, he peeled potatoes, acted as waiter, head waiter, and steward. From that he went up to a position in a summer hotel on the Hudson. Thence he was carried down by some admiring guests to take the stewardship of a "rich man's" club in Philadelphia. And when at length he determined to keep hotel for himself, he found that he had a clientele and a financial backing both in one. In an old mansion at the corner of Broad and Walnut streets he established the Bellevue and gave Philadelphia a new standard of service and of catering.

Late one fall day in 1889, William Waldorf Astor, now of Cliveden, England, arrived with his family from New York with the intention of staying for the night. The house was full. But the proprietor made that a negligible matter. He informed his guests that within ten minutes his own suite would be at their disposal; and in the meantime he served them such a dinner as plainly confirmed Mr. Astor in "the philosophy of the blessed Jorrocks: 'Where I dines I sleeps.'"

The Astors have by instinct been landlords from the beginning. The first Astor House, dating back to 1832, stands on the site of the original paternal mansion; it was old John Jacob himself who built it. William Waldorf also had a paternal mansion, at the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street, in all things suited to be the site of a hotel. Indeed, he was at that time seeking a proprietor to his mind. And in Mr. Boldt he found him.

In 1893 the Waldorf was opened. On the half block to the north of it stood still another Astor mansion; it had been that of the later William B. Astor. His son, John Jacob the third, also desired to build and own a hotel. And in 1897 the Astoria was joined to the Waldorf. The combination resulted in a house that was vastly the largest in New York; it was staggeringly the costliest, and—as soon began to be apparent to all those who were interested—it was overwhelmingly the most *profitable*. . . . It is these things which, even in the most settled forms of business, make for revolutions. By 1901, new hotels to the value of $38,500,000 were under way in New York alone. Correspondingly spectacular from East to West has been the downfall of the hotels of the older generation. And much, if not all of this, has come from less than half a dozen new basic postulates, here condensible as follows:

As between owner and proprietor, it is the proprietor, the man who runs the hotel, who is the important person. And in all things, even to the initial plans and the building of the hotel, it is his will which must prevail.

All existing hotels shall, in the matter of mechanical equipment, be regarded as so many Fulton's *Clermonts*, the antedated vessels, as it were, of a slow-moving past, in com-

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parison to those transatlantic fliers to which the modern hotel is allied in essential quality and type.

The truly great hotel will be at least as sufficient unto itself as is the liner tied up to her pier. The unnumbered injuries of chance and human untrustworthiness should teach it to risk nothing in outside hands—nothing that can possibly be done by those within. Through this policy, too, large and unimagined savings may be effected.

The truly great hotel will be in a position to provide a patron with anything which he can legitimately and within the greatest reach of human probability desire.

And the patron, who, by the truly great hotels, is offered opportunities so unexampled for the spending of his money, will, in quantities unexampled, spend it.

First, let us touch upon the relationship between owner and proprietor. The successes begun by the Waldorf's innovations have resulted in this: Proprietors like Messrs. Regan of the Knickerbocker, Sterry of the Plaza, Muschenheim of the Astor, and their fellows, plan practically every detail of the houses which they are to operate. They are the virtual clients of the architects employed. The owner of the typical great modern hotel provides the site and the money for the building. After that he confines himself to drawing interest upon his investment. The proprietor furnishes and equips the house, and lays himself under mortgage for a long term of years to pay the owner his interest in the form of a fixed annual rental.

We may illustrate with a contract made by the Vanderbilts. On the Fourth Avenue plot, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, which was once, in part, the site of the old "Commodore's" home, Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is at present building a twenty-story hostelry, the lessees or proprietors of which are to pay him 7 per cent. on the cost of the building—that cost not to exceed $2,250,000—and $50,000 a year as ground rent.

Of such an arrangement there are many variations. The proprietor may be a part owner. He may be a member of an "operating company." But the first arrangement is sufficiently typical. The Astors, for their part, are credited with being satisfied with a clear 6 per cent. upon their money and land value; though, not to go beyond their hotels on Manhattan Island, this means 6 per cent. on about $44,000,000.

It will begin to appear that the cost of the modern hotel is large. Let us look into it. And if I seem to speak unduly of New York it is because New York has made itself the habitat of the "big hotel." Their size is a source of the city's pride, and their luxury is its boast.

I take my figures from the Manhattan assessment rolls of 1909; but to derive real values from assessed values in New York, one must uniformly add 50 per cent. The Waldorf-Astoria is rated at $11,950,000; the Plaza,—a little more than half the size of the Waldorf-Astoria,—at $7,600,000; the Hotel Belmont, $3,875,000; the Astor, without its apartment addition, $3,800,000; the Knickerbocker, $3,150,000; the comparatively small St. Regis, $2,300,000. And most of these figures could be approximated in Boston and Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Chicago and San Francisco.

"Resort" hotels, those houses springing up on shore and mountain all over the country, cost less because they are, in general, of frame construction. One does not build in marble or Tennessee granite for a season of five months. But the figures are large enough. In its resorts little New Hampshire officially confesses her investment to be $22,285,179. What then shall we set down for a whole municipality of hotels, such as Atlantic City? Upon its Marlborough-Blenheim alone the White Brothers have spent about $4,600,000. Or how should we assess lower California, or Florida? Mr. Flagler's eight hotels represent $13,000,000, the Royal Ponciana standing as furnished for about $5,000,000. At Hot Springs, Virginia, there is an investment of $3,500,000.

And in our city hotels we have not included the cost of furnishings and equipment. Into the Waldorf-Astoria Mr. Boldt, or those behind him, put some $1,850,000. The management of the Plaza estimate their furnishings outlay at $1,000,000. The same figure is a minimum for the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia and the New Congress in Chicago. We find such random items as $200,000 for kitchen equipment, $50,000 for refrigerators, $60,000 for a single "state apartment," $50,000 for mirrors, $10,000 for a Louis XV. bed. The St. Regis put $550,000 into its bedroom floors alone. In the preliminary estimates for a hotel to cost $4,000,000, examined by the writer, $500,000 is allotted to furnishings "upstairs," and $700,000 to the three lower floors. Originally "*hôtels*" were the great town houses of the French nobility.

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Their imitators in Twentieth Century America are doing very well indeed.

In equal pace march the operating expenses. In one hotel of 700 rooms only, the wage bill amounts to $17,000 a week. A big house,—that is, one which contains from 1,000 to 1,500 rooms,—and the Ansonia apartment hotel in New York has 2,500,—will pay out $2,000 a day for food; to feed its thousand or fifteen hundred employes will mean from $500 to $700 to begin with. Fourteen barrels of flour, seven hundred dozen eggs, twenty-five barrels of oysters,—the list may also go to indicate the waste there is. A big hotel will burn from fifty to one hundred tons of coal a day, winter and summer; for almost as much is required to keep the house cool as to keep it warm. Items that might easily be left out of count—$70,000 a year for music and orchestras, for example—add their astonishing figures. $40,000 goes to new dishes, and $60,000 to new linen. The whole bill for renewals, repairs and redecorations will annually amount to something between $500,000 and $600,000!

THE PLAZA FROM CENTRAL PARK.

It will be plain that the proprietor will have every reason for resorting to those astute measures of effecting large, and unguessed savings that were spoken of before.

Among these the departments of maintenance and repair are the most notable. To a certain degree a great hotel is now its own secondary manufacturer. It buys its linen for table and bed in hundred bolt lots. And linen for bed and table, curtains, dresser scarfs, even pincushion covers, all are hemmed, hand-worked, and monogrammed upon the premises. In a single hotel in 1908 there were made up 1,250 heavy window shades. And—to drop down fifteen stories!—there is a big tinshop which keeps the kitchens repaired and replenished.

For every sort of thing which may become tarnished, torn, frayed or broken, there are renovating experts. Fine lace spreads are delicately mended again, hangings re-embroidered and rugs re-knotted. The laundries of the house, which in themselves employ more than a hundred hands, give work to a dozen more in the mending of the napery. Because a hotel buys its linen in hundred bolt lots, let no one think that thus, too, does it throw it away. If its expenditures are great, its economies are unceasing.

The initial life of a piece of hotel furniture is about two years. And beneath the high mansard of the roof we find a big upholstering and cabinet shop. Every room in the house must be repainted and redecorated at least once in every three years. And accordingly there is a completely appointed painting, decorating and wall-papering establishment. There are men who turn broken trunks into whole ones. There is a carpenter shop where packing boxes are made for guests, and where whole roof gardens are constructed. Even the hitherto unconquered tribe of plumbers has been laid in bonds; the hotel has its own. Through the tool-shop one enters a hardware store which keeps in stock "everything from a tack to a ten-inch valve." A chance visit paid one day to a hotel machine-shop showed this particular department rebuilding one of the proprietor's automobiles!

A printing office, a locksmithy, a clockmaker's, these go without saying. Half a dozen men do nothing but repair and replate silver. From mineral bath to mineral bath the life of a fork or spoon is only some eighteen

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Photograph by Byron.

ONE SIDE OF A WALDORF KITCHEN.

months; and more than two hundred and fifty pieces are put through daily. Sitting at his wheel a delicate-fingered old gentleman does nothing but regrind the edge of chipped wineglasses. For again, the hotel patron may try to be impressive by a fine carelessness with his money, but not so the hotel proprietor.

Photograph by Byron.

BLACK BEAR ROASTED WHOLE FOR A SPORTSMEN'S DINNER.

In the Waldorf there is still another repair department, a doctor's office and surgery whither employes may go at stated hours daily, and, free of cost, have themselves kept in repair.

If you would see efficiency doing its perfect work, however, you must recur to the matter of mechanical equipment. A generation ago, if the big hotel was not precisely a *Clermont*, it was at any rate little better than a *Great Eastern*. To-day, in the language of a famous hotel architect —"it is probably the most complex piece of mechanism which the invention and ingenuity of man have ever been called upon to devise." The hundred and fifty or two hundred square feet of engine room is so filled with machinery,—steam, electric, hydraulic and pneumatic—heating and cooling, lighting and ventilating, cleaning and refrigerating, signalling and transmitting,—that to find room for it all the machinery must veritably be packed and interpacked like the organs in one's body.

In the kitchens there are devices by which food may be stored at any given low temperature, and cooked,—by charcoal, anthracite, gas and electricity,—at any given high degree. There are spits for reed

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Photograph by Byron.

THE MAIN DINING ROOM OF THE PLAZA.

birds and others for barbecues. Dishwashing machines pass china and cutlery through sousing cataracts at the rate of ten thousand pieces an hour. From a carbonated water plant the house fills its own siphons. As for the ice-water which you find frozen *en globe* in your carafe, this comes from exhaust steam which has been filtered, reboiled, filtered again, introduced into the carafe from an air-tight receiver, and then brought nearly to the zero point. It is this process which has led some of our best known germs to declare the changeableness of the metropolitan climate almost unendurable. . . . There is a whole gallery of dumb-waiters which, at the touch of a button, go anywhere, stop when they are told, and do everything except linger tactlessly about for tips.

Staff and business system have been brought to the same efficiency. Every waiter's check is viséed coming and going. The bookkeeping of half a dozen buying departments is rechecked by controller and statistician. The auditor by day gives place to the auditor by night. And if in January you have called for ice water, and in August are ready to swear before a notary that you never received it, you may have your temperature reduced at once by a sight of your order in its original stamped and official form!

Such machinery might well go some way towards the realization of that third effective principle of the modern hotel: the providing

Photograph by Byron.

SOUP KITCHEN AT THE ASTOR.

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of the patron with everything that he can reasonably or legitimately ask for.

In the storerooms of one "big hotel" there hang clusters of little tin pails in which guests who have fallen quite fatuously in love with some particular viand, may have a portion thereof packed, sealed and expressed to the people at home. In the matter of anticipating the patron's every desire, this is a pretty side. But the appeal is hardly to such unselfishness throughout.

First, however, the patron must be given his inducement to come to the hotel. And to this end the hotel has frankly made itself institutional. Under one roof, provided with the least possible exertion to himself, the guest may find half the conveniences of the modern city. The old-time office has become merely the center of a dozen others where you may buy railroad, steamship, coaching and theatre tickets,—where, alike at one's disposal, are telegraph, cable and wireless. The old hotel parlor has expanded on the one hand into lounge and library, on the other into a writing room with stenographers, typewriters and notaries public in attendance. Cigar counter and bar have become labyrinthine humidors and wine vaults where a patron may sample vintages he has known before only in books. There is a whole little Wall Street of banking and trust companies and stockbrokers' offices. When the official exchanges close down town the unofficial exchanges open within call of rotunda and buffet. The grill room may almost be said never to close. And for the little dinner and the big, facilities have been made perfect. Within a year the hotel which largely brought in these things—and all of these outside concerns pay gilt-edged rentals for the space they use—had gained itself the name of the "Universal Club." Every big city now has its "Universal Club." Some have three or four. They have won themselves the membership they needed, too. Men of wealth and affairs, whose names are of an advertising value that is beyond price, make permanent winter quarters here; many of them no longer keep a city house at all.

Photo by H. D. Jones.

CAMPING ON THE ROOF, BELLEVUE-STRATFORD.

But to woman, above all the social creature, the great appeal is directed. Hair dressing, manicure and massage parlors, perfumers, florists and photographers,—these are but the beginning of that army mobilized and trained with intent to win her patronage. It is for her that, to the regular staff, there is added a staff of entertainment which may rob Spain of its dancers and India of its priests to make her amusements. For these activities the whole second floor is arranged and set apart—forty or fifty rooms in all. And they vary in size from little, silk-lined, jewel-box cabinets—just large enough for a single four at bridge—to club and reception suites, and grand ballrooms whose rent is three hundred dollars for a night. And a space has been set aside, too, that after-dinner gowns may be displayed as such gowns demand; and here, in the afternoons as well, is found the opportunity of many women whose social chance is not equal to their wardrobe, but who find a certain satisfaction for their vanity in this public rehearsal place—the only one outside of the theatres really open to them. "Peacock Rows" such corridors are called by cynical employes, and they are like grand opera foyers.

For those whose souls' meat is in new cults, Swamis are procurable *ad libitum*, and less picturesque individuals of our native growth who come to prove, in lectures at five dollars per head, that all food should be bolted whole. If, as a lady of properly broadened interests, you are moved to go slumming in Chinatown, or to engage in a

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Photograph by H. D. Jones

ROOF OF THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD.

suddenly charitable expedition to the submerged tenth, guides may be had by applying at the box office. When these things lose their fascination, you can go downstairs to the kitchens and take lessons from the gentleman who cooks two hundred and forty different things in a chafing-dish: or watch the Frenchman who, with fine-drawn candy, builds up, upon demand, either sprays of American beauty roses or models of crack ninety-footers. And all of this again is good advertising!

Every day has its list of "afternoons," club-meetings, "travelogs," art talks, musicales. There are rooms which, for certain dates, must be rented a year in advance. Thirteen different orchestras will be in service in the house at once and they will be so distributed as virtually to be unheard by one another. "We play checkers with pianos here," said one veteran "house-man." He had fifty-four to play checkers with. For those enamored of amateur theatricals, the grand ball room can in two hours be turned into a perfectly staged and lighted theatre. If, when the play is over, there is something else to follow, in one hotel the pressing of a button lifts the stage to the mezzanine floor, and it becomes a part of the circle of boxes. In another, the training of the entertainment corps is such that four minutes will suffice to remove the thousand gilded chairs and the six hundred square yards of the parquet carpet, and leave the cleanly polished floor for dancing . . . It is all like some huge beatified doll's house, with some one always upon the spot to start new games. Even for women whose money and position are of the fourth and fifth generation, advantages are offered, and it is made easier for them to use the hotel when they entertain. And it is their names that are more than all others desirable. To acquire the reputation of being the chosen place of metropolitan society—that is the grand prize. It is worth even more than being called the Universal Club. It is better advertising.

AN INDICATOR FOR THE REGULATION OF THE TEMPERATURE.

And meanwhile, under the urging of a like impetus, hotel men of the great resorts have been catering to a different order of needs. A score of proprietors in the White Mountains, at Lakewood, in California, and in Florida,

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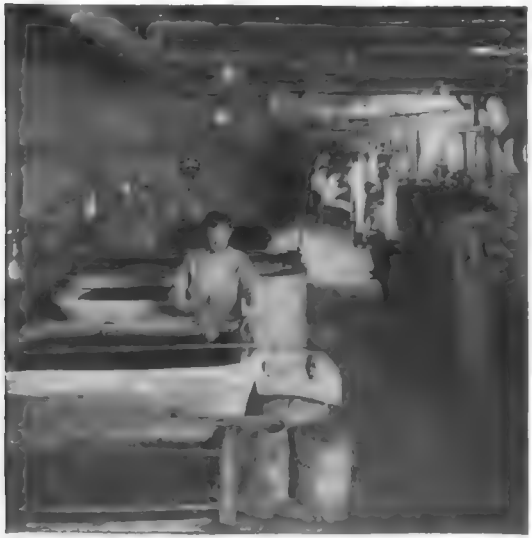
THE BALL ROOM OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA CONVERTED INTO A THEATRE.

avail themselves of golf and polo, deep-sea fishing, auto and motor-boat racing,—and *their* hotels become *country* clubs. Where children make up a considerable portion of its patronage, the entertainment of children is, for the resort hotel, its chief delight. For those whose motto is Back to Nature,—or *was* until they got back,—it can exhibit its own dairies, its "illimitable tracts of virgin pine," its private brooks where you may catch your own trout—yes, and have them cooked for you upon the shore. From the Rockies, the mountain house invites one to become an alpinist, with guides especially imported from the Alps. The "healther" and the "rester" find in the American plan a return to rate simplicity which saves them any financial thinking. And annually the hotel habit claims new thousands.



Photograph by George R. Lawrence Co.

Needless to say all these thousands must be safeguarded. And one may derive much profit from watching the hotel detective at work.

He attains his highest usefulness when he is indistinguishable from any of the regular patrons of the house. When, for instance, a young gentleman, ejected for cause, desires to say that he hasn't anything against the management, maybe that's their idea of things, but he'll be many times dashed and underscored if he'll stand for any fellah guest buttin' into his affairs. And he is allowed to go forth still unenlightened. Or, as in

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Photograph by George R. Lawrence Co.

THE LAUNDRY OF A GREAT HOTEL.

another case, the clerk suspects his man the moment he registers. But it is the detective who obtains the evidence; and he obtains it three minutes after the suspected one has entered the dining-room. "How did I spot him?" he asks,—"and particularly when he had the cards to show, all right?—Because the initials in his hat were *different*." The moral being, if you are that sort of person and do not wish to be discovered, always wear your hat when in the dining room.

But the real work of the hotel detective is more complicated. And we do not speak now of the grafter of stationery and the souvenir thief who annually get away with enough to build a good jail. In the resort hotel "the great problem is the wealthy sport." He may come down to organize a wine-opening "fest," or a game of poker that will make sensation enough to fill a whole Sunday-page; and he has somehow imbibed the belief that big resort hotels rather encourage that sort of thing. He finds out. His eyes are again sharply unsealed when he designs to lead a double,—or even a treble or quadruple,—life. At the resort hotel it is the women and children who, merely by their numbers, give the law. And among the recognized phenomena of the business it has become a kind of established fact that the house which, in one respect, lets down its bars, will do a speciously lucrative business for about two years. Then it will begin to discover

Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE GUEST MAY SELECT HIS OWN CHICKENS.

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that the wages of sin may apply even to what is apparently a purely business proposition.

And if this is true of the "resort", it is hardly less true of the biggest hotel in New York or Chicago. When it is a choice between Fifteen millions of capital and twenty stories of steel-clamped granite and bronze give some *outward* appearance of solidity and strength. To the horrid knife of scandal they are rather more vulnerable than a peeled egg.

Photograph by Byron.

BUILDING TABLE DECORATIONS OUT OF ICE.

the favor of the many who have regard for the decencies, and of the few who have not,—you cannot have both,—the choice is soon made. And it is for the hotel's detectives to maintain the outward and visible standards of a morality which might be looked upon as stringent in a New England village. Some of the house rules may be lacking in logic, but their intention is unquestionable. If you have ever had moments when you asked yourself if virtue really pays, sit for a time in the private office while the proprietor takes counsel with his chief room clerk. And they have not acquired their wisdom by the reading of Marcus Aurelius, nor in any Sunday evening meditations on the sheltered life. . . . No; a few newspaper headlines concerning one of their patrons—and the profit margin for the next two years, as they have found, will be wiped out. Three good "sensations" and they may close their doors.

There will always be brief seasons when the big hotel is "filled to suffocation." But such seasons are at best unsettling; often they are demoralizing. From Florida comes the story of a certain great caravansary which was compelled to overflow into a small church which it had built for the improvement of its patrons. But when at nightfall calls for cocktails began to come in from Pew Number—, and Number —, and Number—, well might the brow of the exulting proprietor become every moment more deeply dyed with the shaming hue of conscience. Moreover, if hotels are occasionally "filled to suffocation," we are reminded by Mr. Simeon Ford that we must not for that reason callously forget those many other occasions when guests have died—not of suffocation but of lonesomeness.

What the wise proprietor builds upon is his General Average. And he does this through his Average Room. He may have cheaper

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rooms, so that he may advertise his prices as "$2.00 up." He will have others which will be quite undeniably "up." But the Average Room will outnumber all. Long experience has shown that a patron will be worth to a hotel about three and a half times what he pays initially for his room; and the proprietor can generally consult his bank book by looking at his key rack and doing a little sum in multiplication. We are speaking, of course, of the European plan; and in the city hotel the European plan has now become almost universal. Grand ball rooms, even at $300 a night, are often vain displays; and gold-leaf banqueting "galleries" for the most part are of little profit save for the added patronage they bring. For example, if several hundred young gentlemen come in to attend their alumni dinner, many of them will register and stay a week. In the end they make their contribution through the Average Room; and the steady flow of patronage through the Average Room keeps the mill wheel turning.

Our weak human curiosity however is less concerned in underlying principles than in actual figures. What does it *cost?* Some time ago two up-state hired men came down to Manhattan Island for a week, each with a good twenty dollars in his pocket. In their primal exaltation of spirit they registered at the largest hotel they could find, insisted on having corner rooms "so they could see things"; and their pride did not suffer them to ask the price of the same until they returned in the evening. When they learned what the price was, they dazedly sought their Lucullan privacy; for a time they could only lean against each other; and then, having considered the matter as men do who find their backs against the wall, they made up their minds that there was only one thing to do,—"to get to the dinin' room, and *by-y gee*, do what we can towards takin' it out in board." Had it not been for the insight of a waiter, they must have received such a second shock as would have made the first seem like a mere happy surprise. Agreeing that on the whole it is impracticable for the patron to "take it out in board,"—what does he pay in full as ransom money? What are the incomes of some of our big hotels?

This is a matter which their proprietors are all alike unwilling to discuss. "Put it at a third of the investment," was the nearest that one of them would go. But there is at least a certain amount of data available. When the Waldorf was projected it was upon the very modest estimate that each patron would spend $8.00 a day; the actual expenditure is said to have been $13.00. This was in 1893. And since then many Waldorfs have gone up. With them, too, have gone up the cost of food, of labor, of construction and of real estate; there are New York hotels on plots worth from $250 to $300 the square foot. And with all this there has mounted our general standard of living; for we must always remember that few people go even to the most expensive hotels against their will. In three new and famous houses visited by the writer, the price of two- and three-room suites worked out to something like $8.25 per room individually. Multiply $8.25 by three and a half and one has a sum very much in excess of $13.00. Supposing, however, that we leave it at that figure. A hotel with accommodations for 1,000 guests, running at three-fifths capacity,—to allow for the slack season,—gives us an income of $2,847,000 for the year. To this not less than another half million must be added as the income from the banquet and entertainment department. One Florida hotel has accommodations for 2,000. On the American plan this hotel makes a rate for room and board of $5.00 up. And during its season it runs almost to full capacity. This means, for five months only, a minimum of $1,500,000. Its real income is undoubtedly nearer the $2,000,000 mark. Putting it at a third of the investment works out with sufficient accuracy for the New Hampshire resort hotels where $22,285,179 gives us, officially, $7,549,375. The same ratio, for the Plaza in New York, would produce nearly $4,000,000; and for the Waldorf-Astoria about $6,000,000. Once more, too, there are random items which are illuminating. On the broad verandas of the Breakers, at Palm Beach, in the after-plunge hour, an average of $1,000 will be taken in for drinkables. Five o'clock tea at the Plaza is worth about $700; last New Year's Eve, the Knickerbocker took more than $24,000 through its restaurant. And one of Louis Sherry's waiters, upon oath, estimated his tips at from $80 to $100 a week. . . . All these items have their significance. Significant too, is the number of "big hotel" proprietors who now own country estates. The big hotel is not run at a loss.

Wherefore the competition in the building of still newer and greater and more up-to-date hotels becomes every day more strenuous. The proprietor of the resort hotel in the South takes another in the Adirondacks and a third

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in Lower California. From season unto season he follows his guests with the revolving year. Such is the creating power of genius that salt licks are made to blossom like the rose; and hillsides which formerly would not feed one tar-heeled cow now feed whole townships! In Gotham one hotel offers its patrons the telautograph and bulkhead fire protection; another, the wireless telegraph; another, a private taxicab service. None of these things may pay, but again they are good advertising. In interior decorations no possible taste is left to go a-hungering. Even those who might be forgotten by the unthinking man-in-the-street are remembered in the all-embracing solicitude of the management. If you are a Roman of the Augustan period, take the express elevator to the solarium. If you are ancient Pompeians,—Ho, my Lepidus, ho, my Næera!—you may here dwell in your dear old home precisely as it was before the accident happened. Even the American Indian may, decoratively at any rate, feel at home upon these shores. . . . In height, story is piled upon story. Ten becomes fifteen, seventeen, twenty; the latest is to leap to thirty-one. And annexes are added before the original house is finished. The old hotels are closed faster than the house-wreckers can pull them down. It is the "New" Congress, the "New" Planters, the "New" Touraine, the "New" Plaza.—The "old" Plaza was opened in 1890!

Yet much that is vital in the old has been incorporated in the new. It's still the landlord who makes the hotel, whether it be big or little. And he makes it as much by personality as by business genius. Find a hotel that is exceedingly prosperous, and you may be reasonably certain of finding a proprietor who is exceedingly well worth knowing. Being what the twentieth century has made him, he must transmit his welcoming smile and his parting handgrip through a staff of fifteen hundred. But they need not lose all their warmth for that. He is a financier and a diplomat, a student, an instructor, and a commander of men, all in one. Above all, he is a philosopher.

And, if only *because* this is an age of machinery, he has every need to be. For example:

There was once an old lady who, in the crush of horse-show week, was compelled to accept a room on the sixteenth floor. She had never before been higher than the third. The thought of fire kept her from sleeping by night; and when by day she looked out of her window she had heart failure. Her state ended, indeed, by touching one of the elevator boys, whose head was not at all times the equal of his heart. He felt for her, and when one morning she entered his car alone, he seized it as his opportunity. "Now, ma'am," he said, "I want to tell you again that there couldn't be no fire in this hotel. And if there could, once I got you safe in here, I could just drop you down like this-s-sssss!" "——! ——! ——! ——! ——!!"

Here was an employe with the best of intentions. Here was machinery of the highest efficiency. And yet, when on hotel verandas from Maine to Monterey, that old lady told her version of the affair, in a final analysis could it be regarded as "good advertising?"

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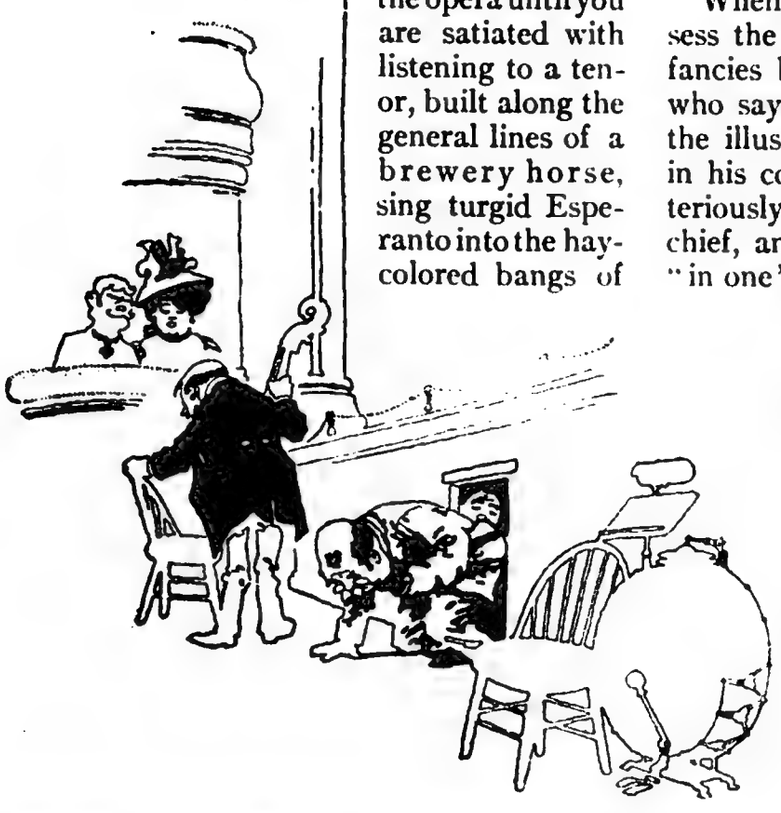
THE MELLOWDRAMMER

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrations by Will Crawford



WHEN you find that you have gone to the opera until you are satiated with listening to a tenor, built along the general lines of a brewery horse, sing turgid Esperanto into the hay-colored bangs of a soprano who looks like one of the Broadway police squad in disguise——

When you are awearied of traveling about from musical comedy to musical comedy in a frantic endeavor to find a melody that hasn't been stolen from a man who stole it from a man who originally plagiarized it, and to uncover a joke that hasn't passed the Osler limitations by a decade——

When you are tired of the comedy of manners (which commonly means the tragedy of mannerisms) wherein the leading man usually begins by reclining in a $27.50 Morris chair and heaping platitudinous cynicisms upon a helpless world, and ends by marrying the chambermaid or the milkman's niece, or something like that——

When you have gone stale on the political play, and the business play, and the sociological play, and the historical play, and the hysterical play, and all the other plays——

When the vaudeville houses no longer possess the power to woo and win your errant fancies by means of the genteel monologist who says "I seen it" and "I done it," and the illusionist who takes things from hooks in his coat tails to make them appear mysteriously from beneath a bandanna handkerchief, and the two pert gents who come out "in one" and inquire, the first of the second, "Who wuz dat loidy I seen youse comin' down de street wit' yestuhday?"—and the strong man who bows in such proud humility after every mar-r-r-r-r-rvelous feat, and all the rest of them——

When, as I say, all these forms of amusement have ceased to enthrall and when, of evenings, after you have come home from the bank, or the brewery, or the Chamber of Commerce, or the Chamber of Horrors, or whatever institution may claim the fruits of your daily toil, you scan the amusement columns of your evening paper in eminent disgust, and mutter: "Now did anyone ever see such a place as this? Nothing at the theatres that's worth seeing! Don't you think this town is —!"——

Then, if you will permit me to suggest, is the time for you to change your amusemential diet. Get aboard a trolley, and go down to see what sort of a menu the Other Half has to gratify its appetites theatric. It won't do you a bit of harm; and it may do you a great deal of good.

Try the melodrama first; for the melodrama is the primary form of entertainment with the Other Half. In every city of any importance it has several homes. All smell equally bad and contain much the same sort of people and exactly the same sort of piece. So take your choice.

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"AND WHAT HAVE YOU THERE?" DEMANDS THE VILLAIN.

Don't dress, or they'll think you are a waiter sneaking half an hour from nutritional endeavors to sear your soul with the heart-rending sufferings of a heroine in comparison with whom Uncle Tom, of Cabin fame, was a petted and pampered child of fortune, born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a gold dinner service in each hand. If you feel that you must array yourself in guise other than your business suit, then a pair of light trousers, striped shirt, tan shoes, red necktie, and flat-rimmed "dip" will be found quite *de rigueur;* and if you would make a particularly strong sartorial appeal, wear a glass doorknob in the center of your chest, just above the place where your cravat is tucked in. In summer, it is also considered very fetching to carry your coat on your arm, whereby you can reveal fascinating glimpses of yellow suspenders with green shamrocks embroidered upon them.

On dismounting from the car before the doors of the theatre, adopt an air of conscious prowess; but be sure that you at no time permit it to become exaggerated into gasconesqueness and try to walk on anybody's shine; else the possessor of the aforementioned lustrous footgear may "hand you one under the ear." Further, a dignified yet democratic pose must be yours; dignified, for if you try to mind anyone else's business, you will find that there are plenty who are willing enough to attend to yours while you are thus occupied. And, on the other hand, haughty aloofness will be more than liable to excite comment and possibly, even probably, something infinitely more painful.

When you approach the box-office, don't say, "Have you, perhaps, a good aisle-seat, somewhere in the first few rows, that is not already disposed of?"

Nay! Nay! The proper way to phrase your query is:

"Wotter yuh got down front, Bill? . . . Huh? . . . De sekind row? Awright. Gimme it."

If you have followed the directions that I have given, you are now ready to push by the doorman and enter one of the humble abodes of Thespis. If you haven't, you're more than likely to be lying on your back in the bottom of a swiftly-moving vehicle, directly over a large and very busy gong, gazing through a bunged-up eye at an insouciant young man in a white duck suit, perched on the tailboard. But we will suppose that you have given due deference to my instructions and so are joining the elbowing throng in its trip down the aisle.

An usher, whose conversation crawls forth in a badly bruised condition from just abaft his left bicuspid, condescends to show you where your seat is. And you climb anxiously and warily and apologetically over the legs of a truculent young man with obstinate but

"I SEEN YOU SLAY THAT PORE OLE MAN, AN' UNLEST YOU MARRY MUH I WILL BETRAY YOU."

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well-watered hair and a brass watch chain big enough to tie an elephant with, and take your place between him and a *svelte* girl with her hair full of rats and her mouth full of gum.

The girl is gossiping glibly anent a swell guy—a friend of hern, who is chowfer fer one o' them rich, millionaire stockbroker guys, and who took her down tuh Coney Toosday in the masheen an' give her th' time of her life.

The envious receptacle of her conversation is a tall, gaunt, hungry-looking individual with beetling black eyebrows, sharp black eyes, and a mustache waxed at each end into a needle point. He looks like a daredevil ruffian; but you learn from the sparse and intervalic remarks that he inserts from time to time into the torrential stream of feminine volubility, that he is a barber, the sole support of a widowed mother and eleven small sisters and brothers.

A fat man sits right behind you, and you find, anon, that the sound which you thought was the electric ventilators is merely his breathing. There are no ventilators.

And all about are people of like sort; while the gallery is distressingly distended with an enthusiastic concourse of excited juvenility, over which a corpulent policeman, who infringes upon the building regulations by at least two feet and a half, and who is armed with a rattan cane, is riding herd.

Having thus digested the personnel of the audience, you turn to the stage; and if you enter at all into the spirit of the occasion, you begin to pound on the floor with your feet and otherwise express signs of impatient eagerness for the performance to begin. You may also find time for reflection.

If you are at all familiar with the mellowdrammer as she is writ, you must know that the construction of one is a science as exact as is the making of a custard pie. They have rules for making them—just as they do for lobster à la Newburg, or deviled crabs, or stuffed tomatoes. It is a recipe that any one may obtain for the price of an admission ticket and a little observation.

Lest, however, you have not the money for the one nor the time for the other, I am glad herewith to give the recipe; and if you have the needed ingredients, I am sure that you'll have no difficulty in making as good a mellowdrammer as was ever cooked up by the best chefs in the business.

Here you are:

Take one good and beautiful heroine (peroxide, if possible), one poor but honest hero, one villain the size of an egg, a comedian (Irish, Dutch, Chinese or Rube), a soubrette with dropstitch stockings and a voice like a planing-mill, a villainess who has suspiciously buried three husbands, and

"NO ONE IS EVER KIND TO ME NO MORE—
I WISHT I WAS DEAD."

half a dozen other assorted characters. Put the whole into a large stage and then beat the heroine for two hours. You may also beat the hero, as well, though care should be taken not to touch the villain and villainess. Sprinkle in the other characters from time to time. Season with large lumps of pathos, great gobs of heart interest, and cupfuls of unstrained humor. Flavor to taste with railroad trains, saw-mills, runaway horses, automobiles, steam-rollers, earthquakes, cyclones, forest fires, wild steers, and volcanoes.

When almost done, take out the hero and heroine and knead them carefully together. Throw the villain and villainess under the sink. You should be very careful to call the hero Harold Wintergreen, Reginald Worthington, or some such simple name. The villain should always wear riding breeches and papier maché puttees in the first act, a misfit business suit with high-water pants in the second, and a hired dress suit in the third and fourth. He should be called Sir Marmaduke Mungummery or Archibald Mainwaring or some similar name. You can always procure good names from Ouida or Laura Jean Libbey or any other old, established dealer.

Don't be afraid of seasoning too highly, nor of cooking too fiercely. You can't do it.

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But to return to the second row:

Anon, after several waves of vociferous poundings have arisen and subsided, the orchestra comes crawling out from its burrow under the stage; whereat the excitement reaches fever heat, and once again does the sound wave rise. As it again abates, the leader of the orchestra raps delsartically upon the tin shade of his rack light, takes a strangle-hold on the neck of his fiddle, and they're off, whirling squeakily along through the strains of the latest popular march *an'* two-step, "*The Brave and Handsome Fireman.*"

The people about you join in humming, singing, yelling, or whistling the chorus:

"The brave an' han'some fi-yer-man's the man we all adore;
He snatches you from burnin' deaths by hundreds an' by score.
He snatches you from death
From the fi-yer's scorchin' breath
Oooooooooh! The brave an' han'some fi-yer-man's the man we all adore!"

When at length we have got through telling how much we adore the fireman, the audience relapses into a stratum of locomotor ataxia music and the curtain rises.

There is disclosed a pretty country scene. A large stump, with holes torn in it, stands right center. A house front protrudes like a prognathous jaw from the left of the stage, and the back drop shows a beautiful meadow across which runs a pink river and upon which flourish in wild profusion calla lilies, cacti, apple-trees, palms and, in short, the greatest aggregation of flora and fauna ever gathered together under one roof.

An old man enters. He wears a dilapidated frock coat with whitewash on the tails, a Senator Tillman hat, a pair of false whiskers hung on his ears with wires, and he carries in his hand a paper. He seems worried; and no wonder; for he's got to tell you about half the plot of the whole piece in one sentence that it would give Henry James nervous prostration to untangle.

"Ah, ha," he says, in a boyish treble. (You understand this voice mystery later, for he "doubles" as a comedy "kid" in the third and fourth acts.) "Ah, ha," he observes. "At last! At last! If she did but know that for seventeen years, ever since her father died an' when I was appointed her guarjeen, I who was her father's trusted frien',—poor fool!—that before she ever met Augustus Waterbury whom she is to marry on the Fourt' o' July, which is to-morrow, unless I can help it, an' who is, I am sure, tryin' to deloode us into the beleef that he is on'y the pore woikin'man he pertends to be, an' in the meanwhile does not discover the identity of Algernon Dalrymple, who is the next of kin, although he does not know it, an' who would inherit the property should I fail to destroy the documents proving that I have kept her money away from her an' made her believe that she is on'y a pore woikin'goil while in real'ty she is woit' millions—millions—millions. Ah, ha. Ah, ha. But I have kep' her in iggerance, an' she is now at me moicy, for I have the last document to prove that she is her father's dorter. I will keep her money, for surely the woild owes me a livin'. Ah, ha. Ah, ha."

(The logic of just why he should keep her money because the world owes him a living, which he is apparently unable to collect, remains unexplained.)

Another man enters. It is quite plain to all that he is the villain, because he has black hair and he wears riding pants. The audience hisses savagely.

The villain bows devilishly at the adolescent antique with the document and, putting one foot on the holeful stump, begins to tap his paper puttees with a riding crop that he has made of a broken cane.

"Ah, ha! So it's you, is it, Solomon Dale?"

The juvenile dotard does not attempt to deny it.

"And what have you there?" demands the villain.

The old child cringes.

"Nut'n' but a paper, sir," he replies timorously.

"Le' me 'ave it," commands the other, debonairly; and he grabs the paper from the aged youth's hand.

"Ah, ha," he cries, exultantly, as he scans the document. "What 'ave we 'ere? Good. I shall use it as a lever to force 'er inter marryin' muh. For I love 'er. With me 'ole 'eart I love 'er. And she does not love me. But she loves Orgustus Waterbury, cur-r-r-r-r-rse 'im."

The antiquated juvenile has pulled a bread knife out from under his whitewashed coat tails.

"Gi' me back me paper," he demands.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," jeers the villain.

"Then take that," urges the venerable boy; and he lunges savagely at the air, a foot and a half from the villain.

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"I WILL SAVE YOU FROM THEM FOUL FIENDS WHO IS STRIVIN' TO ENCOMPUSS YOUR ROON."

The villain grips his side.

"Curse you," he remarks, "you 'ave kilt muh." And he grabs the other by the Adam's apple.

They struggle. At length the old man's hands fall limply by his side. The villain lets go his hold upon the ancient's windpipe, and the victim falls carefully to the stage, kicks a couple of times, snorts tragically, and relapses to quiescence.

The villain stands beside him, arranging his cuffs and breathing hard through his nose. The "prop" house, stage left, quivers in perfect time to his exhalations.

"I 'ave kilt 'im," announces the villain, amiably. "Now to 'ide the buddy."

He looks about him. He sees the pink river painted on the back drop.

"Ah, ha," he says. "The river. It shall 'ide the evidences of muh kerime."

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He picks up the corpse by the feet; and the corpse opens one eye to see that his coat tails clear the stump all right. Breathing heavily, the villain drags the evidence of his kerime to the back drop and dumps it over a stone wall made of canvas. About half a minute after the body would naturally strike the water there is a splash, and a few drops of river appear in the air, coming from a tin bucket held in a hairy hand.

The villainess enters. You are sure that she is the villainess, because she is dressed in black and walks as though she were on castors.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR MANAGERIAL "FATHEADEDNESS," SHE'D BE "HEADIN' HER OWN COMP'NY ON BROADWAY."

"Ah, ha," she cries. "I have you now, Algernon Dalrymple. You shall marry muh now or the hangman's noose shall claim you for its bride. You have put me off too long. But at last I have you in my power. For I seen you slay that pore ole man, an' unlest you marry muh I will betray you."

The villain raises a graceful hand upon which scintillates a nineteen karat near-diamond.

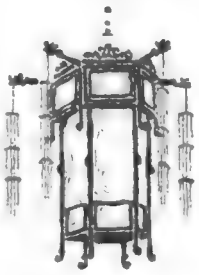
"Peace, woman," he says. "'Ave I not many times told thee I would make thee mer wife as soon as I have got a divorce from the Lady Ermengarde? What would you?"

The villainess eyes him suspiciously.

"I believe you are a liar," she declares, with truly Rooseveltian directness.

He laughs lightly.

"You shall see," he says. "'Ave done with wranglin'. Your time has not yet came, but it will come," he adds, enigmatically. And villain and villainess *exeunt*, talking it over, and you can see them, still talking it over, line up against a fat man in blue overalls, just behind the proscenium arch.



The heroine enters. She looks wan and hungry. She sits upon the stone wall, which threatens to collapse beneath her ninety pounds, and begins to pick paper geraniums from a flower bed of green excelsior.

"Dear me," she sighs. "If only my pore, dear pawpaw wuz alive. He would not let them treat me so bad. No one is ever kind to me no more. They beat me and they whip me and they make me work all the time. I wisht I was dead. Oh, was anybuddy ever ha'f so unhappy as is I?" and she raises despairing orbs toward the man with the calcium.

No one seems to know of anyone who was ever so unhappy as is she; at least, if anyone does, he or she is too busy digging for a handkerchief to take time to enlighten the unfortunate propounder of the difficult query.

Suddenly the sun goes out and the moon is lit.

The hero enters. He wears a blue flannel shirt, overalls, cowhide boots, and an expression of conscious manly beauty. He would probably tip the scales at an even

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three hundred pounds, and the veins in his face resemble the Amazon River in a physical geography, such are his efforts to make his *embonpoint* look like his chest.

He sighs wearily.

"I am starving," he says.

Nobody laughs.

The moon shines more brightly.

The hero sighs again and sees the heroine.

"What!" he exclaims. "You here, little one?"

The heroine admits that she is there.

The orchestra breaks forth into a sort of musical measles.

The hero walks across to the heroine. Lowering his *embonpoint* about eight inches, he seats himself tentatively upon the stone wall. It sinks in the middle. After testing it carefully two or three times and finding that it will bear his weight, he edges over beside the heroine and drapes his strong right arm around the equator of her Mother Hubbard. She rests her head on his shoulder and gazes up into his Adonis-like features with an expression that might be attributed with perfect justice either to transcendent trust or to chronic indigestion.

"Ah, little one," says the hero, "I love you like I never thought I could love no one before. When I see you, my heart palpitates with the thrillin's of the divine passion, an' I feel myself ennobled. Le' me be thy knight an' do battle for thee in the lists o' life. Look into me eyes an' tell me that you love me, too."

The heroine looks into his eyes and tells him so.

"I will live for you alone," vows the hero, bowing blandly to a lady friend of his who is applauding feverishly from the lefthand stage-box. "I will save you from them foul fiends who is strivin' to encompuss your roon. You are no longer alone. I will be ever at thy side. So cheer up."

The audience applauds wildly, and the heroine proceeds to cheer up.

The hero takes a new half-Nelson on the heroine, draws a long breath, and begins to exhale into the heroine's false curls a lot more of that throbbing hothouse dialogue which made Laura Jean Libbey famous; and he gets down to matrimonial cases so hard that they are just about to hunt a J. P. when, all of a sudden, the villain and the villainess and sundry of their unscrupulous pals enter and, pouncing upon hero and heroine, make them captive. Stage picture: Hero and heroine done up like laundry bundles, while villain and villainess stand, stage left, giving them the cold and slimy jeer. Vice rampant; Virtue prostrate.

And so, amid the wildest plaudits of the seething house, the curtain falls; and the soubrette with the openwork stockings and the old man who has just come from a watery grave and who is, *mirabile dictu*, perfectly dry, do a song-and-dance act before the curtain.

During the other three acts, the villain, who has learned that he is next of kin and so will inherit the millions—millions—millions in the event of the death of the girl whom he has quite given up hope of winning, tries upon the heroine and her sole defender every known, and some unknown, ways of inducing physical disintegration:

The hero is tied to the railroad track; but just before he is about to be run over by the lightning express (which acts like a Long Island Limited), along comes the heroine on a hand car and saves his life just as the train dashes past at the rate of two miles an hour.

To show that he is not unappreciative, the hero walks over a great precipice on the character woman's clothes-line and, hanging by his toes from a tree that looks like a cross between a persimmon and a huckleberry bush, snatches the heroine from certain death at the hands of the villain and his assistants.

A DOSE OF DEADLY POISON PREPARED BY THE VILLAIN

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He likewise pulls her out from beneath a crosscut saw, drags her from under the whirling wheels of a canvas automobile just as she is about to be ground to death, races eighty miles in plain view of the audience in the marvelous time of two minutes and twenty-three seconds, on an ex-cab-horse, and turns off the current just as the villainess, who has cut the trolley wire, is about to inject hypodermically a couple of thousand volts into the heroine's prostrate form. Finally, a boy in the gallery unexpectedly and embarrassingly saves the lives of both of them just as they are about to drink an allopathic dose of deadly poison that has been prepared for them by the villain, by yelling, in shrill and excited treble:

"Hey, youse! Don't swally dat on yuh life! I seen de guy wit' de black hair put knockout drops in it!"

Throughout the whole, harrowing story of the trials and tribulations of Lizzie, the Beautiful Saleslady, the audience swings from one emotion to another with all the easy facility with which monkeys in a cage gyrate from trapeze to trapeze. In the pathetic parts (or rather the bathetic parts), they shed salt tears into saturated handkerchiefs with the arrant prodigality of those obsessed by personal suffering—that is, the female element does; and the male element tries not to, and looks foolish. The laugh taps are turned on just as easily; and every time the hero and the heroine save each other's lives, the girl next to you almost swallows her gum, while the eyes of the man at your other side snap brightly and his hands clench.

The audience from gallery to orchestra joins in hungrily hissing the villain; they adore the leading man with devout eyes and long-drawn sighs; they love and pity the heroine and excoriate their hearts in tempestuous sympathy for her hard lot. And I, for one, think it is a mighty good thing that they don't see her after the performance eating fifteen cents' worth of chop-suey and rice, complaining the while because she gets only half salary in Holy Week and explaining how, if it weren't for managerial "fatheadedness," she'd be "headin' her own comp'ny on Broadway and givin' some o' them favored ham actorines a run for their money." It's just as well, too, that they don't see the leading man and the villain hobnobbing together over a glass of beer and making a free lunch counter look like a locust-ridden wheat-field in a dry season, as they tell each other what good actors they are and lie about their salaries.

In the vernacular, the melodramatic audience is a "warm" house to play to—it "eats" a "show."

And why not? It's real to them; as real as is life itself—and sometimes even more real than life itself. True, the audience has no taste, no discrimination, no sense of the ridiculous to obscure or destroy appreciation. It cannot tell pathos from bathos, and to it the exaggerated, affected acting and mannerisms and enunciation of the players; the dull, tawdry absurdity of the scenery; the glaring inconsistencies in both production and text; the utter lack of logic; the hopeless impossibility of situation, convey only the impression of actual things that actually exist, of events actually happening before its very eyes. Melodramatic audiences are the children of the theatre—the Peter Pans of stageland.

After our operas; after our skillfully woven, consistently created, glitteringly dialogued plays; after our gorgeous spectacular and musical productions; after our wonderfully written, wonderfully staged, wonderfully played pieces of all descriptions, we can loll back critically in our chairs, and cast amused and tolerant eyes upon these children of the theatre. But away down in our hearts, don't we, now, honestly wish that we could get out of a dramatic offering one thousandth part of the amusement and excitement and entertainment that these do. Don't we envy them, just a little, that infinite capacity for enjoyment that is theirs? I do.

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What Shall We Do With the Old?

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

I

NOT long ago a young man, just graduated from an Eastern university, stayed after hours to do some work in the office of his employer. He was a young man who had been brought up in the midst of much luxury. He thought of clothes and tennis, but also, not being altogether a butterfly, he thought of duty. On this particular afternoon, he worked on a sheet of figures rather than play polo at the Country Club.

The office was still and empty. All the other clerks had gone, and, except for the rumble of the street below and the occasional whir of the elevator, there was no sound to divert his mind from comparisons of gross earnings and other commercial matters. It had been quiet for several minutes, and the sound of the door knob startled him so much that he dropped his cigarette.

The ground-glass door swung slowly open, and there stood an old woman. She was not an attractive old woman. Her angular shoulders sagged, and her meager back was rounded with years of labor. Thin gray wisps of scant hair clung to her tight scalp, and the hand which held a pail of water was so knotted about the knuckles and sinewed at the wrist that one could not believe it had ever had the slender fingers and full, round wrist of a girl. Life had twisted her out of shape and made her eyes patient and watery.

"Oh, I beg yer pardon," said she. "I thought ye'd all gone."

"What is it?" asked the young man, not fully understanding.

"I'm the scrub-woman," she explained, holding up a dripping brush. "But don't bother, sir, I'll be comin' back later."

"Hold on," exclaimed the man, with his hand on the pile of reports. "You don't bother me any. I'm going to stop. This confounded indoor life is too much for me. I've got a headache."

"Shure I'm sorry for ye," the old woman said, with ready sympathy. The brush fell into the pail with a splash, and the two very different members of the same species stood looking at each other with the easy, companionable smile that lies somewhere behind every human face. "I know well what it is," she went on. "I have the rheumatiz bad, but when it's here, 'tis the worst of all." She patted her flat, thin hair.

"I should think you'd stop working around that water and these wet floors, then. The rheumatism——"

"Ho!" said she. "Stop working, is it?" She laughed outright. "When I get so stiff I can't, 'twill be time enough to talk of stoppin'."

"Isn't there any other kind of work—?" began the young man.

"What would it be fer the likes of me?" she said, dropping on her knees to begin her task.

The young man laughed, too. He could not think of other occupation for her at the moment. "You must be old," he said.

"Seventy-three come this fall," she answered, fishing around in the pail for the soap.

"And isn't there anybody to take care of you?" he asked. The smile had fallen away.

"There is not," said she—"but me."

"And when—what was it you said?—when you get so stiff you can't work scrubbing up these offices, what are you going to do then?"

The old woman rose up from her hands. A little scared look came into her wrinkled face. "I don't know," she answered. "They'll put me in a poorhouse or some place, I s'pose. Ain't it turrible?"

"Terrible?" repeated the other. "Why terrible?"

"Away from all the people ye know, widout a word wid anybody. 'Tis a jail for old people. I'd be better dead, I'm thinkin'."

He caught her point of view at once. On the whole, it was terrible, he thought—an incarceration, an exile. Never had he so intimately made acquaintance with real

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tragedy before. Here was a new, fearful problem.

"Weren't you ever married?" he asked.

"He's dead these thirty years," she said, pushing a little pool of dirty water before her brush.

"And children?"

"I had them, too. He left me wid four of 'em to raise. It was then, doin' washin' an' this an' that, the rheumatiz took me. They was four of 'em—three girls and one boy—little Jimmy who's dead."

SCRUB-WOMAN AT 73

"Why don't the girls take care of you?" exclaimed the young man angrily. The idea of deserting this old mother who had labored for them—leaving her to endless days of arm ache and tired feet, to a hopeless struggle! The unselfishness of her life came to his enlivened imagination. Suddenly he realized for the first time in all his life the simple story of the poor and miserable. "Why," he said afterward, "she has any old soldier that ever lived lashed to the mast—for real sand!" And now, as he thought of the injustice of her position, he got a little red in the lobes of his ears.

"Why don't the girls take care of you?" he repeated.

"Shure, there's wan in the West an' I've not heard from her these many years, an' wan of 'em is married to a man who is down wid the drink an' has three children of her own an' no money—an' then the other—" She made a flapping motion of the hand which might have meant almost any reason why the third girl was disqualified as a support for her in old age. "And so—" she explained. It was not necessary to say more.

The young man had taken a course in sociology in college, and had heard a very competent professor discuss charity and social order in the abstract. He tried to recall some fundamental principle which would apply to this case. It was plain enough that the old woman could not be left to starve when her days of desperate labor were done. The poorhouse seemed brutally neglectful of everything but the body. To saddle any one stranger with the burden of taking care of her was not logical or fair. "And yet, confound it all," he thought, "here is an old soldier——"

Old soldier! They *pensioned* old soldiers!

This story of the old woman and the young man is a true story, and as the young man thought in this case, so have many others, brought face to face with the problem of the old man and the old woman, who are helpless members of our social body.

It would be unfair to put forth the case of the scrub-woman as typical of that problem of old age which the world has begun to recognize as the first social problem that must be *systematically* solved. For her case appeals to sentiment. The faithful labor of a wife and mother was so inadequately rewarded! Her children were so unnaturally thankless. But dismiss her. She is too pitiful.

Here in America, we do not want hysteria to enter into the old-age problem—even so much as has entered into the discussion among statesmen abroad. But a concrete case, if it be typical and fair, makes a splendid basis for consideration of the old-age problem, and we have such a case in the plain and truthful history of an old and feeble man.

He has spent his entire working life in the manufacture of chairs. For twenty years he has worked in one factory. He has never missed more days of labor than you have fingers upon your hand. He has never been in jail. Occasionally, however, he has been in a barroom. When he was married, he made enough to take care of his wife, then of a baby, then of another, until there were six. He clothed and fed them and sent them to school, but the very fact that they existed and must be taken care of prevented him from raising himself, or raising them, above the usual opportunities of factory laborers. He went on day after day at a machine—a part of the factory system whose output made it possible for innumerable persons to sit down.

A WORN-OUT COG

After a time the "old woman" died. Two of the children were killed in a schoolhouse fire, another had tuberculosis, a fourth went into the Navy, a fifth married a carpenter who left her a widow, and the sixth, the eldest son, has seven children himself and makes twelve dollars a week in a city many miles away.

The old man cannot work any more. He is sixty-five years of age, powerless, tired. He is a part of the worn-out equipment. Industry protects itself against the wear and tear of machinery by a depreciation fund, but this man—an industrial machine of flesh and

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blood—has not been protected against depreciation, and none of his offspring *can* help him. There he is—a problem for *us*. What are we going to do with this decrepit member of our social body?

Well, the world has fought hard against the idea that it must take care of its incompetent members; the world has even been loath to recognize that it has such members to deal with. Above all, the world has shuddered instinctively at the idea of treating the problem systematically—logically.

But the problem is present, the burden is there with its weight. It is persistent. And with the crowding of population it is increasing. We must consider it. We must work out an answer.

LET THE INCOMPETENT DIE OUT?

The burden of taking care of those who cannot take care of themselves comes to us in a variety of forms. Nature and the instinct of parentage have fortunately helped us out a great deal as to one very large class of the helpless. The care of children still remains a family question rather than a community question. We still have the insane and the sick and the maimed. But they are the accidental cases of helplessness, important but abnormal. They are not ordinary. And then there is old age. Old age is not abnormal. And it is the cause of more helplessness than anything in life save infancy.

It is said that the Spartans had a simple method of dealing with old age—they refused to deal with it. They were building a military state, and the old man and the old woman, who had become helpless, contributed nothing to fighting efficiency. The state was done with them. The community was done with them. Let them go out and live on roots and field mice until the end came.

If the children of the aged wanted to take care of them, it was considered a silly desire, and the state discouraged it as much as possible. Several savage tribes have continued this method of dealing with the superannuated. It is possible for us to continue it. An easy solution of the foremost question among all the problems of helplessness with which we have to deal, is to let the old people shift for themselves.

This simple plan would, in fact, solve all such problems. Of course, in practice it worked out better in Sparta than it would in America. In Sparta old people could go out on the hills to starve to death; but in a place like New York, for instance, it would take a considerable annual appropriation to provide for driving the aged out into the country, or for gathering their lifeless bodies from the streets. This is not said with any desire to be flippant. There is plenty of sound argument in favor of letting the incompetent members of society die out as soon as possible. Our feelings may be against it, but the plan might, for all we know, result in a much better city or nation or race. So the first possibility in the case of the old chair-maker whom we are considering is that we pay no attention to him at all.

The only trouble with this plan is that in the most enlightened quarters of the world it is instinctively rejected.

Indeed, in the past century the world has shown every sign of being upon the point of frankly admitting that the old chair-maker, as well as every other helpless man, whether deserving or undeserving, must be taken care of by some one. So far the world has not said definitely just who must take care of him.

On the whole, its attitude has been that the old man is an unpleasant topic of conversation, and that, when he has no competent relatives, the first thing to do is to find some private individual or individuals of kind heart who will shoulder the dead weight.

THE GENEROUS BEAR THE BURDEN

This is an informal way of approaching the problem of the helpless, and it has the distinct disadvantage of putting the burden only upon persons of tender heart. The logical result of such a procedure is to handicap the good-natured and unselfish members of society, constantly putting them at a disadvantage in comparison with the avaricious and ungenerous. Through long experience, society will be taught the pains of being good and kind and the apparent wisdom of being deaf and blind to the appeals of the unfortunate. It may be called the sentimental method. But, curiously enough, it is well planned finally to discourage sentiment.

Professor Sumner of Yale pointed out in his book, "What the Social Classes Owe to Each Other," that usually the method works out something like this: A, who is a professional philanthropist, finds B in the gutter, and places upon C—a thrifty, industrious, con-

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scientious citizen—the problem of getting B on to his feet.

The process is, obviously, illogical and unfair.

There is no real reason why you, the reader of this story of the old chair-maker, should agree to support him through his declining years; nor is there any soundness in a plan by which you are to go out and get Jones, Robinson, Mrs. Smith, and the Ladies' Rummage Sale Society to form a philanthropic association for the purpose of aiding him and the other helpless aged of the country.

Furthermore, suppose that you and they think this old chair-maker has been wrong in having so many children, or in drinking two glasses of ale every night on his way home from work. Suppose no one can be especially and personally interested in this old man. Who, then, will take care of him? Yet the world has admitted that he must be taken care of, and it has refused to chloroform him. There he is—still a problem.

It so happens that this particular old man —this chair-maker—worked in a factory for a good many years. During this time the corporation protected its plant against depreciation by a fund. Why not compel it to protect the employes against depreciation by a fund? The industry has used up this old man just as it uses up machinery. We can say without rashness that he has been consumed by the factory—flesh and bone. It has had the use of him. Now it tosses him back on society, squeezed dry—a problem for us.

SHALL INDUSTRY PENSION THEM?

Society might make the company take care of the old man, now that he can work no more. We might introduce such a bill to the legislature. But we could not very well do so under our present constitution. It would strike directly at the roots of our government. Germany has said very directly to employers, "You must contribute to the support of your worn-out employes." Germany could say this easily. But we cannot.

Another difficulty is to be found in the very obvious fact that the plan of making employers take care of the worn-out employe in no way provides for the unfortunate old people who do not happen to have reached old age when on a pay roll.

And there is a third objection to the idea of compelling the industries to pension the aged. It is this: In all fairness the whole burden does not belong with the employer of labor. Even Germany has only said, "Pay *part* of the cost."

For, after all, we have had a part of the old chair-maker ourselves. Society in general has to sit down. It has to eat, and probably has a debt of some kind to the farmer and the cattleman beyond the debt which it pays in the purchase of food. It has to have a shelter from the elements, and no doubt it is under an obligation to the carpenter and bricklayer which is not represented in the contract price or wages paid. Society owes something to any producer. It never has paid all. It is not paying all to-day.

HAVE WE PAID THE BILL?

The old chair-maker has a bill against us. As academic economists, we do not recognize this bill, but as men living in a world of men we are tempted to recognize it.

Especially are we tempted to recognize it when we remember that freedom of contract —which we established after a long, hard fight a few centuries ago—has not done for us what we expected it would do. We expected that it would give men equal opportunities. It has resulted in giving opportunities enough—opportunities for some men to bargain others into obscurity.

It wiped away a peasant class. Some persons think that it is now at work building up another peasant class. At any rate, the old chair-maker, because of freedom of contract —because the state did not dictate the wages he should receive or the care that should be given him, had, at least, the doubtful end of the bargain. Perhaps we may say that society in general should recognize an obligation to him for the chairs he made.

On the whole, then, here in America, we probably must give up the plan of putting the responsibility for old age pensions directly on the industries. It is not a constitutional solution of the old age problem. It is not fair nor adequate.

Where corporations or individual employers voluntarily put old age pension plans into effect, as hundreds of American corporations have already done, we are only back in the uncertain region of the haphazard whims of private charity. There will always be corporations that do not provide plans for old-age pensions, and there will always be needy old men and women who have had nothing to do with corporations at all. The story of the

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pensioning of employes by American corporations is a new, long, and interesting story. But there is no solution in that story which covers the whole field. When we consider the matter of corporation pensions, we are considering the pensioning of employes. The pensioning of old *employes* is a very much smaller consideration than the question of pensioning *old men and old women*.

So we are finally back at the *poorhouse!* The only logical answer America has ever given to the inquiry, "What shall we do with the unsupported aged?" is the rather tart and ancient answer, "Take them to the poorhouse."

"The poorhouse," said one rich old gentleman, speaking on the subject of old-age pensions, "has been a nightmare to me ever since I was old enough to know that life and vigor are not eternal. I have feared old age beyond all other fears, and in the general fear of old age the fear of the segregation of the feeble in a poorhouse was the worst of all."

It is hard to define the reason for the universal fear of the poorhouse. This rich old man had the fear, the old scrub-woman had it, and probably the ancient chair-maker has it, too. Plenty of bad, or mad, or shiftless persons go to institutions—the jail, the asylum, and the county farm—and hospital institutions are naturally the best care-takers of the sick. But impoverished old people are not necessarily bad, or mad, or shiftless, or ill. They are neither evil nor abnormal. They have merely grown old, according to the most natural process that we know. And the idea of segregation and coercive institutional régime, and exile from the normal world, is not pleasant. The poorhouse is a threat and terror to them.

ONLY $200 A YEAR NEEDED

Edward Everett Hale, before his death, in urging a scheme of pensioning every man or woman who lived beyond a certain age, pointed out the brutality of the present system. Two hundred dollars annually paid out to each old person, would, he said, allow many a worn-out individual to escape the pain of going to the county farm. The old scrub-woman could be boarding to-day among her friends, surrounded by all that, to her, would make life worth finishing; the chair-maker, having his pension, could go and live with his son and grandchildren in the West. But no! the poorhouse is the only logical solution we now have to the old-age problem in this country. It is not brutal to the body, as was the Spartan plan of dealing with old age. But it is brutal to the mind!

The whole truth is that in the United States we have not dealt with the old-age problem at all. It is only after the world abroad has dealt with it—after Germany, France, New Zealand, Denmark, Belgium, and other countries have dealt with it—that now the loud and insistent clamor of the problem is being heard by us.

PENSION *EVERY* OLD PERSON?

Massachusetts is the only state in which a plan of action has been seriously suggested. There was a ripple of agitation in Illinois, but it did not amount to a suggestion. But in Massachusetts various persons, including the labor unionists, have agitated the passage by the Legislature of an old-age pension bill, providing for the care of aged citizens. A chief of the Bureau of Labor published a monograph upon the subject, which seemed to tend toward the plan suggested by Edward Everett Hale of pensioning *every* old person. There appeared in it an interesting idea that as the poor man with many children who earns $600 a year, receives with his family more than $600 worth of benefits from the state, we may as well assume that taxation is really a method of getting money from the richer classes for philanthropic expenditure, and so find no scruples about spending state moneys in pensions. And now they have gone so far in Massachusetts as to establish a state commission on old age, which is making a thorough investigation of the question.

But the important thing about the treatment of the question in Massachusetts is that actual legislation has been applied there. Principally through the efforts of Mr. Louis Brandeis, a lawyer in Boston, who has devoted himself to a thorough study of insurance, annuities and pensions, the Legislature has authorized the savings banks of the state to sell life, disability, and old-age insurance.

The Massachusetts savings banks are not institutions which are maintained for profit to the bankers. They are, in fact, existent for the benefit of those who save. Therefore, unless the Commonwealth itself can carry on

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the insurance business, probably the Massachusetts savings bank is the best institution to sell safe and cheap policies.

THE BRANDEIS PLAN

That all persons should be protected against disability, death, and old age, and that in the United States the burden of protection should be carried by the individual for himself is the fundamental notion upon which rests the Brandeis plan. And this plan, as it applies to old age, is worthy of study not only because it is the first and only plan in the country, but also because it furnishes a basis upon which to consider the whole old-age problem, and to search for the solution.

It begins with the proposition that old-age protection should be *voluntary* self-protection. No doubt there are many who would desire to put into effect *compulsory* self-protection, following the solution attempted by Germany. But, as was said, *compulsion* applied to the attitude and duty of a person toward himself is foreign and repulsive to our law and constitutional foundation. Here in the United States, if we find we must have a legislative solution, it probably will lie between the simple pensioning of the aged as if an old-age pension, at least to the deserving, were a *civil right*, or the plan of *voluntary* self-protection under the auspices or the direct instrumentality of the state.

The great disadvantage in the first plan is said to be obvious. It is accused of putting a premium upon sloth, unless something is done to exclude the undeserving from the benefit. That is, the payment of a pension to a man who has always been a loafing spendthrift is merely providing him with means to continue his idleness and improvidence for a longer term. It is not unreasonable to withhold the pension from this kind of person and to send him to an institution like the poorhouse.

But there are many students of the old-age pension question in Europe who can quickly state objections to any plan of picking out the deserving from the undeserving. First of all, if the discrimination is left to an officer or an official body, the administration of injustice is a certainty. Men cannot measure each other's opportunities, temptations, or misfortunes. A little stomach trouble caused by milk poisoning in infancy might prevent an old man who needed a pension from presenting a convincing record of industry, or it might make a man with a murderer's soul so weak and unfit to commit a crime during his life that the judges would find him deserving of help. Furthermore, the British labor unionists have protested against a "*deserving*" pension plan on the ground that it would raise a sort of false aristocracy among the aged poor.

In a word or two, unlimited old-age pension schemes are open to criticism because they do not exclude the shiftless and unworthy, and then take care of them in some other way; on the other hand, all limitations that have so far been tried abroad, or even suggested, carry three or four objections to outbalance all the advantages which have been urged.

The present Massachusetts plan steps all the way around these contentions, and seeks a refuge in the *voluntary self-protection* idea.

"You should be protected against sickness, death, and old age," is the purport of Mr. Brandeis's plan. "The need of this insurance should be brought to your realization by untiring publicity. The state has just now, by legislative action, authorized the savings banks—which are not profit-making institutions—to sell you insurance. They will sell it to you twenty-five per cent. cheaper than the industrial insurance companies, because they do not have the expense of agents, and then again, you will be comparatively free from the menace of forfeited premiums or the burden of contributing to the high salaries of insurance officials. Furthermore, this insurance will be brought near to you. Many employers of wage earners in this commonwealth already have become insurance agencies of the savings banks which are undertaking the sale of insurance. You will perhaps find a slip of paper in your next pay envelope telling you why you should insure and stating the terms upon which insurance will be sold to you. And there are also labor union agencies." Such is the plan of Mr. Brandeis.

"SELLING INSURANCE OVER THE COUNTER"

Of course, it is not an old-age *pension* plan, but inasmuch as it offers old-age protection, it is important to our problem. It furnishes cheaper insurance, and depends upon publicity to take the place of the insurance agents. It has been called "selling insurance over the counter," and indeed, it is something to

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think about when one of the largest department stores in Boston devotes its advertising space to an announcement that it will sell this insurance just as if it were a yard of hat trimming.

The only question is, whether all persons or even a great number of persons who expect to grow old, will voluntarily protect their own old age. Mr. Brandeis has devoted weeks of unselfish labor to the task of making his plans go forward. He has accomplished much in conceiving cheap, honest, savings bank insurance. He has done even more to make it available and popular. His experiment, however small, is by all means the most important that we have ever had in this country. But when Mr. Brandeis has gone, and his ingenuity in giving publicity to this state-authorized insurance has gone—what then? And still more important, will his plan, even with a maximum of success, succeed in solving the *whole* problem of old age beset by poverty?

For here is a question which presses upon us more and more every year. Europe has been stirred with it, and now it has come to our own threshold. No matter what we may believe about its solution, we cannot deny the presence of the problem itself.

One seventh of all the persons in the United States are over fifty. About five millions are over sixty. Nearly three per cent. are over seventy.

THE MISERY OF THE ALMSHOUSE

How many of these persons on the downhill side of life can be self-supporting or supported in their old age, is a question that the statistics do not answer. But it must appear plainly enough that a tremendous proportion of them go sliding into helplessness without assurance of protection and care. There are over 80,000 inmates in our almshouses alone, and it will not be unfair to guess that most of them are merely the worn-out members of our social and industrial structure.

And how much old-age misery goes on outside the almshouses? In England it was estimated that more than half of all the old people were dependent.

The problem *grows*. There are two well recognized reasons. First, whatever cause you may assign for it, we are now living to be older. In 1880 5.6 per cent. of all persons in the United States were over sixty. In 1890 this class constituted 6.2 per cent. In 1900 the number constituted nearly 6.5 per cent. of the population. And the same increase in life was found by all the English investigators.

THE PROBLEM A STATE AFFAIR

On the other hand, the *earning* life is *shorter*. Modern industry has taken away the opportunity for old-age handicraft. Men who used to grow old at a cobbler's bench, becoming slowly and slowly more incapable, are now represented by the man before the factory machine who is at the end of the tether whenever age begins to show in the quality or quantity of his work. To-day we crowd our producing life into a few years. We have our chance, such as it may be, in that period. If we have not provided for the rest of the time we live here, there are no occupations left. Industrial life is going faster. The cogs wear out quicker, and are thrown aside sooner, and the problem of the old was never so great as it is to-day.

It has been met by great civilized communities in other parts of the world. How did they deal with it? Well, the story of the coming of old-age pensions abroad is a story full of assurance that man has finally made up his mind to shoulder the burden and to shoulder it *as an affair of the state.*

The world has begun with clumsiness, surely. It still is wagging its head over the question whether to take care of old Paul and ancient Simon or whether to ask them to take care of themselves. And if it takes care of Paul, who is industrious and worthy, how can it exclude Simon, who is lazy and worthless? And after excluding Simon, what can be done about *him?* And would it be best to tempt Paul and Simon to provide for their own old age during their active life? Or can they be *made* to do this? And if none of these possibilities works out, should old-age pensions be given to every one of the old people who need them? Denmark, Germany, England, France, Belgium, New Zealand, Canada, Massachusetts, New South Wales, Victoria, all have asked these questions. And each one has given a different answer.

In the October number Mr. Child will discuss **Foreign Systems of Pensioning the Aged.**

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BIG BABIES OF BIRDS LIKE HUGE BALLS OF PURE WHITE WOOL.

The Rabihorcados and the Boobies

By ZANE GREY

WHILE fishing with Indians off the wild coast of Yucatan I heard of a strange bird, the rabihorcado, that lived by stealing fish from other birds, and, when long pressed by hunger, went mad with rabies and committed suicide by hanging.

The idea of a bird which killed itself to escape from starvation was so remarkable that I received it with something more than incredulity. Nevertheless, remembering past surprises pertaining to this weird and wonderful coast, the ruins and jungle of Yucatan, I consulted my Spanish dictionary to grow thoughtful upon finding the noun "rabihorcado" derived from the Spanish "rabia"—rabies, and "horcar"—to hang.

Further conversation with my Indian guides roused in me an irresistible desire to visit a lonely coral reef ninety miles off the coast where the rabihorcado lived on the Isla de la Muerte—the Island of the Dead. I did not get a favorable reception from the harbor officials of the port when I tried to charter a sailing vessel. It appeared that no one save Indian fishermen ever visited the island, which lay among the dangerous Alacranes reefs. All kinds of obstacles were thrown in my way. I had to persuade these well-meaning but dense officials that the United States actually did not want the island for a coaling station. I had to sign papers and conform to sailing, exporting and smuggling regulations. I had to get a passport from the Harbor Commander to any gunboat captain who might take interest in my venture on the high seas. Finally I got away on a two-masted canoe called *Xpit* with a piratical-looking crew of six, including my Indian guides.

On the second morning out we reached Alacranes lighthouse; and when I saw the flat strip of sand, without a tree or bush to lend it grace and color, the bleak lighthouse, and the long, lonely reaches of barren reefs from which there came incessant moaning, I did not wonder that two former lighthouse keepers had gone insane. The present keeper received me with the welcome always ac-

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corded a visitor to out-of-the-world places. He corroborated all that my Indian sailors had claimed for the rabihorcado; and added the interesting information that lighthouse keepers desired the extinction of the birds because the guano, deposited by them on the roofs of the keepers' homes, poisoned the rainwater—all they had to drink.

I climbed the narrow, spiral stair to the lighthouse tower, and there, apparently lifted into the cloud-navigated sky, I awakened to the real wonder of coral reefs. Ridges of white and brown showed their teeth against the crawling, tireless, insatiate sea. Islets of dead coral gleamed like bleached bone, and beds of live coral, amber as wine, lay wreathed in restless surf. From near to far extended the rollers, the curving channels, and the shoals, all colorful, all quivering with the light of jewels. Golden sand sloped into the gray-green of shallow water, and this shaded again into darker green which in turn merged into purple, reaching away to the far barrier reef, a white wall against the blue heaving ocean.

Manuel and Augustine, my Indian sailors, embarked with me in a boat for the Island of the Dead. Millions of marine creatures swarmed in the labyrinthine water-ways. Then, as we neared the land: "Rabihorcado!" exclaimed Manuel, pointing to a black cloud hovering over the island.

As we approached the sandy strip I made it out to be about half a mile long, lying only a few feet above the level of the sea. Hundreds of great, black birds flew out to meet us, and sailed over the boat, a sable-winged, hoarse-voiced crowd. When we beached I sprang ashore and ran up the sand to the edge of green. The whole end of the island was white with birds—large, beautiful, snowy birds with shiny black bars across their wings.

"Boobies," said Manuel, and motioned me to go forward.

They greeted our approach with the most discordant din it had ever been my fortune to hear. A mingling of honk and cackle, it manifested not excitement so much as curiosity. I walked among the boobies, and they never moved except to pick at me with long sharp bills. Many were sitting on nests, and all around in the sand were nests with eggs, and little boobies just hatched, and others in every stage of growth, up to big babies of birds like huge balls of pure white wool. I wondered where the thousands of mothers were. The young ones showed no concern when I picked them up, save to dig into me with curious bills.

HANGING IN GROTESQUE, HORRIBLY SUGGESTIVE ATTITUDES OF DEATH.

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I saw an old booby, close by, raise his black-barred wings, and, flapping them, start to run across the sand. In this way he launched himself into the air, and started out to sea. Presently I noticed several more

FASTER AND FASTER CIRCLED THE PURSUERS—

flying away, one at a time, while others came sailing back again. How they could sail! They had the swift, graceful flight of a falcon.

For a while I puzzled over the significance of this out-going and in-coming. Shortly a bird soared overhead, circled with powerful sweep, and alighted within ten feet of me. The bird watched me with gray, unintelligent eyes. They were stupid, uncanny eyes, yet somehow so fixed and staring as to seem accusing. One of the little white balls of wool waddled up, and, rubbing its fuzzy head against the booby, proclaimed the filial relation. After a few rubs and wobbles the young bird opened wide its bill and let out shrill cries. The mother bobbed up and down in evident consternation, walked away, came back, and with an eye on me plainly sought to pacify her fledgling. Suddenly she put her bill far down into the wide-open bill, effectually stifling the cries. Then the two boobies stood locked in amazing convulsions. The throat of the mother swelled, and a lump passed into and down the throat of the young bird. The puzzle of the flying boobies was solved in the startling realization that the mother had returned from the sea with a fish in her stomach, and had disgorged it into the gullet of her offspring.

I watched this feat performed dozens of times; and at length scared a mother booby into withdrawing her bill and dropping a fish on the sand. It was a flying-fish fully ten inches long. I interrupted several little dinner parties, and in each case found the disgorged fish to be of the flying species. The boobies flew ten, twenty miles out to the open sea for fish while the innumerable shoals that lay around their island were alive with sardine and herring!

I had raised a tremendous row; so leaving the boobies to quiet down, I made my way toward the flocks of rabihorcados. Here and there in the thick growth of green weed were boobies squatting on isolated nests. No sooner had I gotten close to the rabihorcados than I made sure they were the far-famed frigate pelicans, or man-of-war birds. They

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were as tame as the boobies; as I walked among them many did not fly at all. Others rose with soft, swishing sound of great wings and floated in a circle uttering deep-throated cries, not unlike the dismal croak of ravens. Perfectly built for the air, they were like feathers blown by a breeze. Light, thin, long, sharp, with enormous spread of wings, beautiful with the beauty of dead, blue-black sheen, and yet hideous, too, with their grisly necks and cruel, crooked beaks and vulture eyes, they were surely magnificent specimens of winged creation.

Nests of dried weeds littered the ground, and eggs and young were everywhere. The little ones were covered with white down, and the developing feathers on their wings were turning black. They squalled unremittingly, which squalling I decided was not so much on my account as because of a swarm of black flies that attacked them when the mothers flew away. I was hard put to it myself to keep these flies, large as pennies and as flat, from eating me alive. They slipped up my sleeves and trousers and their bite made a wasp-sting pleasure by comparison.

By rushing into a flock of rabihorcados I succeeded several times in catching one in my hands. And spreading it out I made guesses as to width from tip to tip of wings. None were under seven feet; one measured all of eight. They made no strenuous resistance and regarded me with cold eyes. Every flock that I put to flight left several dozen little ones squalling in the nests; and at one place an old booby waddled to the nests and began to maltreat the young rabihorcados. Instincts of humanity bade me scare the old brute away until I happened to remember the relation existing between the two species. Then I watched. With my own eyes I saw that grizzled booby pick and bite and wring those poor little birds with a grim and deadly deliberation. When the mothers, soon returning, fluttered down, they did not attack the booby but protected their little ones by covering them with body and wings. Conviction came upon me that it was instinctive for the booby to kill the parasitical rabihorcado; and likewise instinctive for the rabihorcado to preserve the life of the booby.

AN ENDLESS, EDDYING STREAM OF BIRDS

A shout from Manuel directed me toward the extreme eastern end of the island. On

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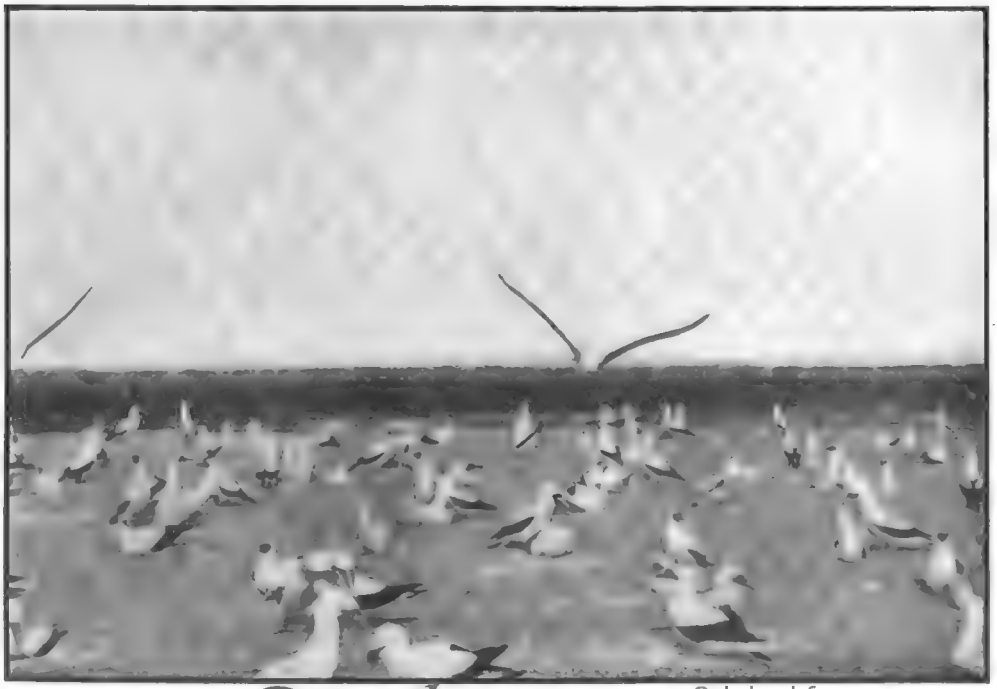
the way I discovered many little dead birds, and the farther I went the more I found. Among the low bushes were also many old rabihorcados, dead and dry. Some were twisted among the network of branches, and several were hanging in limp, grotesque, horribly suggestive attitudes of death. Manuel had all of the Indian's leaning toward the mystical, and he believed the rabihorcados had destroyed themselves. Starved they may very well have been, but to me the gales of that wind-swept, ocean desert accounted for the hanging rabihorcados. Still, when face to face with the island, with its strife, and its illustration of the survival of the fittest, all that Manuel had claimed and more, I had to acknowledge the disquieting force of the thing and its stunning blow to an imagined knowledge of life and its secrets.

Suddenly Manuel shouted and pointed westward. I saw long white streams of sea birds coming toward the island. My glass showed them to be boobies. An instant later thousands of rabihorcados took wing as if impelled by a common motive. Manuel ran ahead in his excitement, turning to shout to me, and then to point toward the wavering, swelling, white streams. I hurried after him, to that end of the island where we had landed, and I found the colony of boobies in a state of great perturbation. All were squawking, flapping wings, and waddling frantically about. Here was fear such as had not appeared on my advent.

Thousands of boobies were returning from deep sea fishing, and as they neared the island they were met and set upon by a swarming army of rabihorcados. Darting white and black streaks crossed the blue of sky like a changeful web. The air was full of plaintive cries and hoarse croaks and the windy rush of wings. So marvelous was this scene of incredibly swift action, of kaleidoscopic change, of streaking lines and curves, that the tragedy at first was lost upon me. Then the shrieking of a booby told me that the robber birds were after their prey. Manuel lay flat on the ground to avoid being struck by low-flying birds, but I remained standing in order to see the better. Faster and faster circled the pursued and pursuers and louder grew the cries and croaks. My gaze was bewildered by the endless, eddying stream of birds.

Then I turned my back on sea and beach where this bee-swarm confused my vision, and looked to see single boobies whirling here and there with two or three black demons in pursuit. I picked out one group



SNOWY BIRDS WITH SHINY BARS ACROSS THEIR WINGS

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OTHERS ROSE WITH SWISHING SOUND OF GREAT WINGS.

and turned my glass upon it. Many battles had I seen by field and stream and mountain, but this unequal battle by sea eclipsed all. The booby's mother instinct was to get to her young with the precious fish that meant life. And she would have been more than a match for any one thief. But she could not cope successfully with two fierce rabihorcados; for one soared above her, resting, watching, while the other darted and whirled to the attack. They changed, now one black demon swooping down and then the other, in calculating, pitiless pursuit. How glorious she was in poise and swerve and sweep! For what seemed a long time neither rabihorcado touched her. What distance she could have placed between them but for that faithful mother instinct! She kept circling, ever returning, drawn back toward the sand by the magnet of love; and the powerful wings seemed slowly to lose strength. Closer the rabihorcados swooped and rose and swooped again, till one of them, shooting down like a black flash, struck her in the back. The white feathers flew away on the wind. She swept up, appeared to pause wearily and quiver, then disgorged her fish. It glinted in the sunlight. The rabihorcado dropped in easy, downward curve and caught it as it fell.

So the struggle for existence continued till I seemed to see all the world before me with its myriads of wild creatures preying upon one another; the spirit of nature, unquenchable as the fires of the sun, continuing ceaseless and imperturbable in its inscrutable design.

As we rowed away I looked back. Sky of a dull purple, like smoke with fire behind it, framed the birds of power and prey in colors suitable to their spirit. My ears were filled with the haunting sound of the sea, the sad wash of the surf, the harmonious and mournful music of the Island of the Dead.

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The DRYAD of BARRELL LANE

by

WALTER PRICHARD EATON
Illustrations by HERMANN C. WALL

THE name of it is Barrell Lane, and there are two *l*'s in Barrell because of its being a person, not a thing to hold flour. Doubtless the remote ancestors of the grandfather of the present Joe Barrell (who runs the hotel down by the harbor mouth) were coopers, and got their name from their trade. But by Joe's grandfather's day the family had acquired a second *l* and taken up fishing and farming; and so, when Joe's grandfather gave his name to the crooked lane that ran down from the Ports-

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mouth Pike to the river front, the village sign painter put on that second *l* for all future passers to wonder at.

Having disposed of that second *l*, it is now possible to get down to the story, which begins right where the lane begins, at the top of a slight rise in the turnpike just out of the sea-coast village, at ten o'clock of a July morning. There was no lone horseman, however, riding through the landscape, and the only automobile in sight purred expensively by in a cloud of dust that inspired a look of angry disgust on the face of a man who was walking along beside the road. He wore rubber-soled shoes and a soft shirt, and carried a light knapsack. Thus romantically we introduce our hero—the dust of a touring-car withdrawn like a curtain, and, lo! a prodigy, a man who still dares the open road on foot!

As the breeze carried the dust cloud aside, the Man spied the sign, "Barrell Lane." He paused and glanced down the little road. It looked cool and free from motor traffic. A few steps, and the lane crooked sharply and unexpectedly to the left, and the Man brought up with a whistle of delight. In front of him, facing the crook of the lane, was a picture-book cottage behind a brick wall, with a steep pitch of roof, and little gabled windows, and ivy all over it, and trees all round and above it, and a great veranda with books and tea things, and the little front gate wide open.

Then the Man looked down the vista of the lane, and whistled again. It was framed in elms that met above, and at the end of this cool green nave was a perfect composition—the little picture-book harbor, a yacht or two, a fishing vessel in from the Banks, a gray wharf, then the rocky headland at the harbor mouth, with its great hotel, and finally

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the topaz of the sea. And along one side of the lane stretched the brick wall, fencing without concealing the fiery-colored tangle of an old-fashioned garden. In the lane the dappled sunlight hardly sifted through the arch of trees. Outside, the sea and harbor were glorious with it. The Man drank in the view for a few moments, and then walked through the open gate, up the mossy path, and pounded the knocker.

There was no response from the cool interior, and, after waiting a bit, the Man strolled around the corner and looked down the garden path that wound its way informally, as best it could, amid larkspur, hollyhocks, love-in-a-mist, foxglove, zinnias and goodness knows what other blossoming thing. There was nobody in sight, and he strolled down this path. At the lower end, the crunch of his step on the gravel disturbed a dryad, and she stepped out of a large tree to see what the disturbance meant. She was clothed in pink—something of a departure for dryads, made necessary by the advance of civilization and by the Maine climate. But the proper offended shyness filled her large gray eyes.

"Pardon my intrusion," said the Man. "I knocked, but no one answered; so I took the liberty of looking at your garden."

"Did you want somebody in the house?" asked the Dryad.

"I prefer them in the garden," said the Man.

There was a slight pause. The Dryad was so tanned that a blush had hard work to get itself effectively asserted; but one seemed to be trying. "I think," she said, "my father is weeding down behind the house. I will call him."

"Do dryads have fathers?" asked the Man. "I had never heard of it."

Again there was a pause. A twinkle fought for supremacy in the Dryad's eyes, and won the day. "Of course. They have family trees, you know!" she gurgled.

"That is so," said the Man gravely. "I never thought of it in that light before."

"Really!" said the Dryad. The twinkle had faded from her eyes, and now the brows were arched. "They have also, you see, family traditions to maintain. Did you wish to see my father?"

"Why do you think that?"

The twinkle struggled up again. "All sorts of queer people come to see him," she answered.

The Man made a very low bow. "Unfortunately," he said, "I haven't the honor of knowing your father, or even of knowing who he is. The only member of your family with whom I am acquainted is yourself."

"Are you as intimate with all your friends?" asked the Dryad.

The Man bowed again. "Alas, no!" he answered. "For you I have seen come out of your tree; them I only see come out of their front doors."

The Dryad moved as if to go up the path. "I fear," she said, "whatever your business is, my father can best attend to it."

"But I have no business!" cried the Man. "I hate business. I just saw the gate open and the tea things out, and I dropped in to say how much I like the house—it is really beautiful—and to ask for something to drink. I've walked fifteen miles this morning, and the motors kick up a horrid dust."

"You funny person," said the Dryad. "Do you drop in anywhere along the road when you are thirsty, and ask for tea?"

"Oh, dear me, no," exclaimed the Man. "Only when I like the house and when I think I'd be appreciated. I'm something of an authority on country houses. You see, I've built thirty-seven in New England this summer. And yours is just the one I want to copy for the thirty-eighth."

"You are an architect?"

"No," said the Man, "I am a writer."

"You must be a very successful one?" the Dryad remarked, with an interrogatory tone.

"Alas," he replied, "if it were so! But the truth is I am only a very thirsty one."

"You are a very persistent one," said the Dryad. "Well, come and have some iced tea."

"Iced!" the Man exclaimed rapturously. "The colder your drink, the warmer your welcome."

"Let us hope we are not out of ice," said the Dryad, moving up the path.

"And now," she continued, as the Man sat in a wicker chair consuming large quantities of cold drink from a long glass, "tell me all about your houses, because that is the only reason I am letting you stay."

"Have you an extra room in *your* house?" he inquired.

The Dryad had ceased by this time to manifest surprise. "Why?" she asked.

"Because, to tell you all about my houses would take at least a week," he answered.

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"Still, I don't mind. I've seen few places better worth stopping a week in."

The Dryad made no answer. She had pricked up her ears, listening intently to some sound far off. "My family are coming down the lane," she said hurriedly. "Who are you, quick? It's my big sister. She is frightfully particular."

"Poor little Dryad," the Man exclaimed. "Think of a dryad having a particular sister!"

"She lives in a rubber plant," said the Dryad.

The Man laughed. "I'm a wanderer of the windy world," he said, "and I hate particular sisters. Let me fly by the garden path."

"I'll show you the gate," she said, and they hastened down between the hollyhocks again, to the end of the path. "There's the gate," she pointed, leaning against the same tree where he had found her. "But the houses! I never heard about the houses! Thirty-seven of them, did you say?"

"Thirty-seven. And such gardens, oh, such gardens as you see in a dream when you've been thinking of summer on a slushy day in January. But no dryads, alas, no dryads! Good-by, little pink Dryad of Barrell Lane."

He put out his hand. She hesitated, took it. They laughed into each other's eyes, and he was gone through the hedge and the little gate, and down the lane toward the harbor. Behind her she heard sounds of people approaching the house. She leaned her cheek a moment reflectively against the tree, then moved up the path once more.

"Who's been having tea?" her sister demanded—a tall, fastidious, carefully bred girl of twenty-eight or thirty, whom you conceived of with difficulty as ever having rolled up her sleeves.

"Me and the Scholar Gypsy," retorted the Dryad, with a touch of enigmatic defiance, and went into the house much pleased with herself.

Perhaps her retort explains why she was reading Matthew Arnold's poems on the veranda that afternoon when everybody else in town had paddled up river to a tennis

THEY WENT SWIFTLY DOWN STREAM WITH THE EBB—.

tournament at the Country Club. But it doesn't wholly explain her start when she heard steps on the path. She rose as two men were shown out through the French window. One of them was the Scholar Gypsy. He was very clean and trim, and wore a Norfolk jacket. "They made me put a coat on," he complained, as the other solemnly introduced him. "They said it was only up at the plebeian 'Beach' that folks went round without coats. Will you please excuse it?"

"No," said the Dryad; "take it off at once."

He did so with a sigh of relief. "Cuffs, too," he moaned. "Oh, for the open road! It's man's only substitute for open work."

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—PAST THE PICTURE-BOOK WHARVES.

"I heard my sister singing 'Open work for the night is coming' the other day as she was dressing for dinner," remarked the second man, who was called Bobbie.

The other two looked at him severely. "For that," said the Scholar Gypsy, "you are sentenced to keep on alone to the tennis tournament, wherever it is. I hope it's ten miles off."

Bobbie gasped. "Well, I'll be——"

"You will if you don't take care," interrupted the other.

"I think," said the Dryad, "we'd all better go. I guess there's a canoe left."

"Not time for me," said Bobbie. "Got to beat it by trolley. Vulgar but necessary. Besides, I wish each of you no better luck than the other's society." And he was gone.

"How did you know Bobbie?" asked the Dryad.

"I couldn't help it," answered the Man. "Don't blame me. He was a classmate. I ran into him at the hotel. Now I want to go canoeing. The sea is so calm!"

"The sea?" she exclaimed.

"Surely. Did you never paddle out over the sea? Come on!"

She was down through the gate with him and down Barrell Lane and into a canoe before she knew it. It rather took her breath away; she wasn't a very tall Dryad and he was a very long-legged Scholar Gypsy; and it rather surprised her, too, for she had been bred to a wholesome fear of the harbor mouth in small craft, and canoes on the open ocean she associated only with reckless young sophomores in bathing suits. Yet somehow she was not afraid.

They went swiftly down stream with the ebb, past the picture-book wharves and the picture-book town sitting sunny by the sea, with its beautiful cottages clustering out on the green headland, through the anchored fleet of motorboats and yawls, and swung sharply at right angles, with the swirl of the tide, into the harbor mouth—a deep, narrow race hardly one hundred feet across, between walls of jagged, sea-worn rocks. No sailboat could work through without a fair wind; a launch was always hovering outside to pick up a tow. And if you in a small craft met a big motorboat in that race you had to watch sharp for the wash.

They met one when they were halfway through, and the Dryad squealed. But the Man dug his paddle in and spun to meet the first big wave, so that they tossed on it easily, like a cradle. The Dryad stopped squealing and almost enjoyed herself. "If my sister could only see me!" she exclaimed. "She'd be so mad!"

"Good!" said the Man. "I don't mind stating that I dislike your sister intensely."

"But you mustn't dislike people before you meet them."

"I have to; it's the only chance I get," said the Man plaintively. "After I've met a person I always find something to like in him. Now I'm positive your sister must have a good point or two, which I'm sure to discover."

The Dryad reflected on this awhile. Then a smile got into her eyes (which were gray-blue, the Man noted, just the color of the sea in the middle distance). "My sister is very well educated," she said.

"Vassar?" he asked apprehensively.

"Smith," said the Dryad.

"Help!" said the Man.

He paddled on in silence. They were out

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now past the weedy rocks that hemmed the race, almost on the open sea. The day was hot and still, and the sea lay smooth as a pond save for its long undulations. Quite suddenly his mood of banter had dropped away, and he gave himself up to that indescribable sensation of being a very tiny object buoyed up with supreme ease on Immensity, which can only be gained in a small boat on the open ocean. A few moments more, and they were out past the nose of the point—the rocky coast, with its distant white light on a green headland, its cliffs and yellow beaches, its hotels and towns, lying behind them, the glassy gray sea before. The canoe slid down the long, low swells as a marble rolls on a carpet when the wind lifts it from beneath. The line of the shore was blue now, and far. Those two in the canoe were the center of the universe, poised beneath the blue dome of the sky.

Then he spoke. "Are you growing enormously big inside?" he asked.

"I have grown enormously small and happy," she answered.

"I begin to suspect," he said seriously, "that you may live in one of my houses."

"Oh, the houses! Tell me about them now," said the Dryad, as he spun around for home on the crest of a swell.

"Well," said he, "the one I like best is in a little town high up in the northern Berkshires. The town is so high up, and so far off the main road, that only two motor cars have ever passed through it. That is one of its chief recommendations. The cemetery is said to be the highest piece of cultivated ground in Massachusetts. But it won't be after I plant my garden. From my front veranda you look down across a little pond in the woods to a mountain with six houses and a white spire at its base, and then through a hole in the hills down to the far blue plain of the lowlands. If you go through the house—which is easily done because the hall runs straight through, so that when you come down sleepy in the morning you can't tell which is the front door—and go up through the garden and the orchard and climb a stone wall and a pasture, and walk through a huckleberry patch and a grove of cedars, you suddenly almost tumble into Vermont—and that is very exciting."

"It must be," said the Dryad. "But how do you ever get by the huckleberries?"

"You don't," said the Man. "You never guess Vermont is there till after huckleberry time."

"What is the house like?"

"It is very simple, and has never been painted, so it is mouse gray. Nobody except me knows where brand-new mouse gray shingles, and clapboards a hundred years old, can be procured. In front it has a bricked terrace for a veranda, a great Doric door frame with a fan light, two windows on either side and, in the second story, five windows with heavy caps. There is no other ornamentation save the cornice and the ramblers. The chimney is in the middle of the roof—huge. The roof hangs long and low behind, to the top of the back front door."

"Why isn't the chimney in the middle of the hall," asked the Dryad, "if the hall is in the middle of the house?"

The Man looked at her sharply. "Don't be rude," he said. "Hear about the garden I am going to plant."

The Dryad folded her hands meekly.

"The path up to the house, you see, just walks right in, because the door stands open most of the time, and walks right out again at the rear and starts for the orchard. But it is going to get lost in the wilderness of larkspur and hollyhocks and love-in-a-mist and roses, and, all of a sudden, find itself bang up against a bit of a pool made by a natural spring with rocks and wild bushes behind, and a marble Actæon peeping through the leaves, the stag horns just beginning to sprout in his curly hair."

"Haven't you omitted something?" the Dryad inquired, a trifle rosily.

"The goddess comes at night," he answered. "I have never seen her."

"Have you ever tried?"

"I refuse to answer, by advice of counsel," said he.

The Dryad laughed. Then she looked up in his face more soberly, as if she would sympathize with some fancy dear to him that touched her, too. "How long were you in building this beautiful house?" said she.

He smiled back at her, but his face also was sober, almost wistful. "About an hour," he answered. "I built it while I was eating my lunch in the pasture by the spring. I followed a little trickle up from the road; that was how I found the spring. But it was a gloriously successful impromptu—all but the chimney. How can I keep the

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one big chimney in the middle and save the hall?"

"You must try again," she said.

"Will you help me?"

The Dryad looked down at her lap. "My sister studied the history of architecture," she said.

"I *hate* your sister," said the Man.

Her sister had returned from the tennis tournament when they came through the lengthening shadows in Barrell Lane, and was waiting with Bobbie on the veranda. "I presume," said she, as the introduction was made, "this is the gentleman who flees 'before this strange disease of modern life'?"

The Dryad flushed a deep, angry red, and when the Man looked at her for explanation she was looking at her sister in a way that boded storm. "I spoke of you as the Scholar Gypsy this noon," she said, hastily recovering herself. He bowed, this time to her sister. "I regret that I do not deserve the very flattering appellation," he said. "I am not even shy."

"I can believe that," said the Dryad's sister.

"You shall have no occasion to doubt it," said he.

"Time!" said Bobbie, and saved the situation.

The next day was Sunday. The Man realized it at breakfast, when he overheard two women at his table discussing the problem of which church to attend. He refrained with difficulty from offering to toss up a coin—heads, Episcopal; tails, Unitarian.

He went back upstairs to his little hotel room and dumped all the crumpled baggage out of his trunk—which had been sent on ahead for him, as was his custom, and had not been unpacked for a month. He kicked a hat under the bed, picked out a pipe and a bathing suit, and set off for the beach. On the road he met the Dryad and her sister and her father on their way to church. The Dryad looked very demure in gray. Her prayer book was bound in gray morocco. She oozed propriety.

"Are you not going to church?" her sister inquired, with mock astonishment.

"I am seeking godliness by the intermediate stage," he retorted, displaying the bathing suit. "Besides, I hate sermons."

"We have a young rector who is most interesting, most interesting," said the Dryad's father, a learned man. "He has read much; I am sure you would enjoy him."

"Not to-day, I fear," said the Man.

The Dryad hung back, in defiance of her sister's sharp glance. "Pity me," she whispered, "and come play with me after dinner."

The Man watched the party up the street. "What has that little wild thing to do in their solemn old churches?" he thought, and turned down to the bathing beach, whistling Mozart. He had at least one vanity—his prowess as a swimmer. To-day he raced out through the crowd of bathers with his Daniels' kick, like a human torpedo, and sported by himself on the swells three hundred yards from shore. It is to be feared he was showing off.

The Dryad was waiting that afternoon beside her tree. "Do you want to take a walk?" she asked.

"I seldom want to do anything else," he answered, and they set out down the lane, across a bridge, and plunged into the country.

"Did you have a good sermon?" he asked.

The Dryad answered with the air of one letting loose a long bottled resentment. "Sometimes I hate good people!" she exclaimed. "I mean, I hate their abuse of the virtues. Good people are so selfish! They think because another person's way isn't their way, the other person's motives must of course be bad. It's just as if somebody who could talk only English thought everybody who talked French or German thieves and liars. They say a thing's sinful because it's contrary to the conventions which they've raised to a religion. What they really mean is, merely, that it's pleasant."

"Amen," said the Scholar Gypsy. "Have 'they' been lecturing you?"

"I should say they had!" exclaimed the Dryad. She was in no mood for reticences. The relief of a confession was too pleasant. "It seems I was wicked to give you iced tea, and horribly bold to go canoeing with you, and I was forbidden to go walking with you this afternoon—*forbidden*, do you understand? Let's go miles and miles and miles!"

"And build a house and stay in it and never come back!" said the Scholar Gypsy. "We'll get that chimney right, and plant a garden, and watch for the goddess!"

Then he grew serious. The mouth of the little wild creature beside him was parted with pleasure. The thrill of a new game was over her, and the thrill of rebellion. By

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a mute telepathy he knew that the thrill of him was over her, too; that after a stiff, conventional girlhood, when she must have nourished a lonely inner life uncomprehended by her family, her whole being had leaped out unquestioningly to the response she found in him. And he knew well enough, by the answering thrill in his own breast, that he was playing with fire, with a little, pure, lambent flame of a soul, and that the game was going to be serious.

"Your sister was right," he said. "And I dislike her all the more."

"Why right?" The gray eyes looked up at him questioningly. "Surely you don't see any harm in our playing together? I do so want to play!" There was almost a sob in her voice.

He looked back into the gray eyes. To play! That's what he had been doing all his life. For hours he had toiled over manuscripts, unaware of the flight of time, in eager pursuit of a game. It never seemed work to him. That was how he made his living and won his freedom to roam all summer through the country, building his houses. The houses—they were play, too. And was this play, as well, this calling-out of the dryad soul in the little gray-eyed girl beside him? All the rest was play; yet it was his best reality. Why couldn't this be reality, too, if one kept on playing forever?

"Well, we shall see," was all he answered. The guardian sister might well have been alarmed.

They had gone a long way back into the country. The sea and the town had disappeared behind them, but the salt meadows were still off somewhere to the right. Presently the Dryad precipitately scaled a stone wall with a "Come on!" and plunged into a grove of pines.

"Cousins of yours?" he inquired, following after.

"Old gentlemen friends," she replied. "Didn't you know that the people who live in pines are old men? They are rather naughty old men, too, because they chase the little virgin birches. See there?"

She pointed to a clump of birches which were bending away from the pines exactly as if they were in full flight. "Do you know," she added, "father once explained to me that it is because the birches are seeking the light! Aren't scientists blind sometimes?"

"But why do the little virgin birches come among the pines?" he asked. "They must know what to expect."

"Silly, of course they do," said she. "That's why they come. *It's an adventure!*"

"There's one birch all by herself among a lot of pine gentlemen, and she's not running away at all," said the Man.

"The bold hussy!" laughed the Dryad, and led the way still faster through the woods. They came out with surprising suddenness on the top of a little rocky bluff. Behind them the tall pines pressed to the edge. In front, forty feet below, lay the river, sweeping through its brown salt meadows. Westward it wound up into rolling, partially wooded country, checkered with farms. Eastward it made straight for the distant roofs of the town and the blue bit of sea beyond. The Dryad let her companion look a few moments in silence. "And now, Master Builder," she said, "a castle, please!"

"Shall I have to climb to the top of the tower when it is done?" he smiled.

"To the very top," said she. "And I shall hear harps in the air."

"You will hear the wind in the pines," he answered. "I shall not climb the tower, for the very good reason that there ain't a-goin' to be no tower. I've always thought the Master Builder's house must have been a fearfully ugly affair. Anyhow, we will have no skyscraper style of architecture here, but something shy and low and hidden, half retreating into the pines."

"But peeping over the bluff, too?"

"Certainly, peeping over the bluff. Right here on the very edge in front we'll leave the grass for a veranda, but on the west side of the house we'll roof a real veranda in for an out-door room facing the sunset. The house will be but one story high, with a loft under the pitch of the roof to throw trunks, old magazines, and visitors in. There'll be one great room all across the front, with two great windows on either side of the plain, ample door. Behind that the house will wander back into the pines, on one side kitchens and things, on the other a chamber or two—not enough for visitors. We don't want visitors, do we?"

He used the first person plural almost unconsciously, in the eagerness of his fancy. The Dryad, being a woman, was of course less unconscious of personalities. She blushed. When he saw her blush he became conscious, and tingled. Then she

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WITH HER HAND ABOUT HIS ARM LEST SHE FALL—THEY PEERED OVER THE LEDGE OF ROCKS.

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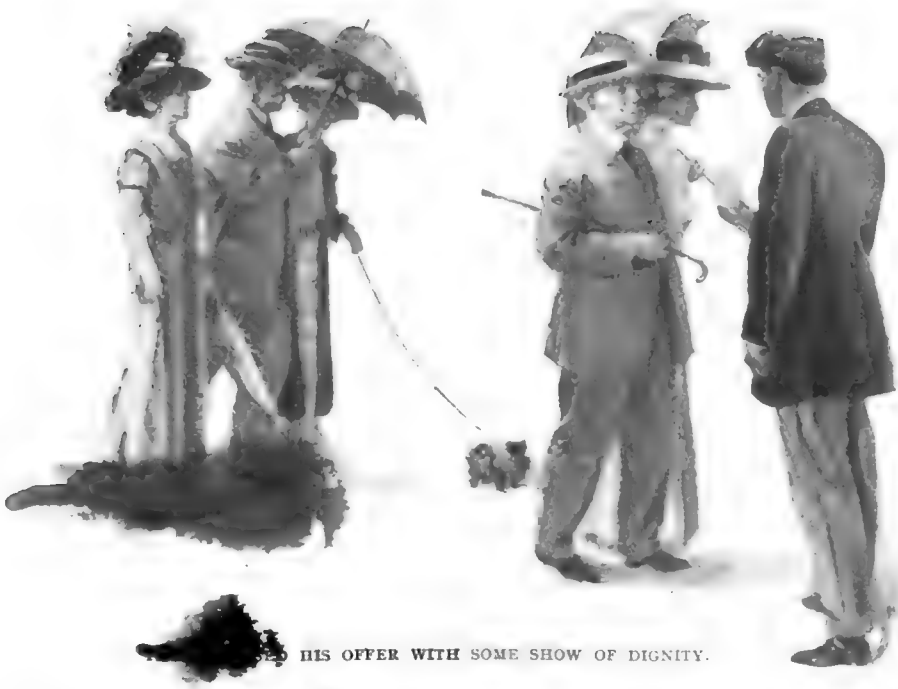

HIS OFFER WITH SOME SHOW OF DIGNITY.

evidently tingled, too, [illegible] blushed the harder, and, being but [illegible] Dryad after all, spoke hastily. "Shall we build the garden next, or the float?"

"There's not much chance for a garden here," he said, looking back into the woods. "I suppose you'll want a door opening out of your room so you can run to chat with your pine gentlemen friends? Perhaps we'd best build the float next; and maybe we can treat the face of the bluff in some way with shrubs and flowers. That would be jolly! If we could only get a procession of hollyhocks to march up the bluff led by a captain sunflower! Let's look."

They moved back from the woods to the very edge of the bluff, and with her hand about his arm lest she fall—a perfectly natural attitude, surely—they peered over the ledge of rocks. And directly below, looking up as if they expected the sight, sat her father and sister in a canoe!

The Dryad started guiltily, letting go his arm, and all the pleasure went out of her eyes. The Man looked annoyed; then he grinned. He was the first to speak. "Peek-a-boo!" he said, looking directly at her sister.

That very dignified person did not deign to reply. "What are you doing up there?" she said sternly to the Dryad.

"Wondering what you and Daddy are doing down there," was the reply.

"We were examining the rock strata in this ledge," said her father. "It is a capital example of Pliocene of the Tertiary era."

"Bully for the pater," whispered the Man. "There's no grouch there. Buck up!"

"I trust," said her sister, "that in your Bohemian wanderings with the Scholar Gypsy you will not neglect to return in time for tea."

"We shall both be hungry," said the Dryad. "Please save enough for two."

Her sister raised her eyebrows in some surprise at this stroke, but her father spoke first. "Surely," he said, "by all means. But remember we sit down sharp at seven."

"Your sister sits down sharp at any hour of the day, doesn't she?" said the Man, as the canoe moved off down stream. But the Dryad made no reply. A change had come over her. She looked listlessly at the site of their house and moved back through the pines, keeping some distance from her companion's side. He said nothing, being wise enough in the ways of women to know that their domestic relations affect their psychology in channels too devious for mere man to follow. What he did not guess was that her wholly unconscious and natural

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grasp of his arm, when detected, had shown her, as in a lightning flash, a something within herself that sobered, even frightened her. He was no longer for her a poet and a playmate. He was something terrible and dear; but just now almost an enemy.

At tea that evening he put off his paradoxical, bantering manner, and talked geology learnedly with her father, for he knew a good bit, at least, about the evidences of the great ice invasion which had once swept down from the north across New England. Her sister he won to a grudging attitude of tolerance, even of half liking. But the Dryad he could not win again. She held aloof, in silence, watching him when she herself was unobserved, almost furtively. She did not come with him to the door, though her father and sister did. She said good night so low that it was hardly audible. And he went up Barrell Lane wondering.

The wonder did not cease when he sat down in his room at the hotel. But presently he gave up the problem for the contemplation of his latest architectural accomplishment, and the share the Dryad had in it. It was, on the whole, not so well situated as his other houses; it was too far inland for a shore abode, and yet on a tide river, which he disliked. It had no garden, though the hollyhocks up the bluff pleased him. It certainly wasn't much to look at, being overshadowed by the pines. But it had a solidity none of the other houses possessed. It had a human warmth about it. He went into the living room, and heard ahead of him the rustle of a woman's gown; he went into a chamber, and the fragrance of a woman's presence smote him there. His other houses, that he had loved so much, were suddenly shadow things—and he did not care! This one made up for all the rest. Play things! Play Man, she had called him. Well, he was! Thirty-seven dream mansions, but no home—only a lone, lanky fellow in a pasture, eating crackers and peanut butter, stupidly content with his diet, his loneliness, his dream architecture.

Here was the Dryad beating the wings of her spirit against the bars of the Conventional; and here was he, a free rover. And in twenty years would she still beat, in twenty years would the world for him still be an adventure, if neither were aided? And who could aid either but the other? And presently he took up a piece of paper and wrote this:

"The pine harps sigh a slumber song,
The purple river [illegible] along
Forever to th[illegible]
And round our[illegible]
And sight of fi[illegible]
And Dryads shy [illegible]
Our company shall lie.

"So sweet it is to dream a dream,
Until things are not wh[illegible] seem,
And fettered souls [illegible]
Yet if we dreamed so [illegible]
We never heard the waking cry,
Nor saw th[illegible]ld world go by,
What th[illegible]n and me?"

He read the words over, then went to the window and leaned out a long time. Finally he crept downstairs out of the sleeping hotel, through the dark [illegible]e town to Barrell Lane, and tucked the verses, rolled in a wad, under the bark of the Dryad's tree. Then he walked back to the beach, left his clothes on the sand, and plunged in. Whenever his spirit was on the heights, his body demanded the shock of cold water and utter freedom from garments. His first and irresistible impulse after any taxing work was finished was always to swim. Presently he went quietly and calmly back to his room, and fell instantly asleep.

The next morning he went up through the garden, and the note was still there, one little white corner of it peeping out from under the bark like a cocoon. It suddenly occurred to him that there was no reason why it shouldn't be there; that if it had not been, the gardener was the one most likely to have found it. His first impulse was to tear it up. But he did not. Rather sheepishly he tucked it farther under, out of sight.

The Dryad met him on the side veranda. She looked heavy-eyed, tired. "We'll have to speak to those toads in your tree if

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they keep you awake nights," he laughed. "Scolded?" he added in a lower tone.

She shook her head. "No," she said, "only by myself."

He was plainly puzzled. "You're a poor sort of 'Nora,'" he remarked.

The Dryad smiled a little wistfully, looking down upon him, for he still stood in the path at her feet. Then she turned abruptly. "Bathing is the family program to-day," she said.

"Does that include me?"

"Yes, if you want to come," came back from the French window.

The family moved presently in sedate procession toward the beach. Another elderly sedate gentleman joined them on the way, and two friends of the Dryad's sister. As the party increased, so did the Man's spirits. "I feel six when I look at your sister's friends," he whispered to the Dryad. He dashed into the post office, which was post office on one side and "general store" on the other three, and emerged with a lollipop in his mouth and a bag of them in his hand, which he proffered gravely to all of the party. They refused his offer with some show of dignity, so he and the Dryad went on ahead sucking their lollipops defiantly. They were in their bath houses long before the others, racing to see who would change first. The Dryad, shy and demure in the clothes he had seen before, emerged from the low, dark doorway of her bath house in a scarlet suit, with scarlet stockings on her straight, trim legs. The Man gasped. "Who are you?" he said.

"I always want to go down joyful into the sea," she answered. "Don't I look joyful?"

"You look adorable," he assured her.

The Dryad colored to match her suit. "It's a terrible scandal," she said. "Only my family name has saved my reputation. It's not so bad when it's wet, though."

They hopped high over the first small wave, and the Dryad disappeared head first into the oncoming big one. "Hello!" said the Man. "You and I'll play 'Amphibian' now!"

"Quick, then, before the family can call us back!"

The Dryad swam well. The joy of the waves was on her, and they were three hundred yards off shore before she spoke. "I've never done this before," she panted finally. "They'd never let me."

"Easy, easy!" the Man cautioned. "We're a good way out for you, I guess, and we've got to go back."

The tide was on the ebb, and when they turned the girl made small headway for all her efforts. Suddenly she went white. "I—I—can't do it!" she gasped, beginning to kick blindly.

The Man's body slid under hers. "Don't puff, don't work!" he said. "Put one hand on my shoulder and lie out as flat on the water as you can. I know your funk. It's horrible. But we're all right."

The Dryad did as he told her, and felt his shoulders churn under her arm. The shore came nearer. It was good to lie so, to feel him so strong. The funk left her as quickly as it had come, but left her weak and powerless. She could not help her body touching his. When the rollers lifted him, she lay in the hollow of his back. He said nothing for a time, swimming diagonally toward the outer end of the beach to catch the aid of the current. They were now a long way from the other bathers. Presently he sank his feet and touched. She sank her feet, too, but did not touch, going under. The Man's arm closed around her waist and lifted her high. As she turned her dripping face to his he was looking at her strangely, and holding her close. "God bless the tide!" he said. "Why don't you watch when the postman comes to your house?"

Still in his arms, she said, "What do you mean? We don't have free delivery?"

"Your real house," he answered. He still held her to his side, though he had waded into four feet of water. Their dripping faces were close together. Up the beach the other bathers could be heard shouting. The surf pounded just beyond them. The ocean was dancing with sun. They looked at each other with a kind of hungry, frightened questioning. The man drew her still tighter for an instant. Then she pushed him gently away and splashed in through the surf.

That afternoon he floated alone up river on the tide and studied the problem of growing hollyhocks on Pliocene strata. There was a faint young moon behind him when at evening he entered the dark nave of Barrell Lane and softly undid the garden gate. Something white shimmered by the tree. It detached itself as he drew near, and he folded it about.

Presently a happy little voice came up to him from somewhere under his chin. "But maybe it was only poetry, not a proposal. I

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forgot you were just a Play Man!" And the Dryad slipped out of his arms.

"It must have been a proposal," said he, "because any disinterested person would testify it wasn't poetry."

"I guess I'm not disinterested. It *was* poetry—dear, dear poetry!" said the Dryad, and crept back into his arms.

Presently, again: "This is so sudden, Mr. Play Man. What can I tell the family?"

"Nothing," said he, "till August twenty-fourth. I shall propose on August twenty-fourth. Meanwhile, we'll get acquainted."

"We are beginning auspiciously," whispered the Dryad.

Presently, yet again: "I think it would be better to have two chimneys than lose the hall."

"I've an awful confession to make," said the Man in hollow tones. "You may leave me, after you hear. There will be no chimney, and no hall! We shall live in a Harlem flat!"

The Dryad nestled closer. "There is no such thing as a Harlem flat," she said, "not for people who know how to play."

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THE TILTING ISLAND

By THOMAS J. VIVIAN and GRENA J. BENNETT

Authors of "The Dream Bottle," "Very High Finance," Etc., Etc.

Illustrations by J. E. Jackson

THE historians, when all the mass of contradictory reports had been winnowed out, established the fact that it was Joe Angel, the White Wing, otherwise Giuseppe Angelotti, otherwise No. 964 of the Street Cleaning Department of New York, who first saw it.

It was two hours past midnight of a still, murky summer night. Heat and humidity had settled like a blanket over the city, and a ragged moon swam, melting, in a sullen sky. Joe was wiping his brow with his sleeve as he trundled his refuse pail across 125th Street, just east of Eighth Avenue. The motion, and the dullness born of the heat, prevented him from seeing the crack in the pavement until the wheels of his cart bumped into it. The street was well lighted; he had no difficulty in seeing the crack after his attention had been called to it by the jolt. He stopped and looked at it, puzzled. He had swept that section of the street but a quarter of an hour before, and he had noticed no rift in the asphalt then. It was quite a crack, too—six inches wide, and so long that it ran from a point opposite Kinsman's drug store as far east as Joe could see.

Inspector Rafferty strolled along just then. "Another av thim rotten asphalt jobs," he said. He was turning away, when a snapping, crackling noise proceeded from the break. And immediately it became a cleft. Joe and Rafferty jumped for their lives; the barrow went clanging down into the gap of a two-foot trench. With an uneven rattling like the discharge of a Gatling gun with a rusty cog, the trench widened and deepened. The handles of the barrow sank slowly out of sight.

"'Tis either the sewer or the water main that's gone!" cried Rafferty. But he was crossing himself with a trembling hand which gave the lie to his materialistic explanation. Something in the hot stillness of the night, in the regularity with which the crack widened and deepened, gave the whole phenomenon a sinister portent. But he gathered himself together and rushed to notify Police Headquarters that 125th Street was falling in.

By the time Rafferty had hung up the telephone, he was aware that the crackling of the breaking asphalt had increased to a booming. There was a strange vibration underfoot, too—not the violent shaking of an earthquake, but a continued disturbance of the earth more haunting and terrible because more persistent. Rafferty hurried out of doors.

A group of men passed him on a stumbling run. Farther on, three street cars were piled up, end to tail. A fourth stopped with a jarring jolt as though it had struck something. And Rafferty saw that the crack had changed in aspect. Not only was it widening, but it had also affected the level of the pavement. The northern side was lower than the street level, or the southern higher—which, it was impossible then to determine. At the point where it neared the car tracks, the rails, lifted from their fastenings, had parted. A flash of electric light illuminated violently all the blockaded cars—and their lamps went out all together. The underground feed rails had snapped.

Among the sleepy, irritated passengers who tumbled out to find the cause for this stoppage of traffic was a stout, Teutonic gentleman—Heinrich Herman, Professor of Geology at Columbia. Though Americanized and a disciplinarian, he still felt at times the old Heidelberg call within, which only much beer and protracted penuchle could assuage. The call had been answered and he was returning to his bachelor quarters on Riverside Drive for a few hours of reparatory sleep.

With an air of ponderous irritation, then, he joined the gaping, pushing crowd which edged that irregular trench along 125th Street. As he stood, there came one of those

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slight tremors which had been recurring at intervals ever since Joe the White Wing had first seen the crack. The professor heaved his great bulk against the crowd and pushed forward to the edge of the trench. As he looked, the gap shivered and widened again.

The mouth of the Herr Professor Herman dropped open like the mouth of the trench; then his whole frame stiffened. "Himmel!" he gasped under his breath, "can it be—that which I thought?"

And now a compact line of police was bearing down on the crowd, which, like all street gatherings in New York, seemed bent on thrusting itself obstinately into any danger that might threaten. Professor Herman found himself pushed back with the eddy, whirling away from the official night sticks. Suddenly a new vibration, no longer indefinite, shook the earth, and the whole north side of the street seemed to drop a foot. Only seemed to drop; in reality the south side had risen. The optical illusion (it was afterward explained) was like that of a passenger on a stationary car who thinks that he is moving backward because he sees a car on a parallel track moving forward.

The police line, on the edge of the crack, got the full force of the shock. Lieutenant Tiernan, in command, was thrown off his feet. He jumped up shouting: "It's an earthquake—get them back if you have to kill them!"

Then, as the police rallied and charged, a hissing, streaming sound ran the length of the crack. Immediately from the broken mains a geyser of water and gravel spouted thirty feet in the air and struck the line of police midway. Two more geysers sprang up to right and left; then they died down into gigantic springs which made the street a shallow, but turbulent river.

When the terrified crowd had recovered a little from the shock of this new catastrophe, that happened which drove in the chill. They moved in darkness. The gas and electric lights had gone out. The flying, dancing drops from the river which had been 125th Street flickered only in the faint light of the ragged old moon. And in this darkness they heard the roar of the three dying geysers change to the rush of a cataract. The water main had given way all along its length. The river became a Niagara which coursed through the cross-streets, tumbling and tossing those who had been slowest to run. The police line, which had reformed and held again, was now quite broken and in the rush of the torrent many men were caught and dashed shrieking against the tottering houses and the iron pillars of the elevated.

Then, a new horror appeared. The electric wires, the telephone and telegraph conduits being snapped, their broken ends came into contact with the twisted street car rails. In a twinkling there was a series of great zigzag flashes. The rivers that had been streets blossomed suddenly with a thousand lambent flames, which no water could quench. As the waters dashed the wires here and there, these flames died and lived again; darted like the fires of St. Anthony. The horses of a milk wagon came floundering into the current of the main river. They struck one of these writhing, flaming spots, and tumbled over so suddenly that the wagon piled up on top of them.

It was by this intermittent glare from the wires that Jimmie Dalton, Harlem Department man for the *Chronicle*, made his spectacular appearance on the scene, as a recognized actor in the tragedy. The Harlem office of the *Chronicle* was on the north side of 125th Street and just about opposite the point of breakage from which the first and central geyser spouted, and Dalton had been trying to get into communication with the city editor. The great stream washed out the office as though ten fire department nozzles rolled into one had been directed against it; and in the washout, Dalton, who was a small man, went along with the ruins of the wooden counter.

He was clinging to this, raft-fashion, and paddling his way toward Eighth Avenue when the geysers turned into a cascade and, from paddling with some degree of individual action, Dalton was carried helplessly away in the rapids. These, as luck would have it, struck the south front of Kinsman's drug store and eddying there, bore him in a wild backwater down Eighth Avenue, and so on into the shelter of an Italian bootblack's stand which was built against the east wall of the Colonial Hotel. Also he dashed against a stout and elderly gentleman who was splashing through the flood.

Dalton's raft hit the stranger violently.

"Care, care! Have a care," said the stranger, "or you will impale me."

Dalton, reporter to the core, noticed that he spoke with a German accent.

A flicker of moonlight shone across the pro-

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fessor's face. "Herman of Columbia!" said Dalton. "I reported your extension lectures last spring for the *Chronicle*."

He got to his feet and shoved his raft into the central eddy of the stream. "I guess I can get along without this now. Safe and sound, are you? My God! I wonder what's happened."

Professor Herman stood dripping in the moonlight, something more solemn than terror in his face. "Perhaps I alone know—I of all that see this—what it is that may happen!" His expression changed. "Where can we get a telephone that is working? The newspapers—the whole city—should be notified!"

This practical consideration woke the reporter again in Jimmie Dalton.

"Two-thirty!" he said, "and only five minutes to catch the last edition—it will be an extra if I don't! Wires all down on 125th Street—we'll have to see if the Adams Express Company wire is working."

They splashed down Eighth Avenue. The driven crowd had rallied on the edge of the torrent; Dalton perceived three men dragging a limp form out of the waters. On the edge of the gutter he stumbled against another.

"Two dead, anyway!" he cried. They were now in an outpost of light; for here, it seemed, gas and electricity were not yet affected. The affected district stood like an unlit vacant lot in the midst of an illuminated tenement area. It was Sergeant Farley of the 34th Precinct Reserves who saw the first slinking figures edging their way into the darkened doors. At once he called his men, battered out these undesirables, set up the fire lines back of which the crowd was held, and so, it was afterwards said, averted the looting of the Harlem business district.

The barricade did more than save property, it saved life; for barely had 125th Street been cleared when a sickening, wavelike motion seemed to run from east to west across the whole district south of that thoroughfare, and in that undulation a business house and a fashionable restaurant building on Seventh Avenue quavered and collapsed, while high over the rattle and boom of the falling buildings sounded the sharp alarm whistle of the elevated. Dalton threw a swift glance upward. The luminous mass of a train shone from the structure above them; then suddenly it was blotted out.

"Run!" he cried. "The L is toppling!"

It did not fall then, however. It only shook and buckled to some tremendous strain, and swayed like a rope ladder against the side of a tumbling ship. And then—panic. The crowd, bursting through the police lines broke into knots and scattered in twenty courses of flight. The babble of that fear sounded even from above; the passengers of the elevated, threading a course made dangerous by the twisted structure, were pressing their dreadful way along the tracks to the station stairs.

Save for the police, it seemed that only Dalton and the professor kept their ground. They stood for a time holding each to the other's shoulder and swaying as the crowd swayed about them. But German stability, together with that other mysterious thing which shone in his eyes, held the professor firm. As for Dalton the reporter, his soldier-like sense of duty was simplicity itself,—he must report to his office.

On Hancock Square, a watchman of the Adams Express Company was dragging shut the big door to keep out the panicky crowd. Dalton fought his way to the watchman, whom he knew, and begged for the use of the wire.

"What's the matter—an explosion?" asked the watchman.

"Yes," snapped Dalton, as the shortest way out of it. "Quick—I must get the *Chronicle!*"

The transmitter, as he put it to his ear, still gave the buzzing which showed that the wire was alive. Yet he was an age getting the office. The watchman and the professor, standing close, each eager for news, heard both sides of the conversation.

"Hello—the city desk—quick—well, I don't care if there is a big story down there, this is a better one. Is this Wilson?"

"No, Perkins—is that Dalton?—For God's sake, get down to the Battery!"

"Wait! I've got a smasher up here. Earthquake or something in Harlem. Houses down, water mains running in the street, lights all off—Hello—must be a lot killed—I saw two—safe to play many dead for the extra——"

"That's a big story," came an agitated voice from the other end of the wire. "But there's a bigger one here. Subway tunnel has caved in or something, and the whole bay is pouring into the hole. Five trains in there—must be dead—Hello—never mind up there—Mr. Wilson wants you at the Battery—no, come to the office—" A dead silence and the

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"IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE—GET THEM BACK IF YOU HAVE TO KILL THEM!"

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stoppage of all sensation in the wire; and at the same instant the lights which illuminated the great warehouse went out.

Out of the darkness came the professor's voice, sharp, thrilling. "Where are you going now—where do you go now?"

Dalton's voice had a shiver in it. "To the office," he said.

The professor's speech was an explosion again. "You go to your duty—I go, too—to mine!"

"But what has happened?" asked Dalton, as the watchman had asked him five minutes before.

They were outside the warehouse now. From half a dozen quarters came hazes of rosy light, as though dawn were breaking all about the horizon. A fire engine clattered down the street, splashing through the water, bumping upon this obstruction or that.

"Fire!" whispered Dalton. "Why, it's San Francisco over again!"

"Yes," said the voice beside him. "San Francisco and more. Come—if we are to see. Come, let us go! It is too late to warn, but not, I hope, too late to see the end. But we must hasten ourselves."

All southbound lines of transportation seemed broken. The elevated structure down to 110th Street was so badly warped that a stalled train had been left deserted on the tracks just beyond the station, and below that the problem of effecting a shortened traffic by switching the cars had not yet been solved. The Eighth Avenue surface was disorganized as far along Central Park West as one could see; the Lenox Avenue subway was flooded and a man running wildly northward panted out the information that the Broadway tube was jammed, dark and out of running.

"Let us walk," said the Professor, "the further we walk down town the sooner it may be shall we come to some means of transportation. Anyway it will be a Forwards." But as fortune would have it they had not to walk far, for when they reached 110th Street, Dalton, who had been keeping his sharp eyes busy, pointed up Cathedral Parkway. Across its vista a flat-wheeled Amsterdam Avenue car could be seen clap-clapping downtownwards.

"Ah," said the Professor, "evidently the disturbance thus far is very much localized."

Evidently the Professor's ideas of "localization" were drawn on a generous scale, for as the two reached the Cathedral Close and looked down over the valley of Morningside Park they could see the quick lighting up of the houses, could hear the rush of frightened families into the open slopes of the park as they ran from their quivering homes; while from the blackened area about 125th Street came the dull roaring of an excited multitude, punctuated here and there with the rattle of some explosion, the thud of some falling building, or the sudden leaping of a flame where one of the great fires that devastated so much of Harlem had started. And near at hand out of the darkness there came a dreadful monotone from some crazed man "Prepare ye, for the Day of the Lord is come!" When they reached Amsterdam Avenue eight crowded cars filled with turbulent, wild-eyed passengers, flew past them before they could find squeezing room in the ninth.

"Step lively if you want to get down town," said the conductor, "we're all gone plum crazy up here."

"Do you think," asked Dalton as the car bumped slowly southward "that we are really in for anything like the San Francisco shake-up?"

"No," said the Professor, "I think not. In the case of San Francisco there was a break and consequent subsidence in the earth's crust,—a slip, a displacement that extended downwards, perhaps for miles, and the tremor of which was felt all over the world. Here, there has been but a displacement in a local geological formation."

"You mean that the disturbance is limited to New York?" asked Dalton.

"I mean that I think it is confined to Manhattan Island," said the Professor. "I have made a study of this island for the past fifteen years and in my opinion it is one of the most wonderful geological formations in the world. When some millions of years ago the bottom of the Laurentian Lake rose and spilled out all its waters, the torrent that came rushing south formed the Hudson, carved the Palisades and scoured out the Hackensack Valley. What is now Manhattan Island was then the seaward spur of the range that goes up through Westchester; but in that flood the insecure base of these hills was washed out and the stable summit of the isolated ridge which we call Manhattan settled down like a plate on soft butter. It might have stayed so for as many ages as it had already stood, but for two causes. Through the soft foundation run ridges of rock—and on such a ridge rests the lower part of the island. And at 125th

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Street is a fault—you know what that is—a weakness of rock. I knew always of that fault at 125th Street. I knew that if the strain came, and if the fault should break, the island would tip and tilt as though a man had laid his hand heavily upon one side of the plate."

Dalton spoke as a man in a nightmare, ready to believe in any strange fantasy: "But what has broken it—where is the strain?"

"Ah, they could not have believed it—our ancestors! Like Babel we have built. Who thought that we little things could have made an island, a whole island tilt? But we have massed on its end those buildings—twenty stories of steel, thirty stories, forty stories—that is the hand of man on the edge of the plate. Do you see now?"

"But when will the tilting stop? It can go only so far!"

"*Ach*, that is the question! When the island has slid from its base, it may slide on until the tallest tower we have is below the sea. And if it starts one tidal wave! But let that come, and we shall tip and slide to extinction." He paused here. "The richest tract of ground on the planet—gone, all gone—unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I am right in my other surmise—and that is a dim hope. I have maintained always there is another fault across the lower island near Cortlandt Street. Salvation may lie in the weakness of that fault!"

At this moment there came one of the periodic shocks. It seemed heavier than the others, but more even. There was no vicious twisting and rasping in it, only a gentle, steady heave. The car stopped with a jerk that threw Dalton and the Professor in a heap on the floor. When they had scrambled to their feet they found that the conductor and motorman had deserted the car and that on the down-town track ahead was a long blockade of other deserted cars. On the other track cars raced up town, crowded with white faced passengers. On the streets were throngs trudging north. The panic march had shifted from southward to northward. And presently Dalton began to resolve the hurrying crowds into their elements, to observe this or that incongruity of dress and behavior, to take mental notes for the story which might never be written: A man wearing an ulster over his pajamas and carrying a French horn; a woman dragging a bureau; a child crying alone; three men carrying from the doorway of a wreck something covered with a sheet. A figure sitting on a fire plug, his face buried in his hands, attracted him longer; for this one wore the official badge of the Fire Department. Dalton stopped to touch him on the shoulder and ask for news. The fireman lifted his face; he was weeping. "No water!" he gasped; and he buried his face again.

A little runabout had come up the street before them and slowed down to a stop. A popping noise came from its engines. The youthful, bareheaded driver, showing in all his motions the panic which had sent him fleeing away from the fall of a city toward the open fields, jumped down, seized the crank, and turned it violently. Leaping back into the seat, he pulled the clutch. The machine bounded forward a few feet and stopped again. At that moment, a great touring car came through the growing procession of vehicles making northward. The young driver of the runabout signaled with both arms; these were friends, apparently, for the touring car slowed down, took him aboard, and whirled off. Dalton shook himself.

"Gee! Here's a chance," he said, "What do we care for cars? I can run this machine—there's nothing wrong but a stopped feed pipe, I guess." Under the daze which overlaid his senses, Dalton felt his instincts running calm, matter-of-fact. Going to the stalled machine he cut off the tank, unscrewed a section of the feed pipe, blew into it, squinted through it against the bright side of the heavens. "That's all!" he exclaimed. "A clogged feed pipe and a bad case of rattles!" He set the feed pipe back in place, tickled the carburetor, and cranked up the machine. It reverberated full power. "Now to steal a ride!"

Professor Herman had squeezed himself into the left-hand seat before he lifted his eyebrows and inquired: "South?"

Dalton nodded solemnly: "To see it through!" The Professor patted his shoulder. And they two, the only human beings, it seemed, who, knowing that terror and peril lay that way, turned toward the point where the prow of Manhattan was droping as though it would bury itself in the Bay. They drove south, recklessly, along Amsterdam Avenue.

Indeed, as they traveled on past blocks of damaged buildings, past blocks which stood a-tilt and intact, it occurred to Dalton to marvel at the instinct which drove the crowds northward. He and the Professor alone knew the meaning of this calamity—and he

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PRESSING THEIR DREADFUL WAY ALONG THE TRACKS.

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himself was only half convinced. Save for those who burrowed in their homes, or fought the sporadic fires, the drift was north, away from the seaward point of the island—always north. The procession, bizarre, outlandish, moved without seeming consciousness of danger or calamity. That was the fearful and chilling thing about it—or would have been had Dalton been susceptible to fear or chill. There was none of the whirl or burr of the accustomed city crowd. Sound itself seemed as dazed as mind. Twice he was aware, by the sudden acceleration of motion in the machine under him, by the rattle of buildings falling at a distance, by the sudden stoppage of movement among the people, that the slipping had continued. After the second of these shocks, the professor said:

"It is a gulf now—that crack at 125th Street. Will that lower fault hold—will it hold!" That was the only word spoken in their passage, except a sharp direction now and then as they turned east or west to avoid the blocks where the pile of fallen bricks and mortar barred the way.

At Fifty-ninth Street, indeed, they had to make a long detour westward to avoid a fire which stretched across Broadway east and west. At Tenth Avenue they found passage, turned toward Broadway again at Thirtieth Street, and struck another fire. So they zigzagged toward the open space of Union Square, and came out suddenly upon a huddled crowd whose clamors had been reaching them indistinctly for blocks. It lay like a flock of uneasy blackbirds over the whole greensward. Presently, as Dalton slowed down and stopped the machine for very wonder of the sight, the crowd resolved itself into its elements—group on group of men and women and children sitting on bundles, pathetically clinging to their belongings till the last; an ambulance, centering a circle of prostrate figures and guarded by a squad of policemen; a fringe of buzzing, pushing, gesticulating men.

As Dalton looked, some commotion agitated the crowd on the side farthest from them; it manifested itself in a buzzing, sprinkled with shouts. Then two shots; and immediately the police who held the line at the corner nearest them closed up at a word of command and trotted wearily toward the disturbance.

And then the earth heaved again.

Dalton gripped the clutch in instinctive fear that he would be pitched out of the machine. A roar sounded in his ears; he saw the face of a tall building on the Broadway side tilt, tilt,—and fall. All his senses went out in the crash as the mass met the pavement. He came to himself in a thick, white vapor. By instinct, he fumbled for the reverse to back away. The machine did not respond. All he felt for a moment was irritation that the machine should trick him. Memory returned with a flash—he had stopped the engine—he must get out and crank up. He set his feet on earth. They held firm.

And then the crowd struck. A great Hun, charging in the van, saw this vehicle of civilization. Russian and Pole and Italian tumbled after him toward it. Dalton wriggled away; he caught sight of the Professor scrambling from the other side. Without a word they fell in beside each other; without a word they trudged south. A policeman, his blue coat speckled white with mortar, stopped them. Dalton showed his reporter's card.

"You're a fool if you go on south," said the policeman. "The bridges are gone!" His voice broke. "The bridges are gone!"

Dalton pushed on past him. But this human speech opened his mind to a languid curiosity. "Why are we keeping on?" he asked the Professor.

"Well, let them think so," he continued, "I'm on the job."

"That is true and good," said the Professor. "Moreover, when you have feared all, there is nothing more to fear! We know, we two." He threw a gesture back toward the huddled crowd in Union Square. "What if they die sooner or later? We keep on for duty—we see salvation or the destruction of all!"

And presently, out of their nightmare, their confusion of fires and barricades and falling walls avoided, their recurrent stupors when the earth heaved, they were before a great building on Broadway. Its shell remained intact; the work of an honest builder held it firm. Here the professor stopped, and out came one of his Germanic bursts.

"The end or salvation is near!" he said. "How can we see better than from up there?"

Dalton looked up along its fourteen stories. The submerged half of his mind, which had directed hands and limbs and speech, told him how foolish it was, this proposal. The other half, which seemed to govern now, was indifferent. And up the stairs they trudged and panted and trudged on. At the top story, Professor Herman smashed his great bulk against a door. It gave. The windows

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"LOOK, MY BOY, LOOK! THE LOWER FAULT HAS BROKEN!"

looked south. Herman threw himself into an office chair and panted; but his eyes searched the horizon. The fires were mostly behind them. Still, a column of smoke which was becoming a cloud rose from the tenement quarter of the lower West Side. Before them lay the mighty skyscrapers, massed like Genii's palaces—great beyond the imagination of man. The Professor dragged Dalton to a window.

"Look!" he shouted, pointing southward with a vibrating finger. "Look at that congregation of mighty skyscrapers that crowds the lower end of the island. That mountain range of masonry with its towering peaks of copper and its titantic ribs of steel; that mass of millions of tons that has been superimposed on the fragile extremity of the island; that gigantic, horrific mass has broken down one of the outpost foundations of Manhattan and the island is tilting to its destruction!"

"My God!" whimpered Dalton. "Do you

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mean that the whole blamed thing will plunge down into the bay at that end and up into the air in Harlem, and then crack to pieces and we'll all go with it?"

"Yes," cried the Professor. "It is the end! It is the end—unless that further point breaks off at the Cortlandt Street fault and plunges to its own destruction. So watch the cataclysm, fill your eyes with the awful wonder of the spectacle. We are seeing that of which we shall never speak again. My young and so strangely met with friend, let us take hands and die like men."

"Will it all be over soon?"whispered Dalton, as he clutched the Professor's free hand. "Gee! but I would like to have said goodbye to mother and Lil."

"One more such vibration," shouted the Professor, as the roof crackled and leaped above them, and a high-pitched roar of dismay came from the streets below. "One more! Then perdition for us all! One more —unless the saving something happens— And God of Mercy, that something is happening! Look! Look!" he cried, his voice running up into a high falsetto shriek. "Look, my boy, look! The lower fault has broken!"

And Dalton, following the quavery line of the Professor's pointing finger with his own staring eyes, saw that huge mass of skyscrapers with their cyclopean walls, their glistening summits and their deep canyons of shade, quiver and rock and slide and topple into the harbor! Up leaped a monster tidal wave that pared off the docks on both sides of the island, that swamped the huge transatlantic steamers and that swept in over the city to the base of the building on which Herman and Dalton stood and watched the horror below.

But as they watched the waters rolled back, carrying their dreadful burden of dead and debris, one huge tremor ran through the earth from north to south as the island settled back to its level. And Manhattan was saved!

LOVE IS SO STRONG

By CONSTANCE JOHNSON

LOVE is so strong;
It joins our souls forever more, Sweetheart,
No matter though the winds of ill blow long,
No matter how the storms of life upstart,
Love is so strong.

Yet Love is weak;
It cannot stand alone amid the strife,
It cannot teach our faltering lips to speak;
It cannot even save one little life!
Love is so weak!

But Love is strong;
Those whom our eyes have lost, Love still sees clear,
And thoughts too deep for speech ring through Love's song,
And Love alone can face Death's presence, Dear,
And still be strong.

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THE CHASTENING OF SALLY

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustrations by Hermann Wall

OF course, Sally Landry hadn't married Michael without knowing something about his quick temper. It had quite a reputation, had that temper of Michael's. Personally, I do not think that it was quicker than many a man's, but Landry was so big that anger in him seemed impressive, and besides that, his temper was noisier than the tempers of most men. It simply exploded—that was all; it exploded with violence, even. It let itself off in a rattling thunder of resonant adjectives and nouns. When the smoke had cleared away one would find Michael placid as any mill-pond, quite unaware that he had done anything at all worthy of mention. He did not mean anything by it, and nobody had ever minded him much; in fact, his friends quite enjoyed the picturesque exaggeration into which his temper led him.

Sally had rather admired it the one or two times that she had seen it in active eruption, so to speak. It had been turned in her defense. She admired the rapidity with which he recovered. The first time it occurred to her that his anger might be directed against herself was when Michael's mother said to her:

"You mustn't mind Michael, my dear, if he's hasty now and then. Michael's always had a quick temper. He gets over it right away." And she had added, with a touch, it seemed to Sally, of complacency: "But Michael is just like his father, and *he* was just like his grandfather," as if it was a virtue in Michael to have perpetuated in his person a violent family temper.

Sally had been politely tolerant of her mother-in-law's little fluttering bits of advice. They had mainly to do with the things that Michael liked and the things that he didn't like. Michael, she confided to Sally, was very particular about his coffee. Michael never could remember to put all his things in his bag, and when he arrived for a week-end party and found that he'd forgotten some necessity, it always made him very angry. She hinted that Sally would avoid friction by seeing to it herself that everything went in.

Mrs. Landry was apologetic when she gave such advice, because Sally seemed so largely confident, so able to look after her own affairs—and those of a number of other persons besides. Still, it hardly seemed fair to Mrs. Landry to let any woman marry Michael without giving her a glimpse of his temperament. Michael was so much easier to live with when a few little details were attended to.

Sally Warner was twenty-eight when she

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married. She had some theories about marriage—not many. For one thing, she didn't believe in spoiling husbands, as her younger sister, who had married first, had spoiled hers. She believed in doing her part of the work ably and competently, and then letting Michael do his share. She was so quiveringly anxious to do right that she couldn't imagine herself doing anything wrong. She had no patience with the women who married lightly and without a just sense of their responsibilities, of what they owed themselves and what they owed their husbands. She wasn't quite sure that Michael was equally serious in his views of life; she wasn't even sure she wanted him to be, for the chief charm of Michael was his boyish gaiety. Though he was four years older than Sally, he sometimes seemed the younger. He had enthusiasms the like of which she had never known, and his chief and most endearing enthusiasm was the flattering one that concerned her. For Michael was in love, gloriously in love—head over heels in love, and he didn't care who knew it. His friends let him bore them with accounts of Sally's perfections, for the world was indulgent to Michael Landry. That boyish charm of his which floated his famous temper also made him less odious when in love than are most men.

But finally it happened at the breakfast table. Everything was delightful; the table was pretty, Sallie looked most charming. The breakfast was good—all but the coffee. That was undeniably weak.

Michael tasted his.

"What is this?" he demanded, as he sipped it.

"What is what?" asked Sally.

"This that I'm drinking," said Michael.

"Why, it's coffee, isn't it?" said Sally innocently.

"Coffee!" he exploded. "I don't call this coffee! I call it an insulting slop, that's what I call it! How's this coffee made—is it dripped or boiled? Boiled, I bet you!"

"I don't know how it was made," Sally replied with dignity.

"You don't know how your coffee's made? You don't know whether your coffee's boiled or dripped—in your own house! If I ran *my* business that way, I'd be a bankrupt this minute!"

Sally rang the bell.

"I'll find out, if you like," she said, with freezing politeness; she was proud that she could always keep her temper under control. "Will you ask," she instructed the maid, "whether this coffee was dripped or boiled?"

"Boiled, ma'am," the maid reported presently.

"I knew it!" said Michael, "I knew it! Boiled—and boiled in a dirty pot, by Jove! I can smell it! Let me tell you, Sally, right now, I won't have it. I've been patient about this coffee business; I haven't said anything; I believe in letting everybody do his own work in this world, and I thought you'd come to, by Jove, I thought you'd come to!"

"Come to what?" asked Sally, with an air of tranquil inquiry that would have irritated a milder man than Michael.

"To your *senses!*" said Michael. "To a sense of taste! I'm a perfectly reasonable man—my wants are few—I could stand almost any kind of food; but as for drinking a slop that I can't tell from a brew of patent medicine—by heaven, I won't! I wouldn't at

"WHAT IS THIS?" HE DEMANDED

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a hotel—why, if this had been a hotel, I'd have raised the roof before now. That's the matter with me—I'm too patient. I just let things go on and on—and now look at that!" He pointed to the coffee before him. "That's the fruit of patience! Do you buy your coffee ground or in the bean?" he next demanded.

The question came out like a bullet.

"I buy it ground," said Sally with dignity.

"That's no way to buy coffee," said Michael; "that's no way at all to buy coffee; and there's only one way to make coffee in this world, and that's by dripping it. I don't mean to say that an old hunter can't boil a good pot of coffee, but an ordinary cook's no more able to make boiled coffee than to find her way through a trackless forest!"

Once launched, Michael explained, lucidly and at length, the theory of making perfect coffee. Then he reflected upon the ancestry of this coffee; he told definitely what he thought of the cook; he left no doubt in Sally's mind as to what he thought of her as a housekeeper; and he definitely explained—most definitely—what kind of coffee he was going to have hereafter in his own house, if he had to go out, by Jove, and make it himself.

"I'll bet you anything you like," he said, "that she lets those grounds stand for hours and hours; I'll bet you she warms over coffee for dinner—by Jove, I'll bet you she does *that*, even!"

Sally sat upright and silent. She let him go on. At last he relapsed into silence behind his paper. He grumbled away at intervals during breakfast, his irritation now rising high and wrathful, then dying away to occasional discontented mutterings.

"BOILED, MA'AM," THE MAID REPORTED PRESENTLY.

So, Sally reflected bitterly, this was what Michael "didn't mean anything by"—this uncontrolled fit of rage, and over such a petty cause. From the bottom of her heart Sally loathed pettiness in all its forms.

She sat upright, a white-faced Casabianca, and longed to flee to her own room to cry, but was too proud to do it. She sat there with wide-eyed horror, waiting for Michael to emerge from behind his paper.

Presently he came into view again. He came into view, placid, good-tempered, and affectionate. He utterly ignored the scene he had made; he didn't seem conscious that there had been a scene. Far from giving any sign of being aware that he had done anything wrong, he had the air of forgiving Sally for something that *she* had done, for he said, with great sweetness:

"If you give your attention to it, I'm sure you'll be able to give me the best cup of coffee I've ever tasted," and after that he had the audacity to kiss her good-by. He was in no way disconcerted when she averted her face and his kiss fell somewhere upon her back hair.

Sally spent the morning crying. It was useless for her to tell herself that Michael meant nothing. The noise of his anger had first left her numb and frightened, as if by some appalling noise. Then anger at Michael swept over her. He dared to talk like that to her! This was all his love for her meant, all his extravagant tenderness; a cup of bad coffee was enough to sweep it away! She understood him now. Then followed a large disgust at the circumstances that made such a thing possible in her life, an indignation at Michael for having shown her anything so ugly. His loud irritability struck her as nothing short of indecent.

As she recovered from the first shock of his "brutal exhibition"—for that is what she called it to herself—she examined her conduct with a fine, impartial judgment. Had she been so lax a housekeeper as to have deserved this? She went through all her various duties. She sat in judgment on herself; she was judge and jury. The verdict was "Not guilty." She had been a good, careful wife—she had, she had!—and Michael was a beast not to have told her before about the coffee and in a different way.

It was one of those crises when a young married woman feels that her happiness is gone forever. Even though she should forgive Michael in the course of time, her love could never have the fine flavor that it had had before. The first joy of it was tarnished. There would always be the fear lurking in the background that Michael might break out at her like that again.

At this Sally pulled herself up. It should *not* happen again. If Michael couldn't con-

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trol himself, why, she would teach him how. Here was a time for discipline.

She had known how to wield effectively a certain stony displeasure. When Michael came home that night she would listen to his apologies—of course there'd be apologies; then very calmly, with carefully chosen phrases, she would show him how childish, how petty, and how brutal his conduct had seemed to her—how it would have seemed to any reasonable outsider; and she would not forgive him too soon. Michael should feel that he had committed a grave fault, all the graver because he had gotten angry over so trivial a thing.

Nevertheless, she saw to buying coffee of the very best kind, in bean, and a coffee-grinder; also pots of several sizes for dripping—earthen ones, according to Michael's loudly reiterated suggestions. Then she awaited the penitent return of her lord.

Michael came home bringing with him his usual air of large good humor. His personality seemed to warm the room like the light of an open fire, when he came into it. He greeted Sally with his usual charming affection.

She made no response. Discipline was beginning.

"Come on out and let's see the garden; don't you want to?" he suggested.

His attitude was appalling; evidently he was quite unconscious of having done anything wrong. Sally could hardly believe her senses. He was as sweet and as friendly and as affectionate as if he hadn't just ended his life's happiness forever for a cup of coffee.

"I don't think I care to go," Sally responded to his suggestion.

"Why not?" he demanded, in blank amazement.

"I'm a little tired to-night," said Sally frigidly.

"Poor little girl!" Michael sympathized, and he kissed her.

Sally almost shivered to think of his kissing her just as if nothing had happened. What denseness!

"Oh, come along," he said; "the air'll do you good. You dig around the house too much, that's what's the matter with you. You're too conscientious. Come out, Sally, and see if the flowers have grown since we looked at them yesterday."

Excuses failing, poor Sally went; she had no intention of provoking another scene. She went, a silent statue of herself. Michael talked on buoyantly.

ALSO POTS OF SEVERAL SIZES FOR DRIPPING.

"I like blue flowers," he said, as they passed a bed of larkspurs; "don't you, Sally?"

"Yes," replied Sally. It seemed to her as if actual distance separated them.

"It's a pity there are not more blue flowers," he went on. "Bachelor's buttons are blue—but it's hard to keep their color from going off, you know."

Sally was quite pale with indignation.

"Don't you feel well?" Michael asked her anxiously.

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"That's all right then," he sighed with relief. "You don't seem natural. I suppose," he added very simply, "it's a mood."

It was his experience that all women had moods—inexplicable moments when you couldn't understand them. His mother, whom he adored, had them; every girl he had ever known had been subject to them; and at these times they'd say all sorts of queer things about themselves and about you. Sally evidently had moods, too, and when she had one of her star flights, it was for him to plant his two feet solidly on the earth and wait for her to come back. Moods were simple; one overlooked them. Indeed, Michael's attitude toward the "queerness"

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of women was that of the philosopher toward the weather. He was no meteorologist of the emotions. It was not his business to search into the hidden causes of mist and rain; enough for him sensibly to seek cover in a storm; or, if he had to be abroad, to plod manfully through the tempest without complaining.

Now I will ask the reader to observe Michael Landry and his wife Sally at dinner. Behold Sally, erect and dignified, in her chair, presenting a blank and stony front. Behold Michael, rattling harmless small talk against the wall of silence between him and his wife. See Sally making her displeasure more and more obvious all the time; subtlety, she has discovered, does not work with Michael. Watch them through the whole, dreary meal—Michael's artless gaiety playing on, Sally growing more and more rigid.

At last Michael became aware that his wife's mood was lasting longer than it ought to.

"Do you want to go into town to the theatre tonight," he suggested, "and get cheered up?"

"No, thank you," said Sally, with calm politeness. "No, thank you. I don't think I feel like the theatre."

"All right," said Michael, relieved; "I don't either. I feel much more like staying at home, but I thought perhaps you'd like to go. We'll have a much better time at home together, dear, won't we?"

To this Sally made no reply. But Michael was neither abashed nor cast down. Dinner was irreproachable, and when the coffee appeared, it proved excellent. And what did Michael say?

"I *knew* you could make a good cup of coffee," were the unbelievable words that fell on Sally's ears, "if you put your mind to it. Jove, I wish I'd spoken about it sooner," went on Michael, applying the ax to his tree of joy. "You take a hint mighty quick.

MICHAEL TALKED ON BUOYANTLY.

Sometimes, I think I'm the happiest man in the world. Why, I know men who talk and talk about things, and their wives never pay the least attention. I know a man," went on Michael, "who ate poached eggs every day for three years, and he hates poached eggs. He told his wife he didn't like them, but she told him they were more healthful that way, and besides it was easier to get all the breakfast eggs done alike. I wouldn't stand for that, though. By Jove, I'd have fried them in a chafing-dish first. You wouldn't have let *me* eat poached eggs that I hated, would you, darling?" he asked affectionately. Michael was still in the first flush of newly married fatuousness. At this point he got up from the table and kissed his outraged wife. She received his caress with as much warmth as a stone monument. But Michael, borne up on the flood of his own enthusiasm, didn't notice her coldness.

"It was mighty nice of you to attend to that right away," he said again, later in the evening, tramping across dangerous ground with a heavy foot. "Now, some women get angry—actually get angry—if their husbands suggest the least thing to them. Thank goodness, you're not that kind. If there's any thing I hate, it's a petty woman who can't take a slight suggestion. I think I'd lose all respect for a woman who was so small-minded as to get angry because her husband criticized some little thing about her housekeeping."

Here was a clipping of the wings of retribution, to be sure! Here it was that Sally withdrew irrevocably into her inner self.

The following week saw the great battle for supremacy that goes on, consciously or unconsciously, between every newly married pair. Somebody has to be on top. It is very rare that one of two married people isn't the stronger. Sally was used to being the strong-

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est at home. Silent displeasure had been her weapon; calm, dignified, silent displeasure; not a word uttered that she had to apologize for; not a look or a speech that a lady might not permit herself; the calm, stony face of Gibraltar presented for her family's inspection. Thus had she always waged war; not that she would have called it waging war. She admired herself for it; she had always felt superior because she never got irritated, nor lost her temper.

Now she kept up the same tactics with Michael that had brought her brothers to terms and that had even worked successfully with her father and mother. She kept on—but with a certain sickening premonition of defeat. She had rewarded or chastened those whom she loved like a jealous goddess. Here, with the person she loved best of all, and needed to defend herself against most of all, she found herself with no weapon. There were no good-conduct prizes that she could give him. Michael liked her in sunshine and in shadow. She was welcome to her moods; they couldn't annoy him. She could retire into the fortress of herself, and he would never knock at the door. She could have all the liberty of the emotions. Indeed, the only notice that Michael took of her attitude was to remark once, with genial tolerance:

"Got the sulks, Sally? Well, you *shall* sulk, if you want to. You don't mind my sitting watching you sulk, do you, darling?"

And then there came to Sally, the impassive, the calm, an almost irresistible desire to slap her Michael—slap him hard. Thus may a new environment affect us.

And the worst of it was that Sally found her resentment dying out. She nurtured it; she tended it like a sick child, but it wouldn't stay alive. Michael was too nice, and too amusing. Then there came a moment of vision to Sally. She saw her own displeasure, her own chill looks and glances, as the small, tiny weapons of a child, matched against the large good-humored impassiveness of Michael. It was no use. She gave up. She surrendered. Michael had won the day.

Almost apologetically she came up to him and took his hand, in sign of surrendering her sword. But he had one last shot. He didn't notice that it was the first time that she had come to him in a week. He didn't even know that there had been any measuring of strength. He was not aware that there had been a battle, and that he had won.

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THE TITLE MARKET

By EMILY POST

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," etc.

[CONCLUSION]

CHAPTER XXIV—*Continued*

"I THINK there may be just as wonderful men over here as at home," Nina went on. "I know there are some that are quite as brave."

Derby frowned. "Nina, Nina——"

But Nina did not even hear his interruption. "I wish you really knew Don Giovanni, Jack," she said. "You would like Italians better, I think!"

"It is not that I think ill of Italians—quite the contrary; but—I should not like to think of your marrying Don Giovanni."

"And why shouldn't I?" The question came near to summing up the problem of her own meditations; and his opposition—with its carefully maintained impersonal quality—piqued her and made the smoldering consideration of marrying Giovanni suddenly flame into a definite intention.

"Well?" she repeated.

"Because I think American men make the best husbands."

Nina was brutal. "You say that because you are an American yourself!"

He let the injustice of her remark pass without notice. "I merely repeat," he said calmly, "that, married to the Marchese di Valdo, you would be a very unhappy woman. That is my straight opinion. If you don't like it, I can't help it."

"Why should I be unhappy?"

"Don't let's discuss it."

"That is just like an American. Do you wonder women care for Europeans? A man over here would sit down sensibly and tell you every sort of reason."

"Yes, and one sort of reason as well as another. For, or against, whichever way the wind might happen to be blowing!"

In spite of herself, Nina was disagreeably conscious of the truth of his judgment. But she shut her mind to it, as she exclaimed, "Heavens, but you dislike Italian men!"

"No, I don't! You are altogether wrong. I have been over here often enough to admire them tremendously, in a great many ways. But I don't like to see the girl I—the girl I have known all her life, marry a man that I feel sure will break her heart."

"Aunt Eleanor's heart is not broken!"

Derby walked up and down the floor, then stood still, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and looked down at his shoes as though their varnish were the only thing in life that interested him.

"Well? Is Aunt Eleanor's heart broken?"

"Perhaps not; but, even so, you and she are very different women. From her girlhood she was more or less trained for the life she leads. She went from a convent school to the house of a brother-in-law—in other words, from one dependence to another. She is the type of woman who weathers change and storm by bending to the wind."

"Aunt Eleanor! Hers is the strongest character I know!"

"I've no doubt that's true. But it is exactly because she is apparently unresisting and pliant to surrounding conditions that her spirit is unassailable. You, on the contrary, would snap in the first tempest! Or, to change the simile, have you ever seen a young bull calf tied to a tree, and, in a frantic effort to get loose, wind itself up tighter? That is exactly what would happen to you over here. No girl has ever had her own way more than you! Believe me, you have no idea what it would mean to be tied to a rope of convention that would tighten like a noose at any struggle on your part. As the wife of a man like di

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Valdo, you would be bound by endless petty formalities. Another thing, which you do not perhaps realize—it was your aunt who brought the realization to me—as an American, you would have to excel the Italians in dignity in order to be thought to equal them. Things perfectly pardonable for them would finish you. You need only take your aunt and Kate Masco for your examples. Kate's behavior is not any worse than that of plenty of the born countesses. But that's just it—she *isn't* a countess born, and her ways won't do! Your aunt, on the other hand, is *grande dame* in every fibre of her being. Hardly another woman in Rome has her graciousness and dignity. These qualities were hers, doubtless, from the beginning, but you needn't tell me even she found it as easy to be a princess as it would seem!"

Nina looked up at Derby in open-eyed amazement. "Gracious, John! I never dreamed you were so observing! In a way, I imagine you are right, too. But at least, if a woman has to follow conventions to earn a position over here, that position is real and worth while when she does get it. And a woman like Aunt Eleanor is far more appreciated here than she would be at home."

"Humph!" was Derby's retort. "You needn't think that all the appreciating of women is done in Italy, though the men at home may not put things so gracefully as these over here, who have nothing else to do but to turn beautiful phrases. I don't think that I am flattering myself in saying that if I were to give up my life to the one accomplishment of artistic love-making, I might make good, too! However, that is pretty far out of my line. I'm a blunt sort of person, but I—well, I care a lot for you, Nina! I'd rather see you marry—Billy Dalton, any day!"

As Derby brought in Billy Dalton's name, Nina had a sudden sense of flatness, of failure, that she would have been at a loss to explain.

"Jack!" she cried suddenly, but before the sentence which crowded behind her exclamation could frame itself, Giovanni's image flashed before her mind and pushed out every other impression. She seemed to see him racked with suffering, and all for her! She hated her own vacillation. She despised herself for a fickle flirt. What else was she? Here she was imagining all sorts of vague heartaches that were utterly unworthy of her loyalty either to Giovanni's love or to Jack's friendship. Jack was her best friend, almost her brother, and she had no right to feel so limp because—she did not finish the sentence even to herself; yet she was swept into such a turmoil of emotions—love, pique, doubt—that she could restore nothing to order. She knew Derby thought Giovanni wanted her money—instinctively her mouth hardened as she thought of it—but then—every one wanted it except Jack! And at once, with an unaccountable baffling ache, she was brought face to face with the fact that Jack, as it happened, did not want her at all!

Then, hating herself because she had for a moment thought of Jack as a possible suitor, and more especially because of the detestable and unworthy chagrin that his not being a suitor had caused her, she became hysterically erratic, aloof, and impossible, and began suddenly to talk like a paid guide about the sculptures at the Vatican! At the end of some minutes, during which Derby failed to get anything in the way of a natural remark from her, he arose to go. He left with a strong desire to send a doctor and a trained nurse to take Nina in hand.

Down at the entrance of the palace a very pretty woman was speaking with the porter. She was talking vehemently and with much accompanying gesticulation. As Derby passed out, she looked up into his face. He put his hand to his hat, in a vague remembrance of her features, wondering where he had met her, and what her name might be. As he went through the archway into the street, the recognition came to him. She was the celebrated dancer, La Favorita.

CHAPTER XXV

The following morning, for the first time since his injury, Giovanni was brought into the princess's sitting room, and propped up on a sofa. As occasionally happens in early spring, midsummer seemed to have arrived in one day, and the windows stood wide open to the morning breeze.

Sitting in the full light of the windows, and close by Giovanni's couch, Nina was making a necktie—a very smart one, of dull raspberry silk; but she was knitting rather because the occupation steadied her nerves than for any other reason, and the charmingly tranquil picture that she made was very far from representing her feelings. She had never been less happy or less peaceful in her life.

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The princess, within easy earshot, was busily writing at her desk. But after a while, in answer to an appealing look from Giovanni, she left the room. Nina felt no surprise either at Giovanni's appeal or at her aunt's response. She knew very well what he would say, and had long been struggling to make up her mind what the answer should be. Yet no sooner had the *portières* closed than an unaccountable dread took possession of her, and she had an overwhelming desire to escape.

She knitted industriously, her head bent, her eyes intent upon her needles. For a while Giovanni lay back against the pillows, idly watching her progress; then he raised himself on his unbandaged elbow and leaned forward. Even this exertion revealed his weakness: an increasing pallor overspread his face, and he spoke as sick people do—with difficulty and as though out of breath: "Mademoiselle, you know—what I have in my heart—to say——"

"Don't, ah—please—" Nina sprang up and put out her hand in protest.

But he paid no heed. "Donna Nina," he implored, "will you do me the honor to be my wife? *Carissima mia*—" she heard his voice as though from afar, as he fell back against the pillow—"I love you! Even a portion of how much I love you would fill a life!" He took her hand as she stood beside him, and pressed it to his lips.

She felt how thin his hand was, and how it trembled. Her conscience smote her—it was all because of her! And for a moment the answer he sought hung on the very tip of her tongue—hung, faltered—and then raced down her throat again. She drew her hand from his clasp, and almost sobbed, "I can't, I can't! Oh, if I could—but I can't!"

Then she heard him say gently: "Give me an answer later—I am in no state just now, to hold my own—I will wait till I am strong again. Will you give me your answer then?" Half choking, she nodded her head in assent and hurried from the room.

St. Anthony, the Great Dane, who, since Giovanni's illness, had attached himself to Nina, stalked after her. She went through the intervening rooms into the picture gallery, and there dropped down upon a low marble seat and took the big dog's head in her arms.

She believed in Giovanni's disinterestedness; he had given her every reason to think he truly loved her. It seemed to her that she had seen his feeling grow. If she could believe in any one *ever*, she must believe in him. Even the astute little Zoya Olisco had confirmed the impression by saying that all Rome knew that Giovanni cared nothing for money. There had been a very rich girl—all the fortune hunters were after her—and she was so strongly attracted to Giovanni that she made no effort to disguise her preference for him. But he showed no inclination to marry a rich wife.

These and many other things were enough to convince Nina that his love was real, without the final proof when he had risked his life for her. In mere gratitude she would have made the effort to care for him. And yet the more she tried to encourage her sentiments, the more they baffled her. From the first she had felt afraid of something unknown in Giovanni. She had thought herself in danger of being attracted too much; but now she felt that, all along, the fear had been of another sort, a fear which she could not analyze.

"What is the matter with me?" she whispered brokenly to St. Anthony. "We love Giovanni, don't we? We do! We do!" But her words were meaningless sounds that echoed dismally.

Then slowly she noted the great gallery filled with flawless things—the mellow canvases of the old masters, the marvelous statuary, perfect even in the brilliant light streaming through the eastern windows—and her thoughts turned backward to that day when the allure of antiquity had most strongly held her—that day when she had first seen Giovanni dance. As the recollection grew in vividness, she was again aware of the same strange sensation that she had felt then. It was as though she were living in a past age, with which she, as Nina Randolph, had nothing to do. Her name might have been Tullia or Claudia!

And then once again the memory of Giovanni's high-bred charm, no less than of his great estate, which she was now asked to share, seemed to hold a spell of enchantment. His words, "*Carissima*, I love you," swept through her memory with a thrill that the spoken words themselves had failed to carry. She laid her cheek down on the dog's great head, her mouth close to a pointed ear. "We *do* love him, thou and I," she whispered in Italian, "and we will stay here always—always."

She unclasped her arms from about the dog's neck and sat up straight, determined

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to hurry back through the rooms before the queer fear should seize her anew. She would not wait to analyze her feelings again; she would go straight to the sofa and say to Giovanni's ardent, appealing eyes—his beautiful Italian eyes—"Yes."

But even as the resolve was shaped, there followed swift upon it an overwhelming wave of doubt that made her clasp her hands to still the turmoil within her breast. It was as if an inner voice repeated, clearly and insistently, "You don't love him! You don't love him!"

The dog lifted one great paw, put it on her knee, his head went up and he pushed his cold nose against her cheek; and as she lifted her chin to escape his over-affectionate caress, her glance fell by chance on a picture of Ruth and Naomi. On the day when she had first come into the gallery Giovanni had repeated, in French, the words of Ruth; and now, as she gazed absently at the picture, she found that she was saying to herself, not in French but in English, "Thy people shall be my people—" Gradually an indescribable, comforted, soothed feeling crept over her, as she looked into the true, steadfast eyes of the pictured Ruth—hers were indeed the eyes of one who could follow faithfully to the ends of the earth.

"'Whither thou goest, I will go,'" repeated Nina—yes, that was the test. Giovanni away from his surroundings, and apart from his name—she could not picture him. And, should she put her hand in his, whither would he lead her? Where did his path of life end? She could not with any certainty guess. "Thy people shall be my people—" how could they ever be?—they were so widely different. She had never before realized how utterly different—and then without warning, as a final move in a puzzle snaps into place and makes the whole complete, with a little cry she started up. For she now knew that the more she tried to focus her thoughts upon Giovanni, the more they turned to another quite different personality. Until at last, as in a burst of light, she awoke to the consciousness that the words of Ruth were bringing a great longing for the sight of a certain pair of eyes which held a look like those in the canvas! "'Whither thou goest, I will go—'" Ah—exultantly and with no fear or doubt—it was true. To the uttermost parts of the earth! . . .

But she must tell Giovanni—she must tell him at once, decidedly and finally, "No."

Sadly, regretfully, she crossed the room again, her hand slipped through the great Dane's collar as though to gain courage from his presence. In the antechamber of the room where Giovanni lay, she stopped and kissed St. Anthony's head—as though the dog in turn might help Giovanni to understand that she was not in truth as heartless as she seemed.

The stone floors were covered with thick rugs, the hangings were heavy, and her light footfall made no sound. Without warning she parted the *portières*, took one step across the threshold, and halted, stunned—the Contessa Potensi was kneeling beside Giovanni's couch, and the sound of Giovanni's voice came distinctly, saying, "For her? But no! But because she is of the household of the Sansevero." And then with an ardor that made the tones which he had used to her sound flat and shallow by comparison, she heard him say, "*Carissima*, I swear I shall never love another as I love you."

The *portières* fell together, and Nina fled; two or three times she lost her way in the endless turnings of the palace before she finally reached her own room. Once there, she wrote the shortest note imaginable, declining in terse and positive terms Giovanni's offer of marriage. The pen nearly dug through the paper as she signed her name. Besides giving Celeste this missive to deliver, she sent her upon a tour of trivial shopping—anything to be left alone.

When the door was closed, Nina threw herself across the bed, still hardly able to credit her senses. Giovanni had asked her, Nina, to be his wife, not half an hour before—he still had the effrontery to hope for a change in her answer! He had dared to tell her that he loved her, he had dared to call her, too, "*Carissima!*"

With her head buried in the pillows, she did not hear the door open, and the princess reached the bed and took Nina in her arms before the girl knew that she had entered.

Nina poured out the whole story. The one clear idea she had in mind was to leave Rome at once. She wanted to go away! Above all, she wanted to go away! She was by this time quite hysterical.

The princess's coolness gradually dominated as she said finally: "The thing is incredible—you must have misunderstood. I don't know what the explanation is, myself, but the worst blunder we can make is to judge too hastily. I am sure it will come

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out differently than it seems, if you will but have patience."

Savagely Nina turned on her. "Are you against me? *You*, auntie! Do you side with him? And that Potensi?"

With an expression more troubled than angry, the princess answered gently, "Of course, my child, I don't side against you —but I can't believe that they were really as you thought they were."

A sudden violent knocking interrupted, and at the same moment Sansevero, rushed in, quite beside himself, with the announcement that Scarpa was dead. The Sanseveros had for some days known the cause of his illness, and the doctor who had been at the duel kept them informed of his condition. Now there was not a minute to lose! The news of the duke's death had not yet been made public, but Giovanni must be got out of the country at once, or there would be trouble! A train would go north in an hour, and the prince and princess hurried off to complete the arrangements for Giovanni's departure.

Left alone in her room and to her own thoughts, Nina's anger gradually lessened. Giovanni's danger, the need to take him away, weak and ill as he was, appealed to her humanity and helped to soften her resentment. Whether it had been for love of her or not, it was on her account that he had been placed in his present unfortunate situation. He was going out of her life—it was not likely that she would ever see him again—but it took an hour or two of turning the subject over in her mind before she came to the conclusion that, instead of being resentful, she ought to be thankful for her escape. She had finally reached this frame of mind when there was a knock at the door.

"May I come in, my dear?" Zoya Olisco entered as she spoke. She stood a second on the threshold; then, closing the door after her, crossed the room quickly and, taking Nina's face between her hands, looked at her with a half-quizzical grimace. "You silly little cat," she said softly, "surely you have not been melting into tears over the duke's death—nor yet for Giovanni's departure?"

"How do you know about it? Aunt Eleanor didn't tell you, did she? Is the news of the duke's death out?"

Zoya's raised eyebrows expressed satisfaction, and she exclaimed triumphantly: "I knew I was right! Really, it is extraordinary how things come about! No one has told me a word. Yet the whole story unrolled itself in front of me. Listen"—she interrupted herself long enough to light a cigarette, then sat down tailor fashion on the foot of the lounge—"I was but a moment ago at the station—my sister went back to Russia this morning. As I was leaving, whom did I see but Giovanni being piloted down the trainway! He looked really ill, and it would have struck any one as strange that he should be traveling. Then all at once I thought to myself, 'Hm, Hm! Signore il duca has descended into the next world, and the one who sent him there is being banished into the next country!' Thereupon I thought further, 'That child of a Nina will be hiding her head under the pillows of her bed'—exactly as you have been doing! How do I know? Look at your hair, and look at the pillows—and here am I to scold you!"

Nina looked at her in amazement. "You have put it all together, you wonderful Zoya! Compared to you, I never seem to see anything! Oh, but this whole day has been full of horrible surprises. I never dreamed what sort of man Giovanni was—and yet I can't help feeling sorry to think of his being sent off ill and alone!"

"How *very* pathetic!" exclaimed Zoya sarcastically. "It is the very saddest thing I have ever heard of." Then her tone changed. "I would not waste too much sympathy on him for his loneliness, however," she said briskly, "as he has a very charming companion, who, if accounts are true, is not only diverting but devoted. That spoils your sad picture somewhat, does it not?"

"The Potensi!" escaped Nina's lips before she knew it.

Zoya blew rings of smoke unperturbed. "So you have found *that* out, have you?"

Nina colored with indignation. "Have you known of it, too, and never told me? Zoya, you call yourself my friend!"

But Zoya met Nina's glance squarely, as she asked in turn: "What difference does it make? Though, for that matter, I've made it plain enough all winter; any one but a baby would have understood long ago. But after all, why such an excitement over so commonplace a fact?" Then, with far more interest, she said: "You certainly are funny, you Americans. What in the world do you think men are? And since Giovanni is not even married—however, to finish my story: it was not the Potensi with your hero, but Favorita."

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"Favorita—the dancer? Zoya, what do you mean!"

"Exactly what I tell you." Zoya inhaled her cigarette deeply and then shrugged her shoulders. "When I saw Giovanni, I did not believe it possible, that, even on so short a notice, he would go off as you said, ill and alone. So I went back along the station and waited. In a moment, I saw Favorita come out on the platform and pass hurriedly down the train, peering into every carriage. When she came to Giovanni's she flew in like a bird. I waited a moment longer, and saw the guards lock the door and the train pull out!"

Though Nina understood only vaguely what it all meant, she was human and feminine enough to find a certain grim satisfaction in the thought that Giovanni was no more to be trusted by the Potensi than by herself.

A short time afterward Zoya got up to go. "I shall see you to-morrow, *cara*, yes? Will you lunch with me? And—I shall like very much if you bring the American."

"Do you mean John?"

Zoya burst out laughing and then mimicked Nina's tone. "Is it indeed possible that I could mean him?" She leaned over and kissed Nina affectionately, then turned to the door. On the threshold she paused to call back, "One o'clock to-morrow, and be sure of John!" She smiled, blew another kiss, and was gone.

Nina looked after her, her thoughts in strange turmoil. A moment later she ran a comb through her hair, pinned up one or two tumbled locks, washed her face, polished her nails, took out a clean handkerchief, then feeling quite made over, she went in search of her aunt.

If she imagined that the day's emotions were ended, she was destined to be mistaken, for just as she went into the princess's room, a messenger came with a note from the prince, announcing that he had been arrested. It was a very cheerful note and sounded as though he considered the whole situation a joke. He begged his wife not to be alarmed. The police had evidently mistaken him for Giovanni, so he had given no explanation and refused even to tell his name. When Giovanni should have time to reach the frontier, he would prove his own identity and return home.

The princess's chief anxiety was therefore directed toward Giovanni, and she dreaded lest Sandro's identity be discovered before his brother should be safe. As for Nina, she cared no longer what might happen to Giovanni. She had had too many shocks and too little time for recovery. All her sympathy was for her poor Uncle Sandro who, in the meantime, was sitting in jail! Yet the thought of his situation in some way struck her as ludicrous—almost like comic opera.

But following this there came a second letter, very different from the first, written by the prince in great agitation, and saying that his arrest was not for the death of the duke, but for the smuggling of a Raphael out of the country.

At the shock of this news, the princess for the first time in Nina's knowledge of her lost her self-control and turned to the girl in frightened helplessness.

Nina's first thought was to send for Derby, and to her relief the princess not only made no objection, but grasped eagerly at the suggestion. Fortunately, she got him on the telephone just as he was leaving his hotel, but in her agitation she did not stop to explain further than that her uncle was under arrest somewhere because of something to do with a picture. Derby answered that he would come at once, and the reassurance that she felt from the mere sound of his voice partly communicated itself through her to the princess, as they went into the sitting room to wait for him. A few minutes later the *portières* were lifted—but instead of Derby, it was the Marchese Valdeste who entered.

Happily he had been at a meeting in the Tribunale Publico when the prince was arrested, and, as an important official and a great personal friend of Sansevero's, hurried to inform the princess of what had happened, and to place himself at her service. The case was very serious not only because of the evidence against the prince, but because of the lofty way in which he had replied some weeks previously to an inquiry from the Ministero. Sansevero said his Raphael was in the possession of the Duke Scarpa, but the duke, who had been chiefly instrumental in discovering the sale of the picture, was unable to shield his friend. Sansevero was questioned again, and refused to say anything more. He had answered once, and that, in his opinion, was sufficient for a gentleman.

The government thereupon sent a representative to the Scarpa palace, where Sansevero averred the picture was. The

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duke's servants were catechised, but none had ever seen it. To add to the complication, the duke was far too ill to be questioned further, and Sansevero was at present injuring his case by making every moment more and more confused statements about his alleged transaction with Scarpa. First he said he had loaned it—because Torre Sansevero was cold; then that he had sold it for one hundred thousand *lire;* then that no money was received; then that he had let the duke have it as security, and that there was an agreement whereby he was to get his picture back. When he was asked to show a receipt in writing, he went into a rage.

The princess, quick enough to see the treachery of Scarpa and the net of circumstantial evidence he had thrown about them, felt utterly helpless. "It is true; even I did not actually see the duke take the picture," she said, "and I am the only one who knew anything about it. As Sandro's wife—my word will have no weight at all!"

Valdeste solemnly shook his head. "I fear it is graver than that—for even Miss Randolph's word would hardly be believed. The picture might too easily have been sold and paid for through her. Unless it can be produced *here in Italy*, the end may be bad. Somehow we must find a way to do that."

Nina was getting every moment more and more nervous—she could not understand John's delay—Why did he not come? Since she telephoned, he could have covered the distance from the Excelsior half a dozen times. Every second of glancing at the door seemed a minute, and the minutes were hours. After the disillusionments she had suffered she actually was beginning to think that he, too, would fail her in the crucial moment, when at last the *portières* parted, and Derby entered carrying—the Sansevero Madonna!

The princess and the marchese were so astonished that only Nina seemed to notice Derby himself. With a cry of "*Jack!* How *did* you do it?" she sprang up, staring at him in bewilderment.

The sound of Nina's voice drew the princess's attention to Derby, and she, too, started toward him. "John! What does it all mean?" she exclaimed, quite unconscious that she had called him by his first name.

"It means a rotten plot—neither more nor less—to ruin Prince Sansevero, a plot concocted by a man whom the prince believed to be his friend! The Duke Scarpa has just died, which ends the affair for him, but I have the whole chain of evidence that clears the prince. The picture was taken in exchange for a promissory note of the prince's for one hundred thousand *lire.* The duke tore the paper up and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Luigi Callucci, who was his servant, gathered the scraps out of the basket and pasted them together. This same Luigi also wrapped up the picture and carried it to Shayne. That's all, officially. Actually, there is a good deal more. The facts are that the duke sold it with perfect knowledge that it was to be smuggled out of the country. I have all the information necessary."

"It is incredible, incredible—the Duke Scarpa!" exclaimed Valdeste. "But that the Prince Sansevero is cleared is the main thing." Then, turning to Derby, he continued, "I hope you will allow me to express to you my admiration and congratulation for the way in which you have brought it about."

Upon this the princess joined the marchese by holding her hand out to Derby. "I never can thank you enough for what you have done! But for you, we should be in a very bad way. I quite agree with the Archbishop of Vencata that you must be a miracle-worker!" Her voice was a little tremulous as she broke off. Then, including the marchese also, she added: "But now, my good, kind friends, go please and get Sandro out of his situation. My poor boy must be in a terrible state of nerves. And—thank you both again!"

The marchese and Derby hurried out, Derby carrying the picture. Nina followed them out of the door and stood looking after them until they had disappeared down the long vista of the rooms. Then she exclaimed: "Really, John is wonderful, isn't he? Wasn't it just like him not to say a word all the time! So many people talk, and do nothing!" Then Nina noticed that the princess was holding her hands over her face. She hurried to her anxiously. "Aunt Eleanor, what is it?"

The princess put her hands down. "I am just thankful—that is all. It threatened to be so dreadful I can scarcely realize the relief yet. What a chain of circumstances! It is almost impossible to believe that even Scarpa would plan them! But it is true I never trusted him. When there is a race feud over here it seems never to die out." She paused a few moments, and then continued as though half to herself: "Although, in this case, I think it was chiefly on account of Giovanni. If you had married him, and

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the duke had lived, I believe he would have spent the rest of his life in scheming to injure you and everybody connected with us."

At the suggestion of the marriage which might have taken place, all the experiences of that varied day came rushing back to Nina—Giovanni's proposal, the revelation of his falseness, and the conversation with Zoya which had given her the true key to him who had until then been something of a mystery.

With a strained intensity of tone, she suddenly demanded, "Aunt Eleanor, tell me, supposing I had *wanted* to marry Giovanni, would you have made no protest?"

The princess answered thoughtfully: "I am glad you are not to marry Giovanni—yes, I am glad. Yet even so, he might make a good husband."

Instantly the blood rushed to Nina's head. "Don't you love me more than to let me risk a life of wretchedness?" she exclaimed; but the look in her aunt's face brought from the girl an immediate apology, and presently the princess said:

"I don't think I should want you to marry over here at all. At first I hoped it might be possible—but I am afraid you would be unhappy. There are plenty of girls who might be content—but not you!" The princess took her sewing out of a near-by chest and began hemming a tablecloth. "You mean," said Nina, "that when one reads of the broken hearts and lost illusions of Americans married to Europeans, the accounts *are* true? Why did you not tell me before?"

"No, dear. Such accounts are, to me, purely sensational writing—though at the bottom of them lies a certain amount of truth. But in the majority of such cases of wretchedness, if you sift out the facts, you will wonder not so much at the outcome, as that such a marriage could ever have taken place. When it happens that a nice, sweet, wholesome girl marries a disreputable nobleman, who is despised from one end of Europe to the other, American parents seem to feel no horror until she has become a mental, moral, and physical wreck. To us over here it was unbelievable that a decent girl could think of marrying him; that her parents could be so dazzled by the mere title of 'Lady' or 'Marquise' or 'Gräfin' or 'Principessa' that they were willing to give her into the keeping of an unspeakable cad, brute, or rake. Do you think that it is the fault of Europe if such girls know nothing but wretchedness?"

The princess paused, then continued: "On the other hand, if a girl marries in Europe as good a man, regardless of his title, as the American she would probably have chosen at home; and, above all—for this is most essential—if she is adaptable enough to change herself into a European, rather than to expect Europe to pattern itself upon her, she will have as good a chance of happiness as comes to any one. Marriage is a lottery in any event. Of course, *if* it turns out badly abroad, it is worse for her than it would have been at home—much worse. Everything over here is, in that case, against her: custom, language, law, religion; she is literally thrown upon her husband's indulgence. In a contest against him she would have no chance at all—there is no divorce; there is no redress.

"Yet, for the most part, so far as my personal observation goes, numberless international marriages have been happy. The American wife of a European finds many compensations—for although her husband does not allow her freedom to follow her own whims, and may not even permit her to spend her own money, he gives her a ceaseless attentiveness that never relaxes into the careless indifference of the husbands across the sea. It is, after all, a question of choice. Do you want the little things of life very perfectly polished or do you prefer rough edges and heroic sizes? European men know how to make themselves charming to their wives because, with them, to be charming is an aim in itself.

"But, of course, as in everything, there is a price one has to pay. One can't have rigidity and flexibility both in the same person. For the pliancy of understanding, the easy sympathy, one has to relinquish a certain moral steadfastness."

Suddenly the princess looked away and spoke very lightly, as though merely brushing over the surface of the thoughts in her mind: "What would you have, dear? Men are men—it is well not to question too far. Even the best of them have to be forgiven sometimes." Under the light tone, there was an unwonted vibration, and though the Princess's face was partly averted, Nina caught a shadow of pain in her eyes. But the next moment she smiled. "I can tell you a story," she said, "about a young bride whose husband was very fascinating to women. The young wife, with suspicions of his devotion to another lady, went in tears to her mother-in-law. But the old lady asked her, 'Is not Pietro an admir-

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able husband? And is he not a most devoted and attentive lover as well?' And the bride sobbed, 'Oh, yes, that is the worst of it—it is almost impossible to believe in his faithlessness, he is so adorable.' And her mother-in-law answered: 'Then, my child, be glad that you have in your husband one of the most accomplished lovers in the world, and do not inquire too closely where he gets his practice.'"

"Do you mean to say that a woman can be happy under such circumstances?" Nina demanded. "If that is a typical foreigner, then I am glad American men are different! I'd rather my husband were less accomplished and more entirely mine."

"Yes, dear, I am sure you would," the princess rejoined. "That is one of the reasons why I told you. For you, I think a European marriage would be—not best." She looked up quickly "You ought to marry some one—I'll describe him—some one quite strong, quite big, quite splendid. And his name is easy to guess—of course it's John."

"John!" echoed Nina dolefully. "John is just the one person above all others who does not want to marry me—or even my money!"

"Your money, no! But *you*, indeed yes."

Nina shook her head. "Nò—he is not in love with me. In nothing that he has said or even looked, has he indicated it."

"You are a little mole, then," said the princess, smiling. "Every look he gives you, even every expression of his face in speaking about you, tells the story."

Like a whirlwind Nina threw herself at her aunt's knees, pulled her sewing away, and claimed her whole attention. "Tell me everything you know," she demanded hungrily. "Why haven't you told me before? Why do you think so? What has he said to you? Dearest auntie princess, tell me every word he has said. Quick! Every word——"

The princess, between tears and laughter, looked down at Nina. "Every word? Oh, my very dear," she said tenderly, "his love is not of the sort that spends itself in words."

And then suddenly they heard the sound of two men's voices, and the next moment the *portières* parted, admitting Sansevero and Derby. Both the princess and Nina sprang up; the princess in her joy ran straight to her husband's arms. It was like a meeting after a long separation that had been full of perils.

A little later she put out her hand to Derby. "I don't think I shall ever be able to thank you enough; it was quite worth all the anxiety and distress to have found such a friend." Her smile was entrancing. The charm of her lay always not so much in what she said, as in her way of saying it—in the way she looked at one, in the varying inflection of her voice, in her sweetness, her calm, her dignity, and, under all these attributes, always her heart. And never had she shown them all more vividly than at this moment as she put her hand into Derby's.

Then they all sat down—the princess in a big chair and her husband on the arm of it, leaning half behind her. And nothing could stop his talk about his friend the American, and the effect upon the members of the committee when the picture was produced and Derby presented his chain of evidence. They had been more than polite and courteous to the prince, that was true, but they *had* detained him; him, a Sansevero!—and in the telling he again grew indignant. And yet it had been a terrible chain of evidence, and he had not seen how it was to be broken.

Then he branched off from his own affair, and went into an account of all that he had just heard of the experience of Derby himself with Calluci; and the adventure, in spite of Derby's protests, certainly lost nothing in the recital. The princess and Nina had not heard of this, and Nina sat and gazed at the hero in mute rapture. When the prince had used up half the adjectives of praise and admiration in the Italian language, and was about to begin on the other half, Derby succeeded in interrupting.

"By the way, princess," he said, "I have something I meant to show you this morning, but the other matter put it out of my mind." He drew a paper out of his pocket and handed it to her. She opened it, the prince looking over her shoulder. It was a sheet of foolscap covered with fine writing and many figures in groups and in columns.

"But what does it mean?" she asked.

"It is our first balance sheet at the mines. These are the tons of ore taken out," he answered, pointing to various totals, "this is the present market price paid for the first shipment, and this is the amount we are turning out now per day. At the same rate, the year's payment, at a conservative estimate, will be that amount. At all events, I shall send you a check the first of August for fifty thousand *lire*."

"Fifty thousand *lire*! Oh, Sandro!" The

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instinct of the woman showed, in that her husband was her first thought; and her voice vibrated joyously. "Fifty thousand *lire!*" they both repeated as though unable to comprehend—and then, the full meaning of it dawning upon him, the prince threw his arms about her in wild exuberance.

"Oh, my dear one!"—he punctuated each phrase with kisses—"now you shall have everything * * * everything * * * your heart can wish! Stoves you shall have * * * servants and dresses * * * Yes, and your emeralds! And your pearls! You shall have * * * emeralds set in a footstool! Every *soldo* is for you, *carissima*, it is all *yours*, YOURS!"

Gently she stopped him. "Sandro," she smiled, "Sandro *mio*, not the mines of the Indies could supply your plans for spending!" Then her voice broke, but she laughed through her tears and buried her face against his throat.

After a moment the princess recovered herself. She looked up, blushing like a girl—a little self-conscious that any one should have witnessed the scene between herself and her husband. "We are very foolish," she laughed. "But it is good to feel so joyous as that! Sandro, come with me, will you? These children will not mind, I am sure, if we leave them for a little while, and I want very much to talk to you." She smiled her apology to Nina and Derby, who both stood up. Then she and the prince went out of the door together, his arm about her waist.

When they had gone, Nina said softly: "They are dears, aren't they! Oh, Jack, aren't you proud to think that you are the cause of every bit of the gladness they are feeling to-day?" She glanced up at him, her eyes alight with a brilliant softness and tenderness. But he did not look at her, and so answered merely her words: "I guess it would have worked out all right, anyway." And then he seemed to study the pattern of the carpet, and there was silence.

Nina stood leaning against a heavy table, and Derby stood near her with his hands in his pockets and his attention apparently engrossed upon the floor. Both seemed incapable of speaking or moving, as though a hypnotic spell had fallen upon them. Twice, while her aunt and uncle were in the room, Derby had looked at her with an expression that set Nina's heart beating, but now they were alone it had entirely vanished and he kept his head persistently turned away. She wondered how she could ever have failed to find his profile splendid. But he seemed so detached, so bafflingly absorbed, that all the old ache she had felt on the day when he had advised her to marry Billy Dalton—and since—came suffocatingly back. The old doubt suddenly gripped her—could her aunt be mistaken?

Finally, it came to her, intuitively, that her whole future was hanging on this moment, and the impulse was overwhelming to forget that she was the woman. It seemed that she must herself force the issue and end the doubt, at all hazards—this doubt which hammered at the door of her intellect and which her heart yet stubbornly refused to accept.

"Jack"—she tried hard to carry out her resolve not to let the false pride of a moment perhaps spoil her life; but the inborn restraint of generations of womankind rebelled. In her uncertainly and anguish she could have screamed aloud, but she could not speak. At last her lips parted and, like the wail of a lost child, "Jack—" she cried. It was all she could say before her eyes filled and a queer little gulp came into her throat; then, hardly articulate, came the whisper, "H-ave you n-othing to say—to me?"

All at once he turned and looked at her—looked again and caught her by the shoulders. The expression of which the princess had spoken was in his eyes now. She saw him swallow hard, and it seemed to her as though her very soul were wandering lost in the blue spaces of his eyes as they searched hers, and then through it all his voice came huskily.

"Nina!"

For another long, intense moment he gazed at her earnestly, then "Nina! Nina!" he cried again, the wonder breaking through his tone. "Do you understand—do you *mean* what you are looking? Do you love me like—that?"

She tried to answer, but could not, though a little smile quivered in the corner of her mouth, and the dimple in her cheek was softly visible. Then she looked up again through her tears. A radiance indescribable lit the man's face, making his rugged features beautiful—then swiftly he stooped and gathered her to his heart.

THE END

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COÖPERATION CLOSE TO THE SOIL

By FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "Robbing the Hand That Feeds," "The Country Boy," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In Mr. Crissey's first article, "Robbing the Hand That Feeds," he told the sordid side of the farmer's story; the robbery and abuse by dishonest commission agents; the disasters of unorganized shipping to glutted markets. He now gives us the hopeful side—the great impulse towards coöperation. Already an accomplished fact in many districts, and promising to expand into a powerful national movement, this new impulse offers to restore the real producer, the husbandman, to his rightful position of supremacy in the nation. "Get together and stand together," is the slogan Mr. Crissey urges for the farmer.

THE American farmer is about the most individual, independent, and altogether "unbunched" being on the face of the earth. There seems to be something in actual contact with the soil that gives stiffness to the "backbone," and makes individuality a self-assertive thing that does not yield itself to massing or to sustained movements. The tiller of the soil is not naturally an organization man; he does not take readily to the organization harness or pull steadily or obediently in it when once it has been put on. His individualism is too assertive, has too many sharp angles and keen edges, to let him submit pliantly to the quasi-military discipline which is at the bottom of all organization work, no matter how loose-jointed the harness or how carefully padded with the collar of "coöperation." The American farmer has so long stood alone, thought, planned and struggled alone, in an atmosphere of sturdy and individual independence, that it is hard for farmers collectively to stand together.

Here, it seems to me, is the real reason why the farmers and the growers of this country have been so slow to seize upon the advantages of coöperation in the vital matter of securing a return for their toil—a fair and right portion of what those who eat pay for the products of the soil.

But this is not saying that coöperation has not at last hit the soil. It has—and it has come to stay. The very soil itself has become inoculated with coöperation, and it is destined to grow and spread in spite of the farmer's temperamental hostility to organization and consistent teamwork, in spite of the superior adroitness of the forces arrayed against the solidifying of farming interests into active and efficient bodies.

Unquestionably, California has contributed more to the cause of coöperation among growers than any other state in the Union. The California Fruit Growers' Exchange is not only the most powerful organization of its kind in America, but also the best and most progressive. It is "built like a watch," performs its functions with mechanical exactness, and works with a broad, intelligent out-reach. As a piece of adroit construction it may well challenge the admiration of the most tight-knit trust in existence.

It was born, in 1893, of a state-wide despair. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of orange and lemon orchards, representing millions of dollars in cash outlay, and uncounted millions in patient and laborious cultivation, had come into abundant bearing. As local papers and land advertisements boasted: "The crop had surpassed all expectation."

More than four thousand carloads of the fruit were shipped out of the state that season; but the returns in many—perhaps in most—cases were not enough to pay the shipping and selling charges and leave anything for orchard expenses. A big convention was called to find the fly in the ointment of the citrus growers' situation. "Overproduction," insisted some of the growers, whose harvest had been heaviest. "Bosh!" retorted a keen thinker, who straightway figured out for his audience that 4,000 carloads meant only five oranges a year for each of the inhabitants of the United States. Then they did a little more figuring and found that they were sewed up tight by the middlemen in the business, the speculator, the job-

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ber, the commission man and the whole line of go-betweens who had a strangle-hold on the situation from the packing shed to the Greek's push-cart in the back alley of the distant city.

They got together and began to build a coöperative machine calculated to bless every orange blossom in the state. It has. In each town the local association operates its packing houses, and each member's product is credited to him according to the grade which it achieves. Representatives of the association are in every market to protect its interests. An army of inspectors is stationed along every route traversed by its cars, and the system of diverting cars to avoid overstocked markets and to reach, instead, those needing oranges and lemons is brought to almost as high a point of efficiency as the operation of trains from a dispatcher's office.

One year of its work saw production boosted from 4,100 carloads to more than 31,000 carloads. It has reduced the selling of citrus fruit to a science—a good orange yield in California to-day means good profit to the grower and no guesswork about it. It has put the speculator out of the game, and the commission men and the private car lines have to be very, very good or they don't get any orange! It distributes this golden product in so scientific a way that the normal demand of every community will be exactly supplied and never oversupplied; and, above all, it persistently plans ahead so that the increase of orange consumption shall always outstrip the increase of population. The organization works as hard in cultivating citrus sentiment throughout the western world as the growers work in cultivating their orchards. It has paraphrased a devout home missionary battle-cry and adopted "North America for the orange!" as its watchword.

Extending through every line of production and in every state and country, fresh examples of the spread and value of coöperation may be found. Virginia has two counties largely given to the production of Irish and sweet potatoes and cabbages which were, as a whole, unprofitably worked before the growers organized into an association; they bought their fertilizers collectively, established a thorough and uniform system of grading and packing their products, and had their crops handled collectively and in a way to secure economical transportation and fair, economical marketing. These two counties are now examples of profitable agriculture.

The apple growers of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Colorado know and utilize the power of coöperative organization to protect their interests. The nut growers of the Southern states are banded together in an association which not only performs the usual functions of a protective alliance but also carries on an active propaganda. Honey producers have their associations wherever the busy bee operates on a scale of commercial importance. There is, in fact, scarcely a line of production that sends a tap root into the soil which has not been touched by the coöperative movement.

Support for the conclusion that well organized coöperation is equal to almost any task is to be had from the example of Denmark. The production of poultry and eggs is perhaps the most scattered of all the important lines of agricultural output. It is not confined to special districts or even to the country; thousands of villagers contribute to it; the wealthy and the well-to-do market their surplus products; and there are thousands of poultry raisers who keep small flocks and therefore have only an incidental and trifling interest in the profits of poultry raising. Denmark, however, determined to make a distinct place and name for its poultry as well as its dairy products in the great London market. Its purpose has been accomplished through coöperation, aided by helpful laws. The local association collects the eggs in each territory and requires that each egg shall be stamped with the date on which it was laid. Then the eggs are subjected to rigid inspection and the poultry keeper who attempts to palm off an egg which is detectably "underdated" is subjected to a substantial fine. The eggs are placed on the London market, graded as accurately as wheat, and that grading has come to be accepted and respected by dealers and consumers as valid and final. Live and dressed poultry and dairy products are handled by the same organization and subjected to the same careful branding and grading. The general association has its market agencies in London and other large markets, and an elaborate system of inspection which has given these Danish products a reputation of being standard. This method has wrought great economy both in production and distribution and has converted poultry keeping and dairy work from hazardous or unprofitable industries to a basis of stable and substantial profit.

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When coöperation among farmers becomes general and is solidly established in all the various farming and truck-growing sections and can show a sturdy stand, *it will add millions to the actual harvest of profits* realized by the patient army of growers; its greatest benefit will go to this legion of workers *who are now at the mercy of almost hopelessly hostile conditions and forces.* The small growers have always been the surest and easiest victims of fraud and rapacity and of their own mistakes and helplessness. As "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," so the smallness of the little grower's stake is his destruction and binds upon him more securely the fetters of his helplessness. "No use lawing about it," says the small grower who knows that he has been defrauded, for the costs will more than eat up the case. "Just got to stan l it, that's all." So these men have said thousands of times as they smarted under the injustice of a false account of sales. It is the small grower everywhere, in every line, who most needs the protection and manifold benefits of coöperation which lifts his limitations, strikes off the fetters of individual helplessness and makes it "worth while" to fight the little claim; because many little claims, handled collectively, make a big one which justifies the expenditure of time, money and ability.

Now as to the very latest development of organization among growers, probably no association in America is more typical of up-to-date methods in coöperative tendencies than the Georgia Fruit Exchange. Its membership is made up of both large and small growers and it is perhaps the latest organization in the field.

It has been said by those who should know that trade is war; but the modern imagination is hardly equal to the task of picturing warfare without organization, without leadership or direction, without even concerted action—every man scrambling for himself "and the devil take the hindermost." This, however, is a tame statement of the situation under which the Georgia peach growers have attempted to meet the solid and resourceful front of the market and come out of the engagement with a profit on their labor and their investment.

Only those who have planted an orchard of tiny peach trees, nursed them through drought and freshet, through frost and pestilence, and finally brought them, by dint of almost maternal tenderness, to the period of fruiting, can know what it means when you have said that Georgia is the greatest peach-producing state in the Union. Figures cannot tell it; but for one thing it means that for years a change has been going on in the "Empire State of the South." Settler after settler has looked into the future and dreamed of a peach orchard upon the slope of his farm. He has deliberately curtailed the season's production of patch crops and sacrificed his present income in order to start a little orchard which should some time reward his nursing and his sacrificing with a lifted debt and freedom and plenty. This is the way in which the little peach orchards have come to spot the pleasant slopes of Georgia. And the big orchards have much the same history: the old-time plantation passing to younger generation who saw the commercial possibilities of peach growing.

So much for the human struggle behind the Georgia peach orchards, so much for the meaning of the words "the greatest peach-producing state in the Union!" But what of the financial side of the ledger? Last year the orchard slopes of Georgia yielded 8,000 cars of luscious, red-cheeked fruit. What a mortgage-lifting harvest? Well, not exactly, for here is what happened: every grower was "looking out for himself"—or at least he thought he was. There was no coöperative community of interest among them, no organization or even cohesion. Here and there a local association of growers maintained a semblance of organization life—but it had scant vitality.

The keen generals of the big and of the lesser markets saw the situation and knew that a "slaughter" was at hand. About the tenth of last July 209 cars of peaches reached the New York market and more than a hundred fruit-cars came in the next day. Two things happened. Perhaps 150 cars sold for barely enough to pay transportation charges, and tons of peaches were dumped into the bay by order of the New York Board of Health.

It was the harvest *for the buyer and the speculator.* He picked up the choicest fruit by the carload—in most instances for just enough to pay transportation charges from Georgia—reshipped them to his own market and sold them for a good price. In these smaller markets, remote from New York, they were short of peaches, and eager to pay good prices for them. But this the distant grower did not know.

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Courtesy of N. Y. Tribune Farmer.

WHERE PATRIOTIC APPLE GROWERS ADVERTISE THEIR STOCK ON EVERY BOX.

The speculator and the buyer got the profits. Their pockets bulged; and the growers on the hill slopes of Georgia, the men and the women who had nursed those peach trees almost as tenderly as their own children—they got NOTHING! Take last year's peach crop in Georgia as a whole: The total crop is put at 8,000 cars; 6,000 cars were shipped out of the state with these disastrous results; a very few carloads were sold locally, or were canned, at prices which barely paid for the picking; and the remainder of the 2,000 carloads rotted on the trees because it did not pay to go on with the harvest!

Can you express in figures the disaster and heartache which the harvest's result left in the little cabins and the larger houses in the Georgia peach districts? Never! And the cause of it?

And yet this is a case in which the crooked commission merchant is not held responsible.

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Lack of organization, of intelligent coöperation on the part of the growers wrought their own destruction. Their orchard toil was more misspent than the strength of Samson who shook the temple pillars and brought the ruins down upon his own back! The advantage which the buyers in remote markets took of "the New York peach glut" was a legitimate one.

The grief of the growers, however, had an immediate effect. They saw that the only escape from the continuance of such calamities was in the positive strength of coöperation. A group of the progressive growers came together and worked out what was called the growers' plan of salvation. "This time," they agreed, "we're going to get enough of our fellows to sign up so that we can swing at least sixty per cent. of the crop on the basis of the 1908 yield; without that we don't start!" By January they had sixty-seven per cent. snug and tight and the organization became a reality. Since then they have rounded up enough more growers to bring the percentage up to ninety. Some unfeeling critics have suggested that this bears a strong resemblance to a peach trust. Those Northern commission merchants whose houses have been overlooked by the Exchange in its selling arrangements are grieved at this monopolistic tendency of the Georgia growers. But the Federal government has not yet ordered an investigation, and the State of Georgia, officially speaking, will overlook all technicalities and hold a Harvest Home Festival if the scheme will only work half as effectively as the critics insinuate.

The big, the distinctive thing, in this latest type of growers' organization is not the plan for protecting its members against fraud, or its internal machinery for keeping its membership in line and standing together, but its broad and intelligent scheme for collecting and classifying the information necessary to a sound and shrewd allotment of the crop to various markets, from day to day, when the rush of the shipping season is greatest. Because this one point in the scheme of the Georgia Exchange is so vitally important to every association of more than neighborhood scope, it shall be dealt with first.

In every section of this country and Canada where the Exchange expects to market its peaches, a systematic campaign of investigation has been prosecuted for the purpose of collecting all data which may have a practical bearing upon the economical, profitable, and expeditious marketing and distribution of a great crop. So far as I am able to learn, this is the first time that a great statistical campaign of this character has been carried on for any growers' organization east of the Rocky Mountains. All this mass of information has been digested and classified so as to be instantly available for use at the busiest moment of the actual crop-moving season. Every detail of transportation and of market conditions is a matter of record, and arrangements have been made to receive special reports from all the principal markets which will give the management a daily bird's-eye view of the market situation the whole country over when the shipping season opens.

By this live and statistical campaign, neglected and undeveloped markets will be brought to light, their conditions investigated, and, if found to offer good prospects, they will be tested and stimulated—alike to the benefit of growers and consumers.

A most important and economical feature of the operating plans of the Georgia Fruit Exchange is made possible by the statistical and reporting scheme already explained; this is the big saving secured *by keeping the fruit cars rolling*, dodging poor markets and hitting good ones. They will leave the loading stations at the orchards designed for one of two points—Cincinnati, if the shipment is intended for western markets, and the Potomac yards at Washington if it is for the eastern markets. Each car will be consigned to the Georgia Fruit Exchange. If the first market which the car reaches has no need for peaches the Exchange will keep that car rolling, to the eastward or westward as the case may be, until it reaches a market where it is needed and is saleable. The Exchange in other words plans to follow the system of the California orange and lemon growers and shippers. At all central points there will be inspectors, and each car will be checked up, its condition noted by some one whose interests are those of the peach growers.

In addition to inspectors at icing points the organization has inspectors in the principal markets—about fifty in number—who know the actual condition of shipments and see that they are accounted for by the commission houses entrusted with their sale on a fair and honest grading.

All the business of the association is handled

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WORK FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY SORTING PEACHES IN ARKANSAS.

by a limited number of carefully selected commission houses in the larger markets—each house being placed under contract to permit the fullest inspection of shipments and of records, and to keep the records in such a manner that the sales may be traced to the original purchasers. The manager of the Exchange has declared: "It is only through this medium that the producers can be protected against the interests which have heretofore flourished on the lack of organization among growers."

A certain and an important result of this system of careful limitation in selling agencies is the forcing of competition. Other commission houses in the big markets must have Georgia peaches in season—and the only way by which they can get them is to go to the growers and buy outright for delivery at the nearest shipping point. This leaves little leeway for crookedness or double-dealing so long as the Exchange passes upon the financial responsibility of the buyer. All sales on the ground must be immediately reported to the Exchange and confirmed by it. This not only protects the shipper but prevents any disarrangement of the allotments made for the various markets.

The benefits of such an organization to the growers are many. Their increased profits are to come mainly from the following sources: First, from the elimination of loss in shipping a perishable crop to markets already glutted; second, from the saving of loss by delays, carelessness in transit, and carelessness and frequent dishonesty at the market end of the route; third, from the elimination of the speculative broker.

The Exchange shippers will pay the northern commission man ten per cent. of the selling price of the peaches for marketing their fruit, this percentage being the usual one. In turn the commission houses contract to pay the Exchange three to five per cent. of this ten per cent. commission—in return for the work performed by the Exchange and which was previously rendered by brokers, buyers and inspectors. In other words, the honest commission man operating under this plan is getting precisely the same net percentage as under the old system. However, there are extra inducements for him to coöperate with the Exchange.

When a consignment of peaches will bring $1,000 in a market which is fully stocked, but not overstocked, he will be able to sell for $1,000; whereas, if the market were al-

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lowed to become glutted, he would have to sell for $600. When the commission man's payment to the Exchange is made and his customary five per cent. net profit is stowed away, it will be five per cent. on $1,000, not five per cent. on $600; it will be $50 commission instead of $30. The grower will also benefit by having his consignment sold for $1,000 instead of $600. While these figures may look like a greater cost to the man who eats a Georgia peach, the management of the Exchange insists that the price to the consumer will not be increased. For the number of middlemen between the commission man and the consumer is sufficient to put the price of the consignment of peaches at $1,000 when it reaches the consumer, even when the commission men sell it at $600. This is where the proposed elimination of the speculator comes in. The peach speculator buys on a glutted market. But he does not sell on that market. He ships his peaches to another market, nearby if possible, where he receives the $1,000 which they should bring on a normal market. Neither the grower nor the consumer is the gainer from this transaction, and the Exchange believes that such a disposal of the perishable crop as will fill the needs of each market and no more will eliminate speculation to a large extent.

In maneuvering to avoid overloading any market the manager admits that the Exchange expects to benefit the peach growers not affiliated with it as well as its own members. He is glad of it—the more the better! When the market in New York at a given time has a capacity for thirty carloads of peaches and it is known that the independents have three to five carloads en route to New York, the Exchange proposes to ship not more than twenty-seven carloads to the New York market, depending upon the outsiders to make up the necessary number. As the Exchange includes ninety per cent. of the Georgia growers it is estimated that independent shipments at the time the Georgia crop is on the market will not be much more than ten per cent. of its own shipments.

It is the doing of business at arm's length —as we see it illustrated in each case—that has always been the undoing of the grower. For this reason again the story of organization development in the "Gulf Coast Country" of Southern Texas is peculiarly significant. This section is remote from any large center, and it has comparatively no local markets. There are many small

UNDER COÖPERATION THERE IS A SURE PROFIT IN SUCH A CROP OF BERMUDA ONIONS.

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THIS LUXURIANT GROWTH IS IN A NEW MEXICAN TRUCK GARDEN.

growers here and comparatively few who produce truck upon a big industrial scale, and its whole history as a garden region is so recent as to come easily, definitely and completely under the eye.

William Doherty, now traffic manager of the Gulf Coast line, has seen every step in the development of that region from a fenceless cattle range to the "early vegetable garden of the United States." He has helped to make much of the history of coöperation in that remarkable region and he is my authority for these statements:

The first truck crop was produced in 1905 and was grown almost entirely by men who had left professions and commercial callings to get away from the deadly grind of office routine, men who wanted to live a simple life in the open. In short, they knew something about nearly everything except gardening—in this their experience was a blank. But they could hire Mexicans who knew something of practical gardening and the old settlers who remained from the time of cattle raising gave instruction and assistance. The soil and the climate did the rest. The first shipment took the northern markets by surprise, getting in ahead of all other early regions. The prices almost made these pioneer truck growers dizzy—four dollars and fifty cents a bushel for new potatoes; one dollar and eighty cents a dozen for cucumbers; three and one half cents a pound for onions. The growers overworked the multiplication table in figuring out their next season's profits at these figures. Organization was unthought of and every man took his own guess at the market. If one seemed to strike it right a dozen others followed his lead—with carload shipments! This not only glutted the "favored" market but it also gave the commission men a sure tip that the new garden spot of Southern Texas had a colony of unhooked suckers who needed to be taken in. As Mr. Doherty puts it:

"Occasionally the growers were permitted to steal the bait, but often they were hooked and hooked good and strong. Here is just one example: A grower had a car of potatoes for sale. A buyer offered him a dollar a bushel at the station, but the price was not "fancy" enough in the grower's estimation, so he consigned the car to a commission merchant in Cleveland, Ohio. After a long delay he received a check for two dollars and sixty-five cents, the consignee explaining that the shipment had arrived in bad order, that the potatoes were decaying and that the check

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DID THE CROOKED COMMISSION AGENT EVER WEED TOMATOES IN THE BROILING SUN?

enclosed represented the revenue realized from their sale—less, of course, the freight charges and his commission. The grower accepted the two dollars and sixty-five cents for that car of potatoes when he might as well have had $400.00.

"In dozens of other cases growers who consigned lost not only the shipments outright but were actually compelled to pay freight charges after the commission merchant had gobbled up the returns of their season's labor."

Then these Texas growers woke up and organized "locals" and a strong central organization which paid its manager $5,000 a season. The same grower who had to take $2.65 for a car of fine early potatoes realized, through the association, a net profit of $325 an acre on common red carrots. In its first business year the association sold 369,064 crates of Bermuda onions for which it returned $250,567 to the growers. But concrete individual cases are more interesting: at Kingsville thirty-three growers had ninety-two acres in onions. The association handled the crop and paid them an amount, in net profits, sufficient to average $157.60 an acre. The onion acreage was far greater before the association took hold of it; but scarcely a grower did better than make bare expenses.

Mr. Doherty stoutly asserts that organization has been the salvation of the growers of the Gulf Coast country; without it they would have been crushed and discouraged; with it they have whipped the commission men into line. He says that the 1,300 or more cars of truck and melons shipped over the Gulf Coast Line alone this season will represent a substantial profit to the growers because organization has protected them against their own inexperience, their ignorance of market conditions and methods, and against the crooked practices of that element of the commission business which has not yet learned that square dealing pays best in the long run. If the growth of truck growing under coöperation methods in this region is not sufficiently indicated by these figures, then let it be emphasized by the statement that the association has increased the salary of its manager by one-half, now paying him $7,500 a season.

But what about the benefits of the organization to the public? Like all other successful associations, the Southern Texas Truck Growers' Association soon found that the shortest and surest way to gain uniform

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high prices was to ship only products of uniformly high standards, graded and packed in such a manner that they would stand shipment without injury and would *reflect credit upon the association's brand.* In short, the association started on a campaign of *reputation-building*, with the motto: "MAKE THE BRAND GOOD IN EVERY MARKET." The careless and slovenly grower was taught the necessity of neatness and the commercial value of an attractive, uniform package; the dishonest grower was taught that to cheat in grading and packing his produce was to cheat himself and his neighbors more than the buyer or the consignee. Live and progressive associations everywhere recognize that "making the home brand good" is a high function of organization among growers.

In many scores of letters to growers I have asked this question: "What legislation would you urge to help growers? How about a uniform package law or a law providing for some kind of Federal inspection?" Most correspondents ignored this question, but some seemed curiously sensitive on this point and protested that they didn't want their business tied up with "any government red tape." This vital and very practical phase of the question has been touched upon by Professor Spillman, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who said:

"Several states have very satisfactory laws governing the commission business; but a farmer in Florida is not in a position to take advantage of the laws of New York, so he submits and accepts the reports he receives and pays the freight. I am speaking now of the average case. Occasionally, he does what a Texas farmer did on shipping a second carload of potatoes to a firm in Cincinnati. He followed up the carload and received a telegram (forwarded to him the day before the potatoes arrived in Cincinnati) stating that they had arrived in bad condition and could not be handled. He saw his car of potatoes opened, ascertained from a member of the firm that they were selling at $1.25 a bushel, and that they were the second carload received from the same shipper, the previous carload having been sold at the same price. Armed with this information he visited the commission house and collected pay for both carloads of potatoes and his expenses for the trip. He could not, however, afford to go to the expense of prosecuting the thief who had been attempting to steal from him. Occurrences of this kind are so rare as to have little effect on dishonest men who masquerade as commission merchants.

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"It is clear to me, since shipments of this kind are usually a matter of interstate commerce, that *it is the duty of the national government to legislate upon the subject and to provide inspectors who shall be responsible for enforcing the law. This law should require a consignee to keep an accurate record of all interstate consignments, showing the date received, the shipper and the amount received from the consignment.* When a farmer believes he has been defrauded the inspector ascertains from the books of the consignee and from the books of the merchants *to whom the goods were sold*, the actual amount received for the shipment; and if there is a discrepancy between the report made to the shipper and the actual facts he institutes proceedings against the consignee."

A lawyer who had had much experience in prosecuting produce commission men on behalf of aggrieved and defrauded customers declares:

"Federal inspection along the lines suggested by Prof. Spillman will reach beyond the lines of its legal jurisdiction; its influence will be reflected upon the business which does not cross a state line in going from grower to consumer and is not interstate commerce. The whole tone of the commission business all along the line would be forced to a higher register by the enactment of a federal inspection statute. State laws are often disregarded, but in every man there is a wholesome fear of the strong hand of the national government. Get all the good state laws possible—they will help—but remember that the big thing is to get Uncle Sam's men keeping tab on the way the commission men handle the produce placed in their hands by the growers. It would have a mighty wholesome effect upon the methods of the market street in every large city to have the representatives of the United States Government prying around to see that the grower and the shipper have a square deal. And when once the crooked commission merchant readjusted his methods to meet this federal pressure it is not likely that he would make an exception, in his house-cleaning, to the small fraction of his business which did fall under the head of intrastate commerce."

Such a Federal statute with ordinary Federal enforcement would go far toward making "knocking down," or the returning of false statements of sales, a lost art. Every growers' organization in the country should work for it, and it should have the support of the National League of Commission Merchants and of every honest commission man outside of the league.

But growers should not deceive themselves on one point: no amount of national or state enactments will solve their problem for them. They must work out their own salvation. Intelligent and consistent coöperation is the only thing that will really protect them in the widest sense.

More than this, coöperation among growers is a constant and postgraduate course in real industrial economy and industrial education. Collective buying means careful buying. The man who buys a little fertilizer for his patch, a few packages for his little crop, will not and cannot make that searching and intelligent investigation into the merits of what the market offers which is given by the man who buys in a big way for many of his neighbors and knows that he will be held accountable for his stewardship. Coöperation in a close, working business association gives to the weak and the timid and the inexperienced the strength and cheer and courage that comes from the knowledge that they are banded together in common interest with the strongest and the most resourceful men in their community. And the best judgment of the best men in the local growers' association is available as a support and guide to novices and to the least resourceful.

A good, live growers' association is worth more, educationally, to any rural community than a business college. As a social influence it will do more to weld that community into a strong working unit than many a more pretentious agency. It teaches the selfish man to consider his neighbors' interest in common with his own, fosters the spirit of give-and-take to the end of the common good and educates the lax and the slothful to a realization that to grow any crop successfully means to keep in step with the march of progress.

There is only one final word for the American grower—and that is ORGANIZE! Get together and stand together!

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LITTLE STORIES of REAL LIFE

Among the Chimneys

by

Zoe Anderson Norris

Drawings by
Harry Townsend

IT began with the hanging out of the clothes one sunny Monday morning in June, and ended, as you shall see, with the moonlight—that episode among the chimneys across the court from the high windows of my flat. A little world it is, up there in what I call my front yard, with its small houses from whose doors the people come to visit with each other and live their roof-lives; with its tall chimneys that are my trees, and its iron balconies that are the fences serving to inclose my neighbors—neighbors whom I only see, with whom I cannot talk or quarrel, and who are, in consequence, very pleasant neighbors to have and easy to hold.

First of all, on that sunny morning, the girl came up out of one of the little roof-houses with a basket of white linen to hang on the lines. She was a pretty girl with yellow hair. It was beautiful yellow hair which I had often seen her washing on the roof; then she would sit on a parapet in the sun to let it dry.

Now, the mass of it was coiled high on her small head and fastened with a tortoise-shell comb that glistened in the sun like gold. The warm sun tangled its yellowest rays in her hair, so that it, too, gleamed like threads of gold.

She was neatly dressed, this girl upon the roof tops. You would perhaps think that in the tenements they would dress in rags or at least quite poorly, but it is not so. Often they are very fashionable across from me in my front yard of roofs among the chimneys.

Not far away from her on the roof was a tent which three children had stretched across a clothesline and fastened to some spikes of the iron fence. Now and then these children looked at her and laughed, and she said something to them and laughed back

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SHE STOOD THERE IN THE MORNING SUN, HANGING OUT THE FRESH WHITE LINEN FROM THE BASKET

again. I think they were the little brothers and sisters of the girl, for I had sometimes seen her comb their hair and dress them of mornings at a window, very patient and sweet the while with the tangles and the tying of their strings.

As she stood there in the morning sun, stretching her plump arms up to the lines, hanging out the fresh white linen from the basket, taking the clothespins one by one from the deep pockets of her apron, putting one in her mouth and one on the line, up out of another roof-house came a boy. He was really not much more than a boy, at any rate, and his face, clean shaven, was topped by a mop of yellow hair not far from hers in color.

I never knew—how can you, unless you meet and talk with them? (and that takes away half the charm)—but I rather thought from the first that he belonged to a different neighborhood, and merely visited in ours. He saw the pretty girl on the street, perhaps, and sought her out, or maybe he had some friends in the tenement and so met her; for when he came up out of the door of the little house he had on his hat. Always afterward, too, he wore his hat when he came up on the roof, unless he took it off and laid it on the parapet.

Seeing her stretching her plump arms so high to hang the clothes and fasten the clothespins, he tried to help her, untying the strings of her deep-pocketed apron and tying it grotesquely around his own waist. Then he handed her the pins from the pockets one by one, and now and again fastened an unruly one himself upon the line.

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When all the white linen was flapping on the lines, the two found a nook between the big, square, comfortable chimneys and sat there talking. But the girl paused every little while to throw a word and a laugh to the children playing under their tent. That pleased me, somehow. There is something very sweet and wholesome in a girl who can stop in her coquetry with a man to laugh with children.

Thereafter, the young man came many times to talk with the yellow-haired girl on the roof. And one moonlight night, when I was plaiting my hair in the dark of my room and getting ready for sleep, I looked out of my window, and there, across on the roof alone, I saw their two figures silhouetted softly against the cool moonlight of the sky. He had his arm around her waist, and her yellow head was on his shoulder. And, as I looked, he leaned his head down close to hers and kissed her.

"Soon," I said to myself, as I lay drowsily in my white bed, with the moonshine stealing softly in at my one window, "there will be a wedding—perhaps up there on the roof among the chimneys." And what a bizarre and unusual wedding that will be, I thought as I drifted off by the way of the moonlight to the land of dreams.

Those who have never witnessed an East Side wedding on First or Second Avenue, should take pains to see one. Above all, one on Second Avenue, that wide and beautiful street which used to be *the* street of New York.

How simple the people are here—only a stone's throw from the pomp and splendor of Fifth Avenue—with their beflowered carriages, their rice, and their slippers in the broad light of day, flaunting their happiness in the face of the world, the bride radiant in her white veil and orange blossoms, the groom as radiant, an orange blossom, too, in his buttonhole.

I stood by one morning and watched such a wedding at a tall, gray-steepled church not far down on Second Avenue. I watched the carriages in rows—standing on the curb among the East Side folk—waiting patiently for a peep at the beautiful bride and her groom.

Presently there was a pushing forward, a nudging of elbows, a whisper of "Ah! There she is! There she is!" And forth

THE TWO FOUND A NOOK BETWEEN THE BIG SQUARE CHIMNEYS.

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HER HEAD DROPPED IN A HOPELESS WAY UPON HER KNEES.

from the wide gray doors of the steepled-church came the groom with his bride.

For a moment he stood looking out with a smile on the crowd that had waited to see them, then he led his bride tenderly down the wide gray steps and placed her in her carriage.

I stared aghast. The groom! Why, he was my youth of the roofs and the yellow hair, my youth of the chimneys. But—the bride! the bride!

I turned and walked along the pavement toward my home with a heavy heart; for, if you know your neighbors only by sight the thought of their unhappiness reaches you. And the bride was not my yellow-haired girl of the roofs.

That night I sat late in my den across from my front yard of the roofs with its little houses and its chimneys. I sat till the children had all gone down from their tents to the sultry rooms to be put to bed, and then till the men and the women had followed.

Yes. I was right. Those children who had played under the tent that day were the little brothers and sisters of my yellow-haired girl. I saw her near a window now, putting them to bed, bending over them, unfastening with patient fingers their strings and buttons, plaiting their hair and talking with them, probably answering all their puzzling questions as she put them to bed.

And then, when at last they lay still, I

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saw her turn the light down, and by and by come out of the little roof-house on to the roof, her yellow hair shining in the moonlight. . . .

She stood a moment looking up at the far-away moon. Then, crossing with steps that lagged, she came and sat down in the nook between the chimneys where he and she had sat in the sun and chatted and laughed.

I saw her place one foot on the parapet, so that she could clasp her knee with her hands. In this position she sat, looking up at the moon, her head turned sidewise, so that I could see her profile, a delicate, uneven line penciled by the shimmering light.

She sat there for a little while alone among the chimneys of the roof and then, all at once, her head dropped in a hopeless way upon her knees.

Some mellow rays of the moon touched lingeringly, like the fingers of a hand, it seemed to me, upon her hair.

SHORT LETTERS OF A SMALL BOY

By Paul West

VI

BROOKDALE MASS, FEBUARY 17, 1881

DERE COUS. GORGE

wel Gorge how are you, I am pritty wel, but I gues you thought I was ded, wel I wasent. The reson I dident rite to you was that I hav bin away. You kno I tol you Fred Strong and me was going to join Jessie Jaimes gang or the yossemity vally we dident kno which, wel it was Jessie Jaimes gang, only we dident quite but only almost.

wel I got a nuther flobert riffle 22 for Christmas, and my mother woodent let me hav it, a nuther uncle not uncle Walter cent it and my mother sed hevvins he is as big a fool as you are, she ment the other uncle was as big a fool as uncle Walter but he only laffed, and my mother sed he shal not hav that deth deeling thing, who knos what he wil shoot up with it, Samuel, you lock it up in yore libery, so my farther did.

So I dident hav anny riffle and I told Fred Strong when he sed lets run away and join Jessie Jaimes gang, I here he is hard pressed and nedes all good men and true, I sed I cant how can I? my riffle is locked up, but Fred sed pooh woodst be thwarted by such a triffle, and I sed no I gues I can get into my farther's libery, so he sed, all rite we may go anny minnit, get yore rope ladder reddy to escape with.

I sed what do I nede a rope lader for is they going to be anny climing to get to Jessie Jaimes lair, I dident kno it was up high and he sed, you fool, you nede the rope lader to escape from yore windoe with at ded of nite, and I sed I can get down by the watter spout, but Fred sed that ain't the way to do it, you must escape by a rope lader, evverybody does, so I maid one and when I got it reddy Fred sed tonites the nite. As the dawn brakes be on the alert for my wissle, that wil be the signal, hav evverything reddy and fale me not.

So that day I got into my farthers libery only I dident hav to blow the lock open with dinamight, it was open annyway, and I got my riffle and I borroed a kitchen nife and got a lot of bred and things charged at the grocery stoar to my farther, and a blanket and a hamock and some masks for our faces, and I hid them all under my bed, and that nite I wated for the dawn to brake but I dident hav to wate long becawse I herd Freds wissle, three wissles, it ment the coast is clere, and so I anserd out of my windoe and he flashed his dark lantern out of his windoe and then I climbed down the rope lader. I nerely fel two times. It wood of bin a good dele easier to go down the watter spout, and when I went by my farthers windoe going down I herd him snoaring and I nerely lett go, but I dident. Then Fred and me we fastenned our things on our

"AS THE DAWN BREAKS BE ON THE ALERT FOR MY WISSLE, AND FALE ME NOT."

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back and when we got out in the strete Fred turned around and sed farewel o happy seens of boyhood days I nare shal see the moar, and then he sed, you say it to, so I did, and he sed forward my brave men, on to Jessie Jaimes' lare.

wel Gorge it was awfull cold, and I sed to Fred whare is Jessie Jaimes lare just now and he sed far away in Missoury, so after we had walked a long way I sed lets us stop at the yossemity vally now and go on to Jessie Jaimes lare tomorow, he can wate a littel longer, but Fred sed the yossemity vally was stil father, so I sed O wel nevver mind are we nerely to Jessie Jaimes plaice, I see the lites of something, and he sed that is Boston you see, we are going to get on a frate trane and go to Missoury. Wel Gorge we got to a plaice that was all ful of frate cars and they nerely run over us in the dark, but we got inside one and wated, and some men caim and shut the dore and pritty soon the car began to move and Fred sed we hav begun our jorney, this wil be a memrable day for Jessie Jaimes, and I sed yes wont he be glad when he sees us.

"AND WE AST A MAN AND HE LAFFED AND SAID THIS IS WOSTER MASS."

And then I herd a man say something and I was skared and so was Fred, becawse I thought he wood kil us, but the man lit a mach and he sed gosh if it aint a cupple of kids, what are you doing? And Fred sed plese mister we are going to join Jessie Jaimes' gang, and the man sed I gues you kids has bin reding dime novvels, do you kno what Jessie Jaimes is reely like, and we sed no, and the man sed wel I do, becawse I am his brother.

And Fred sed are you Frank Jaimes and the man sed you can call me that, and he did look something like the pictures on the covvers of the novvels only not so hansom, and Fred sed whare is yore brother now? And the man sed he was in Missoury when he rote to me last weke, so that proved he was Frank Jaimes or Jessie woodent of rote to him wood he?

Then Frank ast us a hole lot moar things about us and we told him and then he sed wel you lie down and taik a snoze and I wil waik you up when we get to Missoury, hav you got anny monney? and we sed yes we had a dolar and seventy five sents, which we had got out of our banks, so Frank sed wel you giv it to me for saif keping, so we did and we went to slepe.

The next thing I new it was moarning and the car dore was open and it was awfull coald, and Fred was looking all around the car and he sed whare is Frank? and I sed who, and he sed why Frank Jaimes, Jessie's brother and then I rememberd, but he had gone and he took all our monney excep fiftene sents that Fred had kep and dident tel him about. And Fred sed I dident think Frank Jaimes wood do that, but I sed maybe he has went on to tel Jessie we are coming, if this is Missoury, I wonder if it is, so we got out of the trane and we ast a man and he laffed and sed, Missoury nuthing, this is Woster mass, and we looked at a sine on the ralerode depow and it sed Boston 44 miles.

I ast Fred if he thought Missoury was much father and he sed he guesd we was about haff way, and we had beter catch anuther trane, but I sed we had beter not hury til we see which trane is rite, and I wonder if they hav missed us at hoam yet, of coarse we woodent giv up if they was on our trale and Fred sed nevver, they wood nevver capture us only over our ded bodies, and I sed yes.

Wel we bot too aples and had thoase for brekfast and it didnt seme like much but

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Fred sed think of Jessie Jaimes, sumtimes he dont hav even that, and I felt awfull sorry for him, so we walked all around Woster all day, and we bot a minse pie and had that for super. We dident hav anny diner, and then it was dark and I sed wood you be sorry if they got on our trale and caim after us? and Fred sed I bet I wood, think of the licking we wood get, and I sed what wil we do then? and he sed lets us get back in our car, maybe it wil go back to Boston, so we went down to the ralerode yard and our car wasent thare.

Wel say Gorge, I dont cair if I did cry a littel, my new flobert riffle 22 and all our things and dime novvels, and Fred cried a littel to, but he sed it was raige, strong men cried with raige sumtimes, annyhow, we was awfull coald and hungry and tired and we hung around the depow till a pliceman chaised us out, and then we crawled into a big pipe I gues it was a drane pipe that laid by the depow and had got warm, and we went to slepe.

Wel Gorge you nevver herd the noise I did when we woak up, it wasent verry lite yet and I thought the wurld was comming to an end, it was such a pounding, but I looked up and it was two plicemen, they was pounding on the pipe with there billies and they snaked us out and took us up to the plice station, and we told them who we was and they telegrafed to our farthers and they caime down and got us, and we was mitey glad but we dident say we was.

I thought I wood get a nawfull licking but I dident, and my mother cried and cried and sed I was her darling boy, and when my farther sed darling boy, hay, costing me about $fifty to telegraf all over the darned map, Id like to whail him, then my mother sed Samuel Torrey wood you hav the hart to chastise the child so mersifully restoared to you? and my farther kicked the sentre taible hard and sed something and stroad out of the room. And my uncle Walter come in and he sed wel I see Jessie Jaimes junior is hoam agen, hows the gang old sport? and my mother sed you get out Walter and leve the child aloan, and he did.

And I prommised my mother not to rede anny moar novvels, so dont send me anny moar, Gorge. Not even Frank Rede and his Steme Horse. I am going to rede libery books now and be good.

So no moar for this time.

Yore aff. Cous.,

SAMUEL TORREY, JR.

P. S. Dont bern thoase novvels you mustent send to me, only kepe them, not for me of coarse not, but some poor littel boy mite like to rede them some day. S. T. jr.

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LITTLE TALKS ON PICTURES

By SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE
DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

1

STUDY IN BLACK AND GREEN

PAINTED BY
JOHN W. ALEXANDER

THE picture reproduced on the cover is one of those bought through the generosity of Mr. George A. Hearn, who, in 1906, endowed a fund for the purchase of works of living American artists.

Mr. Hearn had already presented the Museum with enough pictures, principally of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, to fill Gallery 15, and in this room there are several notable paintings of the American School. The purchases from this endowment have necessitated the use of a second gallery, which already possesses fine examples of the work of Winslow Homer, de Forest Brush, William M. Chase and others. To these there was added, last year, an excellent illustration of Mr. Alexander's work, and one which shows the artist perhaps more as an idealist than as a portrait painter. It is entitled "Study in Black and Green," and is three-quarter length, the life-size portrait of a girl, seated on a divan. The face, partly turned and in shadow, does not compete with her broad-striped skirt of vivid yellow-green and velvety black. The light, coming from a window not shown in the painting but immediately on the right, strikes upon the figure and the divan, and also upon a white curtain of another window at the back. This is cleverly managed, and it can be seen that the light from the window out of the picture is dominant over that coming through the transparent gauze of the window in the back.

Mr. Alexander's portraits are celebrated for an air of individuality—not the artist's mannerism, but something gathered out of his subject and apparently changing with each. This is well marked in the picture given, for which the dress not only furnishes the title, but in which it plays a most important part—although left almost in the condition of sketchy unfinish, which prevents it from overstepping its natural position in the subject.

John W. Alexander was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and came quite early in life to New York with a view to obtaining art work. After many disappointments, he was taken on

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the staff of Harper and Brothers, where a considerable time elapsed before he was given a place in the illustrating department. Once there, he began to rise. Persevering in his purpose, he saved enough from his modest salary for a voyage to Europe. With such small savings he found it impossible to live in Paris and, therefore, visited Munich, where he joined the Benozoir Academy. After a short stay of two months here, he left for Polling, in the Bavarian mountains, and began to draw from life among the peasants. Some months later he received a letter from Benozoir asking him to send some of his paintings to the annual exhibition of the Munich Academy. These were sent, and they won a medal for him. He afterwards visited Italy and France, and, returning to America, he took up portraiture and decorative painting. In this line, one of his greatest works is in the decoration of the main staircase of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, a series of panels fitting the spaces between doors and windows upon two floors.

It is in this direction that the art of painting is flourishing in America—perhaps with better result than in any other part of the world. The capitols, courthouses, and other public buildings offer employment for both painter and sculptor; and generally the artist is left free to choose his subject and to do his best in developing it. Here he is emancipated from the control of the art market; he is not expected to do anything sensational, but simply his best, knowing that when the passing fashion is changed his work will be judged on its intrinsic merits.

The decorations of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg were well placed in being confided to Alexander. He was born in a suburb of Pittsburg, and from his boyhood had realized the importance of labor and the power of man over those forces which have made that city one of the greatest industrial centers of the world. He had honored Pittsburg by his successes in the art world. France had made him an officer of the Legion of Honor; and artistic societies and associations in America, London, Paris, Munich and Vienna had welcomed him to membership. He has taken gold medals also in Paris, Buffalo, St. Louis and Philadelphia, and there are important examples of his works in many public and private galleries.

It is not possible here to give an account of these decorations which have occupied over three years of his time. But it should be said that here labor is truly represented—not by posed groups of those brawny beings so loved by the great masters of the Renaissance, nor yet by badly selected types of modern workmen, brutalized by work and squalid environment, and so often chosen by the artists of Europe to represent the dignity of labor. Alexander's workmen are not artist models, but such men as have built up Pittsburg. Shown partly enveloped in steam, they are engaged in guiding long levers and heavy chain tackle to perform work which could formerly be accomplished by man through brute force alone. These men, generally nude to the waist, show muscle, but it is that of the Greek athlete; and the look of intentness with which they bend to their work shows that brains are the leading factor in modern craft work.

There is nothing morbid or sordid in any of these compositions and the whole creates in every visitor a feeling of respect for the grandeur of labor. And this is true whether it be observed by one who never before realized the significance of modern industrial development, or by the mechanics and laborers of Pittsburg, who, in these allegorical subjects, cannot fail to feel the dignity of their work in which each individual plays a part of almost equal importance.

From these Pittsburg decorations to Alexander's "Study in Black and Green" seems a far cry, but the superb training which enabled him to do the one also shows through the humbler subject.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

THERE is, the wise ones tell us, nothing new under the sun. And I make no claim of discovery in regard to the following formula for literary valuation. I did not work it out; it obtruded itself upon me. I merely set it down as being new to me and hence, perhaps, unknown to others. It happens that for some weeks I have been reading and writing and loafing on a mountain lake among the Selkirks, and the door of my temporary study gives upon a shifting panorama of rocky slopes and snow-clad peaks. And at first, not knowing that they held opinions in such matters, I used, doggedly, book in hand, to face these hills. But I soon found that for all their silence the mountains were stern critics. Some books they welcomed. Some they tolerated. And some they utterly refused to countenance. And though they neither praised nor blamed, their unvoiced judgments were not to be gainsaid. So that gradually I have adopted the practice of beginning a new book facing my open door; and then, as needs must, of either turning partially aside or of facing frankly round and finishing it envisaged by homely and less exacting walls of undressed pine.

So far, Professor Hugo Münsterberg's "The Eternal Values" (Houghton, Mifflin) alone has stood the untempered test and received the unqualified endorsement of these censorious heights. It seems almost to have something in common with them, and they in turn appear to offer an exegesis of its contentions. For just as, here and there, these mountains offer hospitable foothold where they touch the lake and force the eye to be constantly tracing possible paths to their uninhabitable summits, so this work, positing instead of repudiating the naïve world of actual living, attempts to lead us by safe but arduous ways to the impregnable heights of an idealistic philosophy. The search for "eternal values"—for some unshakably human and yet extra-human criterion—has been immemorially prosecuted and must be forever unfinished. Yet each mind that gives us, even for a time, a secure foothold for further effort, serves the highest that is in us. And this, at least, Professor Münsterberg has accomplished. His book is no popular treatise. It demands concentrated attention from readers fairly accustomed to philosophic inquiry. But to those for whom the gap between daily life and metaphysical speculation has loomed sinister and impassable, and who have yet felt modern pragmatism to be but a begging of the ultimate question, "The Eternal Values" will come as a long desired and long witheld step in the only practicable direction.

A collection of three "Plays" (Putnam), by our friend John Galsworthy, is, in several of its aspects, one of the most interesting of the latest books. To begin with, at least two of these little dramas have intrinsic fictional value. "Strife" and "The Silver Box," no less than "The Man of Property" or "The Country House," lift the veil of self-deception from our eyes; not tauntingly, or cynically, but with a clear-sighted and disarming good nature, and leave us with a clarified understanding of our neighbors and of ourselves. In the next place, since the drama through its very limitations is creative art stripped for action, these plays lay before us, as it were, an X-ray picture of the trend and quality of their author's talent. And finally, they offer us a convenient point of orientation for considering the modern drama as reading matter. Some one has wittily said that plays make poor reading because they require a double exercise of the imagination—one is obliged first to think oneself into a theatre, and then to think the action on to the stage. But the more closely one examines this statement, or perhaps it were better to say the more frequently one tests it in actual practice, the more one finds that its truth is directly proportioned to the "staginess" of the play in question. There are a hundred dramatic licenses and stage conventions that we have come to accept more or less unquestioningly when they are used in the

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theatre, but which, encountered so to speak in the open, the mind rejects unhesitatingly. It follows that in reading a play, every time we meet one of these licensed falsities we must reconstruct the conditions under which it passes current before we can take it at its intended value. If one will, in reading Mr. Galsworthy's three plays, keep this distinction in mind and notice how often one has to visualize the stage in "Joy"; how seldom the effort is called for in "The Silver Box"; and how wholly free one is from this disturbing necessity in the most vital and dramatic play of all—"Strife"; the experiment will go far toward convincing one of the source and nature of the difficulty.

The publishers of one of the summer novels announce, with something of the breathless pride with which one might place his country's flag at farthest north, that here "for the first time in fiction 'wireless' plays an essential part in the unfolding of the plot." Thus in days past we used to be informed that a real mill-pond or a real buzz saw were about to make their first appearance upon any stage. And so, after noting that since "wireless" seems to have broken into fiction from several directions simultaneously, the race for first place must have been a close one, one is prompted to suggest that "Tank-fiction" would be an excellent soubriquet for these care-dispelling flights of imaginative pseudo-realism that the gravest of us welcome now and then. "Tank-fiction," then, is unusually plentiful this season, and it is with no desire to discriminate invidiously that one testifies to the diversely pleasant illusions produced by two of these stories; Arthur Stringer's "The Gun Runner" (Dodge) and Edwin Balmer's "Waylaid by Wireless" (Small, Maynard), each of which introduces wireless as its chief novelty. Mr. Balmer, in his account of a young American's involuntary connection with a series of mysterious thefts in the English Cathedral cities, centers our attention upon the sensational deceptions to which, in the present stage of its development, wireless might be made to lend itself. Mr. Stringer, in his story of a tramp steamer's telegraphic rôle in a Central American revolution, fires us with sense of excited participation in the actual working of the apparatus. Both tales persuade us into being consciously hoodwinked for our own entertainment. And neither will withstand any close analysis as to probability. But he who analyzes Tank-fiction breaks butterflies upon a wheel.

I once encountered on a country road, at a point where recent repairs had achieved an appearance of chaos, a large and comforting sign that read "Road Open"; and it would seem as though "Haremlik," by Demetra Vaka (Houghton, Mifflin), in view of its exotic title and its peculiarly repellant and hideous exterior, deserves and requires some such encouraging introduction. Otherwise few unguided wayfarers in the byways of current literature would dare to pass beyond the cover. Yet "Haremlik," which describes certain intimate and unfamiliar aspects of Turkish home life, is one of those occasional works that bring us, at least momentarily, into spiritual touch with an alien race, and compel in us at least a tentative understanding of a civilization traditionally despised. And those of us who have not learned to prize the privilege of seeing through other eyes than our own, and of looking in imagination on the other side of the wall of prejudice, have missed the core of reading. Demetra Vaka, now Mrs. Kenneth Brown, was born in Constantinople. In the present volume she describes a visit during which, after a long residence in America, she renewed acquaintance, in their own homes, with many of her childhood's friends. And as, by circumstance, she has successively shared the points of view of the two worlds, so by her performance she proves herself capable of interpreting the self-consciousness of the one to the sympathetic comprehension of the other. Yet we must remember and make due allowance for the natural *couleur de rose* that, in either hemisphere, shines upon the week-end visits of passing friends.

There are occasions upon which, contrary to the normal rules of egotism, it is a distinct disappointment to have one's own preconceptions verified; and upon one of these occasions I have fallen in reading Sidney McCall's "New American Novel 'Red Horse Hill'" (Little, Brown). It was some years ago that I read Mrs. Fenollosa's "Truth Dexter," but although time and a multiplicity of other tales have dimmed in my memory the minor details of the story, I have retained a persistent recollection of having been asked—by the author's manner and her apparent purpose—to accept a somewhat repellant drama of situation as a presentment of human emotion and a study of human character. And yet, as I have seen "Truth Dexter" continue, through these same years, to stand as a sort of local literary landmark in that impersonal estimation called "popular," I have come, at first with hesitation but later with a measure of conviction, to question the validity of my original impression. And when "Red Horse Hill" made its recent appearance, I took it up with the active and interested expectation of discovering, in the light of its author's maturer work and of my own more ready responsiveness, the nature of my former error. But "Red Horse Hill," although the manner of its presentation

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seems, like that of its predecessor, to imply an interpretative intention and to demand a serious consideration, is more unequivocally a novel of mere situation than "Truth Dexter." It does not make its appeal to our understanding, but plays openly upon our feelings by tightening arbitrary thumb screws upon imaginative sympathy. Its characters are not free agents. They are neither puppets nor personalities. They are the protagonists of a preconcerted agony. In fact the story is, quite literally, a novelized melodrama. And so, somewhat to my own confusion, I find myself in the mental attitude of a man who has apologized for running into his own image in a mirror.

It is quite possible that present day readers, setting out expectantly to hob-nob with the past in William Winter's volume of literary reminiscences, "Old Friends" (Moffat, Yard), may be brought up into the wind by the initial paragraph of the first chapter, in which it is set down as axiomatic that Cooper is America's foremost novelist and Longfellow her foremost poet. Yet one will find—must, I think, find, if one is to catch the true angle and relish the essential flavor of the book—that these opening sentences are in a way a keynote to the whole. For the volume is critical as well as reminiscent and, critically as well as reminiscently, its spirit is not so much that of the present recalling the past as that of the past speaking in the present. It offers us the literary consciousness of America in 1860 articulate in 1909. This Rip Van Winklian encounter arouses in us frequent impulses of protest and demands from us constant adjustments of judgment. And we have repeatedly to recall to our own attention the character of the conditions that are being displayed before our minds in order that we may not miss their historical significance by quarreling with their critical emphasis. But once this realization is accomplished, we not only make personal acquaintance with Longfellow, Dickens, Holmes, Aldrich and others in a manner that is intimate and delightful, but we come to accept it as something of an intellectual adventure that we find ourselves authentically face to face with long forgotten reputations and long buried animosities.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Romance of a Plain Man" (Macmillan). Ellen Glasgow's latest novel, in which the new South and the struggle, social and temperamental, between the old order of blood and breeding and the new caste of capability and accomplishment is exemplified in the life stories of a man of the new and a woman of the old traditions. The man himself tells the story which is overlong, overloaded with superfluous detail and suffers throughout from the too self-evident fact that it is a man's autobiography written by a woman.

"The Runaway Place" (Holt). A bit of attractive and informal fiction by Walter P. Eaton and Elise M. Underhill, in which two unintroduced grown-ups play at being children in Central Park; swap confidences, dreams and critical comment between games: and discover —but that, as the children say, would be telling.

"Set in Silver" (Doubleday, Page). A "seeing England" automobile trip, with a love story attached, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, in which romance and sightseeing no longer seem to get along so well together as they did in the earlier stories by these authors. There is a lack of spontaneity somewhere—either on their part or on ours. Perhaps the truth is that romance and sightseeing, while having enjoyed a chance acquaintance, are not, in the long run, affinities.

"Is Immortality Desirable?" (Houghton, Mifflin). The text of the 1908 Ingersoll lecture, delivered at Harvard University by G. Lowes Dickinson. This little booklet that can be read in a half hour, sums up, with the crystalline clearness of the author of "A Modern Symposium," the attitude of the modern world toward a life after death, and the personal philosophy of a broadminded, clear sighted, but undogmatic idealist.

"Are the Dead Alive?" (Dodge). A volume by Fremont Rider intended to summarize, in popular yet reliable form, the progress of recent investigations into psychic phenomena. One of its most interesting features is a number of signed statements from prominent scientists, men like Lombroso, Crooks, Lodge, Bottazzi, Wallace, James and a dozen others, as to the inferences they individually draw from their own investigations.

"The Blue Bird" (Dodd, Mead). A dramatized fairy tale by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated with his habitual felicity by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. It is full of charming pictures and threaded by a filament of allegorical suggestion. And one recognizes Maeterlinck in every fancy. Yet English readers will almost certainly feel that Peter Pan is looking over their shoulders, gazing at his own reflection in a French mirror.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THE first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing room, turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."

Clang, clatter, bang! Down the street came the fire engines.

Driving along ahead, oblivious of any danger, was a farmer in a ramshackle old buggy. A policeman yelled at him: "Hi there, look out! The fire department's coming."

Turning in by the curb the farmer watched the hose cart, salvage wagon and engine whiz past. Then he turned out into the street again and drove on. Barely had he started when the hook and ladder came tearing along. The rear wheel of the big truck slewed into the farmer's buggy, smashing it to smithereens and sending the farmer sprawling into the gutter. The policeman ran to his assistance.

"Didn't I tell ye to keep out of the way?" he demanded crossly. "Didn't I tell ye the fire department was comin'?"

"Wall, consarn ye," said the peeved farmer, "I *did* git outer the way for th' fire department But what in tarnation was them drunken painters in sech an all-fired hurry fer?"

"I won't wash my face!" said Dolly defiantly.

"Naughty, naughty," reproved grandmother. "When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

"Yes, and now look at it!"

A chocolate darkey and his "yaller" girl were walking along together.

"I'se skeered mos' to def, Rastus."

"What am yo' skeered ob, woman?"

"I'se skeered yo'se gwine to kiss me."

"How kin I kiss yo' when I'se got a bucket on ma haid, a wash pot in one han' an' a turkey gobbler in de udder?"

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"Oh, well, yo' fool, I wuz thinkin' yo' could set de bucket ob watah on de groun', put de turkey down an' turn de wash pot ovah him, den set me on de wash pot, frow yo' ahms around me an' des hep yo'sef."

Willie's grandmother had come to visit them.

"Are you mamma's mother?" asked Willie by way of conversation.

"No, dear. I'm your grandmother on your father's side."

"Well," said Willie decidedly (he was an observing little fellow), "all I got to say is you're on the wrong side."

The class at Heidelberg was studying English conjugations, and each verb considered was used in a model sentence, so that the students would gain the benefit of pronouncing the connected series of words, as well as learning the varying forms of the verb. This morning it was the verb "to have" in the sentence, "I have a gold mine."

Herr Schmitz was called to his feet by Professor Wulff.

"Gonjugate 'do haff' in der sentence, 'I haff a golt mine'," the professor ordered.

Herr Schmitz proceeded:

"I haff a golt mine, du hast a golt dein, he hass a golt hiss. Ve, you or dey haff a golt ours, yours or deirs, as de case may be."

"My opponent's argument," said Senator Dolliver in a recent campaign, "has about as much logic—Did you ever hear about the young woman in Fort Dodge? One spring morning she sat on the piazza of her pretty little home sewing a button on her husband's coat. The husband himself appeared and she said, fretfully, "It's a perfect shame the careless way the tailor sewed this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on again for you."

Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even farther: she promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime, all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy.

"Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got a hundred!"

"Sammy!" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and —gave him the dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Sammy without hesitation. "I got forty in readin' and sixty in spellin'."

A professor at a well-known engineering college says that but for occasional innovations in the application of learning, such as the following, he would find it hard to judge the extent of his usefulness.

This question was asked upon an examination paper: "What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an aneroid barometer?"

The answer was: "I would lower the barometer by a string and measure the string."

"George," said the Titian-haired school marm, "is there any connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom?"

"Yeth, ma'am," answered George promptly. "Hash."

A conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eurelia. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell:

"You're a liar! You're a liar!"

And then from the brakeman at the other end of the car:

"You really are! You really are!"

"Many of my opponents," said Joseph Chamberlain in one of his tariff reform speeches, "are as ignorant of my proposition as was a certain farmer, many years ago, of the umbrella.

"This farmer had made a journey of some twenty miles on foot to a small town. As he was about to set off for home again, a hard rain came up, and his host loaned him an umbrella —a novelty at the time—opening it himself so as to save his friend all possible trouble.

"A week later the farmer brought the umbrella back. The weather was bright and fine, but he held the contrivance open over his head.

"'This instrument,' he grumbled, 'is more trouble than it's worth. There wasn't a doorway in the village I could get it through, and I had to tether it all the week in a field.'"

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

THERE is a little man out in Denver, Colorado, who, if we may judge from his life story, wants and wants hard to be useful to his fellow men,—to all of his fellow men, but especially to the poor in soul, in body and in pocket. It does not seem to matter much to him what happens to him so long as he is useful. Sometimes he is a battering-ram, sometimes a popular idol, sometimes a door mat. You see he is just bound to be useful, and door mat or battering-ram feels just the same to him, because his real feelings are only reached when he is helping others. Old soldiers tell us that their wounds did not hurt them; that they did not know they were hit until after the battle. Thus can a few men lose themselves so completely in service for the Common Good that their feelings are blunted to all hurt or disaster.

This little man out in Denver deliberately chose the hard road through thorns and slimy swamps, through quicksand, over cliffs and into the jungle where the wild things lurk; and God watched, but did not save him a bruise or a bitterness. God let him have troubles, to the very dregs, for this little man was willing, if only in the end what he endured might help his fellows. And God gave him his desire, for the way he chose through darkness and bitterness led to the light, and his name is known all over the world—the children's champion, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Ben B. Lindsey.

But he is that and a thousand times more.

He has been in politics and the law; he has seen men sell their souls and the people's rights for a mess of pottage; and he has seen those other men, the buyers of souls and of people's rights, and how they work for their own pockets and the despoiling of Democracy. What name is low enough for such men, who, having enough for every want, for a little more conspire to rob and bestialize the poor and deprave the young? God knows why He does not strike them dead.

Judge Lindsey's story comes nearer than anything else we have yet seen to answering the question,—What is the matter in America? It begins in the October EVERYBODY'S, and we hope you will read it. You will not find it difficult. The story fairly sweeps you along, once you have started. Please give it the opportunity to grip you. We do not believe it was chance that brought this story to EVERYBODY'S. We believe it was because EVERYBODY'S wanted the story harder than anybody else. Because EVERYBODY'S, like Judge Lindsey and others, wants nothing in this world so much as an opportunity to secure the Common Good. Read the announcement of the story on the colored insert opposite page 416.

HOMELY TALK ON PICTURES

Wouldn't you like to go to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, some pleasant afternoon, and meet the director, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, and stroll with him through the galleries, stopping now and then before a picture which caught your eye, while he explained in simple, friendly fashion just how good it was—what made it so, who did it, and little odd things which happened to occur to him?

For a long time back, the publishers of EVERYBODY'S have wanted to print something about pictures that would be of real service to

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folks who would *like* to like them, but who never have been educated picture—wise. Haven't you ever felt about some interesting thing that was going on in the world, that you wished you could just sit down, say at the tea table, with the men or women who were doing it—the big workers—and hear them talk it out in plain everyday talk, talk that wasn't all so dressed up that it hurt your head to listen to it? This may be a childish way of looking at it, but most of us are more or less like children when it comes to pictures.

This generation of art authorities may say of a man "Wonderful, superb! A new light has dawned in art. Make him the president of the Art-Something-or-Other." And twenty years from now the new generation will perhaps say "Rotten! Put his pictures in the coal bin, and his bust in the ash barrel. He didn't know a thing about it."

After a great deal of persuading, EVERYBODY'S has inveigled Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Director of the Metropolitan Museum into choosing some of the paintings, new and old, that hang on the Museum's wall, and giving, for our common benefit, a little simple talk about each as it is reproduced in the magazine. The pictures will be reprinted in full color, and a most careful attempt has been made to have the work well done, so that when Sir Caspar speaks of the color or of a point of draughtsmanship, you may have the thing itself faithfully reproduced before you as he talks.

The first subject printed is entitled "A Study in Black and Green," and is one of the most recent acquisitions among the new paintings. It is by John W. Alexander, one of the foremost of our American painters of to-day. So you see Sir Caspar is starting right in at the present moment. How far into the past he will take us, before he is through, he alone can say.

You will find Mr. Alexander's painting reproduced on the front cover page of this number. We shall do this occasionally to add variety to our covers. At other times, the paintings will appear as frontispieces inside the magazine. Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke's this month will be found on page 424.

NOR HAVE WE FORGOTTEN WALL STREET

A suspension of hostilities does not necessarily mean the abandonment of a cause. After five months of hammering away at Wall Street methods, we decided that our readers were fairly entitled to a rest. Finance is really not a hot-weather subject, and if we campaigned so persistently as to tire you, we should lose the opportunity of impressing you with the facts of the greatest and most important subject in the world. Whoever followed the series of articles on stock gambling which began in our February number with "The Poison of the Street," must have asked himself at intervals where the money to finance the gigantic operations of the stock manipulators came from. It will surprise many of you quite a little to know that it is your own money and savings that are used for that purpose. Just how and why will be told you in our November issue, and we promise real enlightenment and some startling surprises. You learned much from "Frenzied Finance" regarding the methods of the "System." You will learn from our next series just how the funds of the banks and trust companies are siphoned into Wall Street, and how they are used there for your undoing. It is really the most important branch of the subject, for, without the complicity of the banks, there could be no such orgie of stock gambling as is being conducted on the Stock Exchange at this moment. We also expect to publish shortly an announcement in regard to the prize competition for Wall Street experiences which we began some time ago.

AND HERE IS A DELIGHTFUL AMERICAN FAMILY

Those of our readers who have come to feel a real friendship for the Flickinger family will be glad to know that Miss Hoover is to pursue the further fortunes of Opal and Pa and Ma Flickinger and the other members of that interesting group. Opal has graduated now, and is well on the way to young ladyhood. The family is deeply concerned over her young men, and there are many new and disconcerting problems that arise between her brothers and sisters and their wives and husbands. But the old vein of healthy optimism and homely humor pervades the new series, and one is made to realize how love and hope and good intentions help to solve the sorriest of domestic problems. Through all their new troubles and worries one learns to love the Flickingers all the more deeply.

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